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THE NEW YORKER

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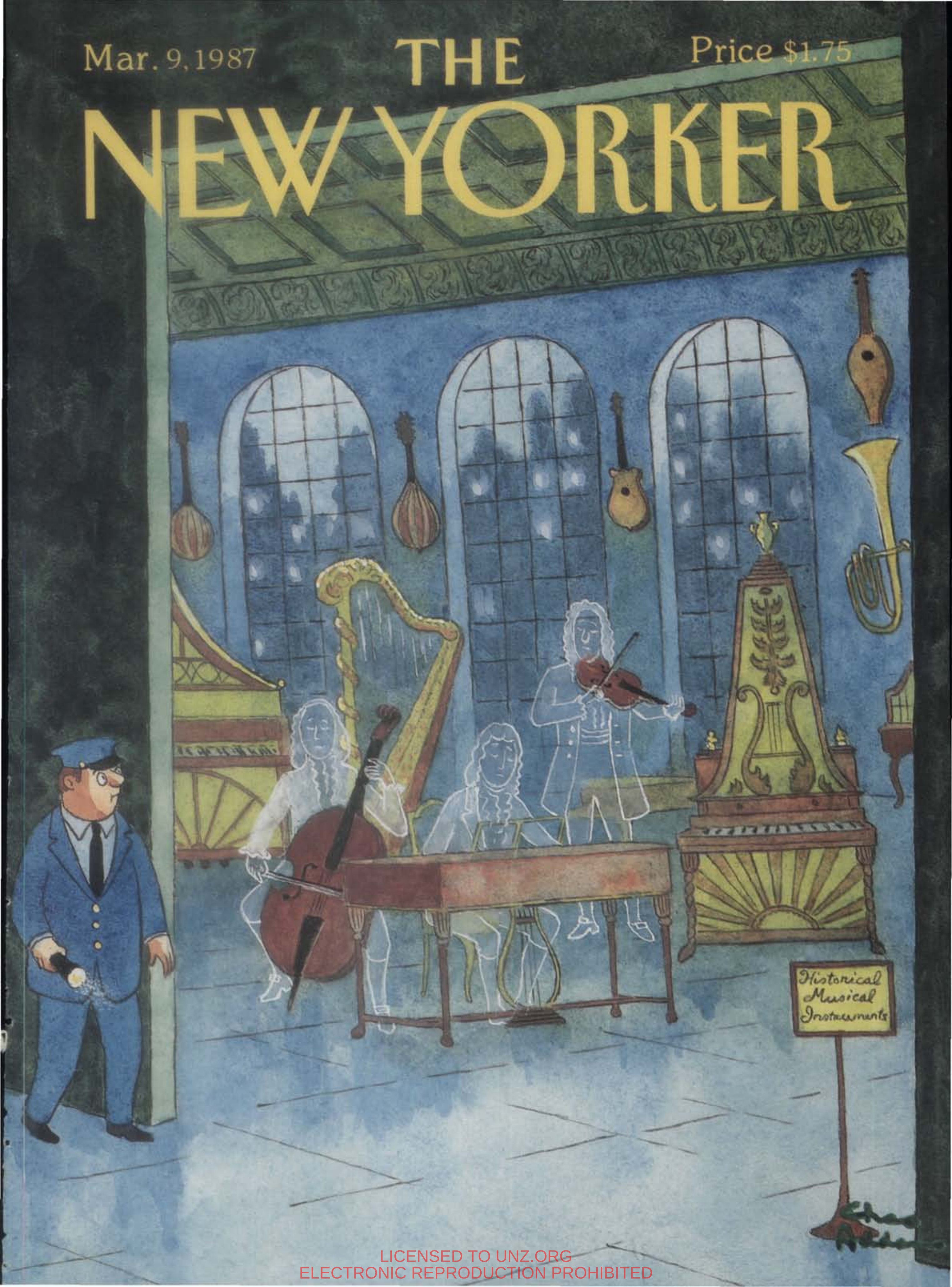
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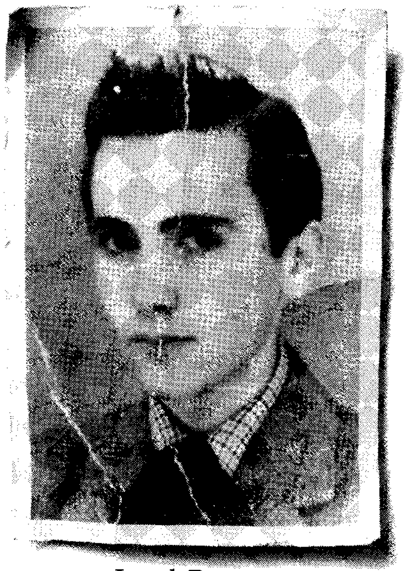

Joseph Papp, 1935

a year after my Bar Mitzvah
and deep in the throes of memorizing
marc antony's speech from Shakespeare's
Julius Caesar (soon to be recorded on
a small metal disc in a store on 14th St,
price 10 cents — included use of background
music, Stravinsky's "Firebird Suite").
Photograph Courtesy of adjacent photo-booth —
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Joseph (Yussel) Papp

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Boogie Woogie and Booker T—A play by Wesley Brown. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 8.)

Broadway Bound—A touching and unexpectedly serious study of a family—presumably the playwright's—as it begins to fall apart in Brooklyn in the nineteen-forties. Neil Simon retains his accustomed skill at comedy but has wisely suppressed his weakness for surefire gags. Linda Lavin is superb as the troubled mother; also in the cast are Jonathan Silverman, Philip Sterling, John Randolph, Jason Alexander, and Phyllis Newman. Gene Saks directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/15/86.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—A comedy whodunit by John Bishop, THE MUSICAL COMEDY MURDERS OF 1940, is the third in this season's series. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 9; Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Coastal Disturbances—Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Annette Bening, as a photographer from this city, and Timothy Daly, as a lifeguard, are the beguiling lovers, and among the other actors, as summer people, are Rosemary Murphy, Jonas Abry, Heather Mac Rae, and Ronald Guttman. Carole Rothman is the able director. (12/1/86) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, March 4, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Wednesday, March 4, at 7.)

The Colored Museum—A sharp, satiric revue on the subject of blackness and related matters, which is almost done in by damnable sound amplification. George C. Wolfe was the clever writer, and L. Kenneth Richardson the able director. The performers, all of them splendid, are Loretta Devine, Tommy Hollis, Reggie Montgomery, Vickilyn Reynolds, and Danitra Vance. (11/10/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Common Pursuit—An English import. Six Cambridge undergraduates, in the sixties, plan to launch a literary magazine in accordance with the rigorous standards of the critic F. R. Leavis, and in the ensuing twenty years manage to breach these standards. Simon Gray's play, while not especially original, is consistently entertaining, and it is very well performed, under the direction of the dramatist and Michael McGuire. (11/3/86) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Danger: Memory!—A pair of dim one-acters by Arthur Miller, but with good performances by Geraldine Fitzgerald and Mason Adams ("I Can't Remember Anything") and by Kenneth McMillan and James Tolkan ("Clara"). (2/23/87) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, March 8.)

Death and the King's Horseman—Wole Soyinka's drama about a Nigerian chief who, according to Yoruba law, must follow his king to death. Under the playwright's direction, the fascinating rituals and atmosphere of the African marketplace come across, but the story is not clearly told, and much of the irony goes by the board. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Fragments of a Greek Trilogy—A revival of an Andrei Serban–Elizabeth Swados collaboration—distillations of "Medea," "Electra," and "The Trojan Women"—directed by Mr. Serban, with music by Miss Swados. The three works are performed in ancient Greek and Latin. "Medea": Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 7:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 6. . . . ¶ Double-bill performances of "Electra" and "The Trojan Women": Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Closes Sunday, March 22.)

Gay Divorce—An unsatisfactory revival of the 1932 Cole Porter show. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 22.)

A Girl's Guide to Chaos—A comedy by Cynthia Heimel. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 869-4731. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Groucho: A Life in Revue—A surprisingly lively and touching show about the great comedian/humorist. Frank Ferrante's dedicated impersonation becomes a true performance; Les Marsden, doubling, comes close to Chico and seems inspired as Harpo; and Faith Prince deftly acts the women in their lives, among them, of course, Margaret Dumont. Arthur Marx (son of Groucho) and Robert Fisher were the playwrights; Mr. Marx directed. (10/20/86) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Hunger Artist—Conceived and directed by Martha Clarke and "created with" the actors who perform it, this evocation in words, music, and dance of the works of Franz Kafka makes a long, depressing evening. (Reviewed in this issue.) (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 265-4375. Tuesdays and Fridays at 8, and Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30.)

Hunting Cockroaches—A play by Janusz

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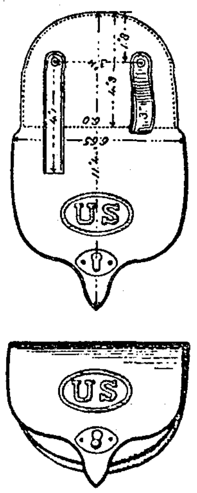

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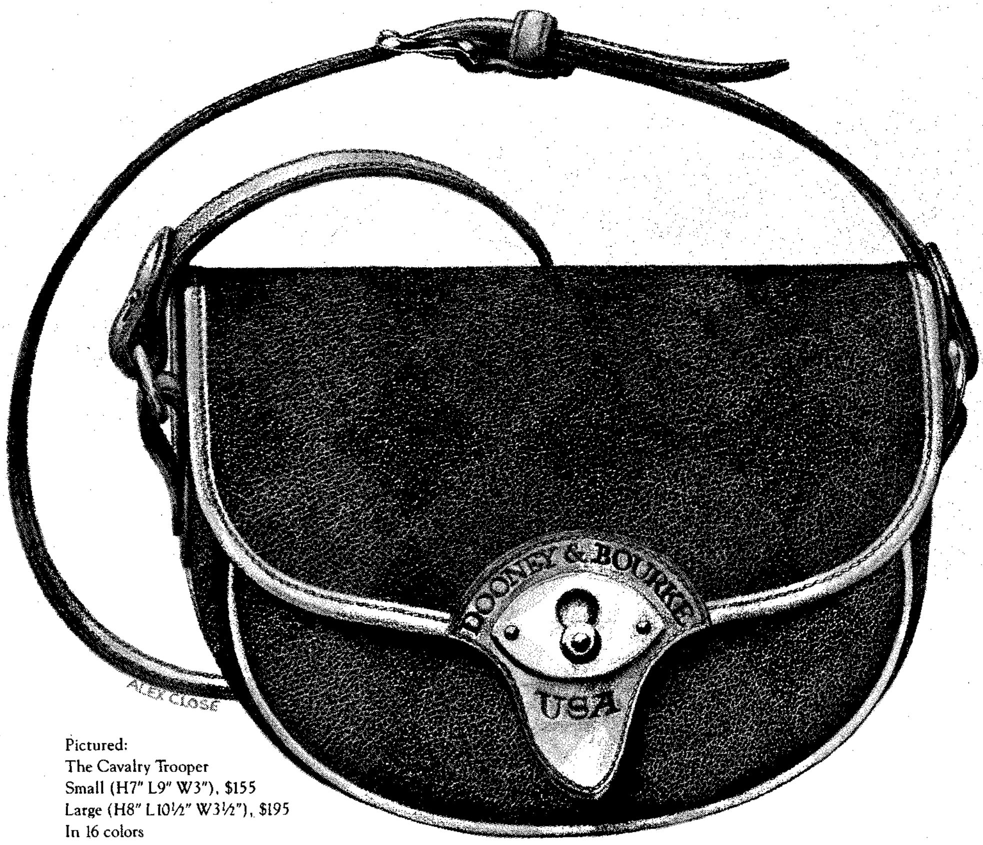

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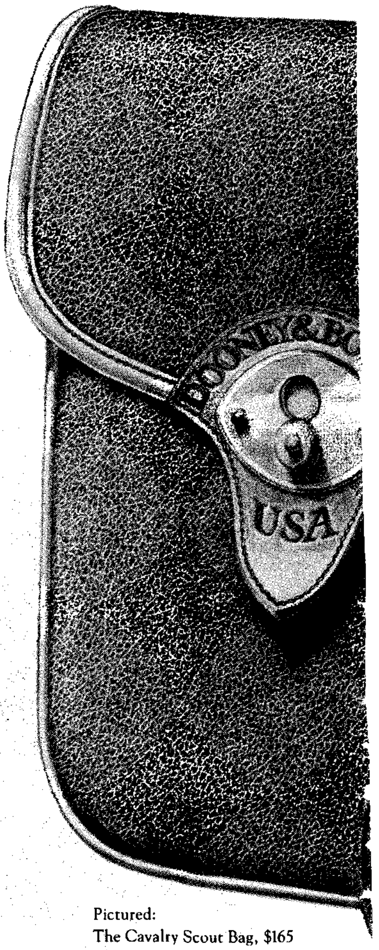

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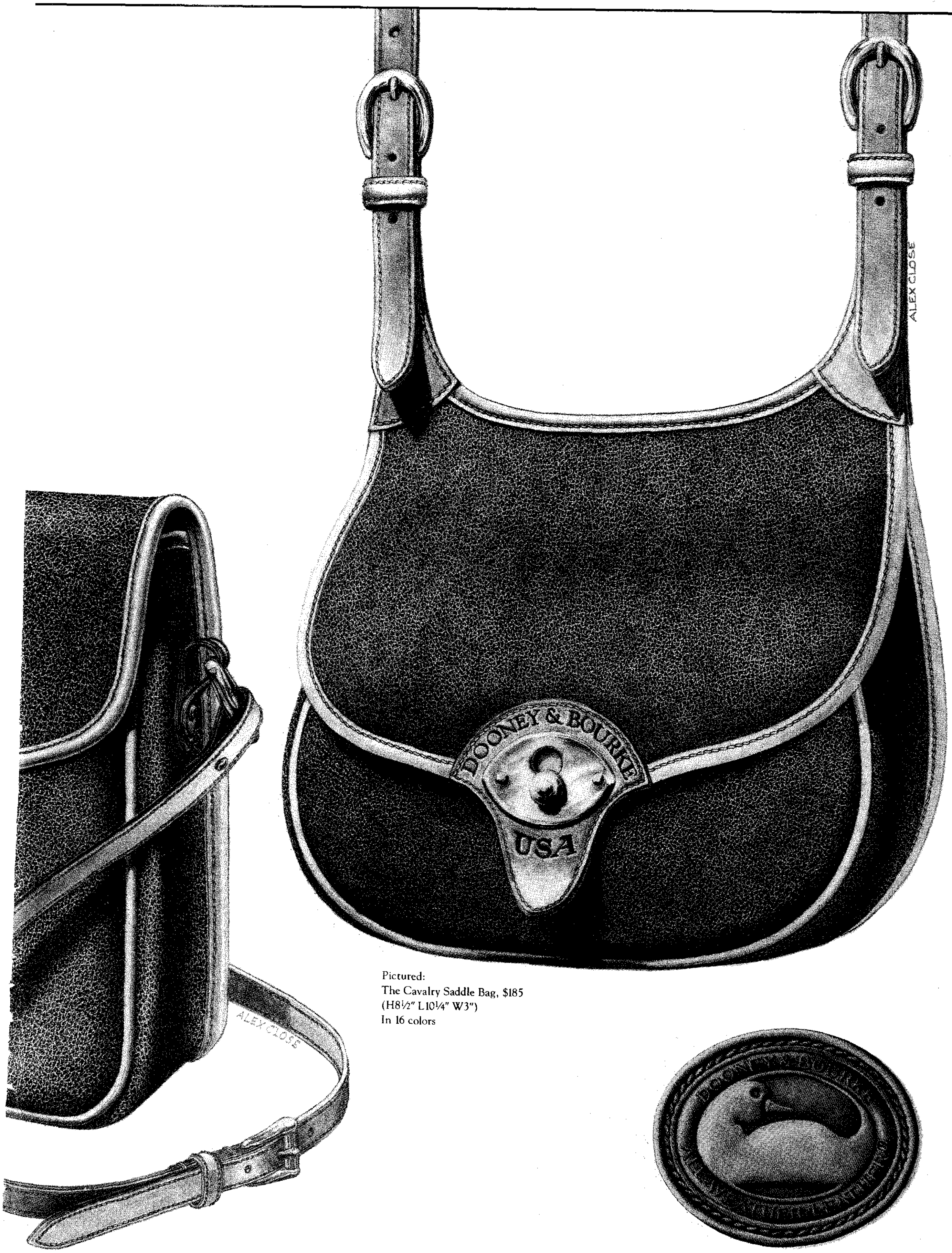
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Glowacki, translated from the Polish by Jadwiga Kosicka. With Ron Silver and Dianne Wiest; directed by Arthur Penn. (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 22.)

JACKIE MASON'S "THE WORLD ACCORDING TO ME!"—Jackie Mason is a classic standup Jewish comedian, the George Washington of the Borscht Belt. His material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. (Only the Irish escape unscathed, and who knows why? Perhaps they are being offered the greatest insult of all.) For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he *is* hilarious, for reasons that might well cause Freud himself to break down and sob as he sought to explain them. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

KVETCH—A comedy written and directed by Steven Berkoff. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LADY DAY AT EMERSON'S BAR & GRILL—A play of sorts about one of Billie Holiday's last engagements, at a night club in Philadelphia. (9/29/86) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

ME AND MY GIRL—Robert Lindsay brings to life a silly chestnut of a British musical, dating back to the thirties. (8/25/86) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LES MISÉRABLES—An English version of a French musical based on Victor Hugo's novel. Claude-Michel Schönberg wrote the music, and Herbert Kretzmer adapted Alain Boublil's original lyrics. Co-directed by Trevor Nunn and John Caird. Previews through Wednesday, March 11. Opens officially on Thursday, March 12. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

MOMS—A celebration of the great black comedienne Moms Mabley, as impersonated, with shrewdness and wit, by Clarice Taylor, in a play by Alice Childress. Songs by Nathan Woodard and Miss Childress. (2/23/87) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 8.)

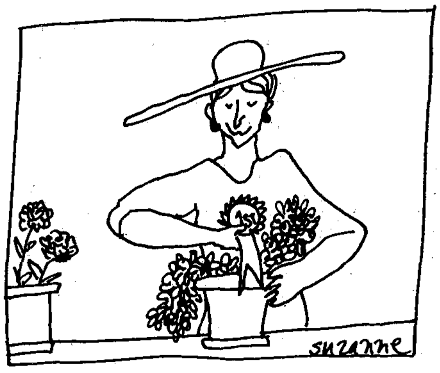
MY GENE—Colleen Dewhurst in a one-woman show about Carlotta Monterey, Eugene O'Neill's third wife. Written by Barbara Gelb, and directed by André Ernotte. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 22.)

ON THE VERGE—A comedy by Eric Overmyer, presented by The Acting Company. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 967-9077. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

SEX TIPS FOR MODERN GIRLS—A musical with a book by Peter Eliot Weiss and score and lyrics by John Sereda. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

SOUTH PACIFIC—This production is haunted by the original, and apparently irreplaceable, performance; nevertheless, the score and lyrics and book are strong enough to carry it. This time, the stars are Richard Rodgers, Oscar Hammerstein II, and Joshua Logan. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

STARDUST—The lyrics of Mitchell Parish, as sung and performed by an engaging company of three men and three women. The composers (over the past sixty-five years or so) include Duke Ellington, Hoagy Carmichael, and Leroy Anderson. The singers include André De Shields and, most notably, Michele Bautier. (3/2/87) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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STARLIGHT EXPRESS—A new production of a current London musical, with a score by Andrew Lloyd Webber and lyrics by Richard Stilgoe. Trevor Nunn is the director. Previews Wednesday, March 4. Opens officially on Thursday, March 5. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

STEPPING OUT—The English playwright Richard Harris has written a comedy about some woebegone but valiant characters who meet in a church hall in North London in order to learn to tap-dance. And they do. End of plot, but it suffices. Tommy Tune directed. (1/26/87) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SWEET SUE—Mary Tyler Moore, Lynn Redgrave, Barry Tubb, and John K. Linton play a middle-aged woman and a college undergraduate, who meet one summer and fall in love, or seem to. Why four actors are required to embody two distinctly simple characters is a question that only the playwright, A. R. Gurney, Jr., is in a position to answer. (1/19/87) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE WIDOW CLAIRE—Horton Foote continues to explore the lives of the citizens of Harrison, Texas. The principal characters here are a racy, nervous widow and young Horace Robedaux, played by Hallie Foote and Eric Stoltz. (12/29/86) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**BIG RIVER:** A musical about Huckleberry Finn and Jim and their adventures on the Mississippi. The large cast is full of charm and so is the scenery, by Heidi Landesman. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DROOD:** Charles Dickens' unfinished novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," served as a basis for this jolly, silly musical, with charming songs by Rupert Holmes, an excellent cast headed by George Rose, and uninhibited direction by Wilford Leach. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,176 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES:** A superb revival of John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy, with Swoosie Kurtz and John Mahoney, among other fine performers. Jerry Zaks directed. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 15.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Hal Linden and Ossie Davis. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SOCIAL SECURITY:** A comedy by Andrew Bergman, directed by Mike Nichols. (Ethel Barrymore 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SWEET CHARITY:** A revival of a musical that has come to seem an American classic. Bob Fosse is the director and choreographer, and Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields provided the songs. Ann Reinking stars. Hurrah for them all. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

BEEHIVE—A musical revue, featuring girl-group songs of the sixties. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7:30 and 10; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

MERCE CUNNINGHAM DANCE COMPANY—Wednesday evening, March 4: "Arcade," "Shards" (première), and "Grange Eve." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 5: "Duets," "Channels/

Inserts," and "Fabrications." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 6: "Doubles," "Septet," and "Pictures." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 7: "Doubles," "Septet," and "Fabrications." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 7: "Duets," "Quartet," "Signals," and "Grange Eve." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, March 8: "Arcade," "Shards," and "Grange Eve." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 10: "Signals," "Points in Space" (première), and "Pictures." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 11: "Points in Space," "Locale," and "Grange Eve." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 12: "Locale," "Shards," and "Grange Eve." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 13: "Septet," "Channels/Inserts," and "Pictures." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 14: "Locale," "Quartet," and "Points in Space." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 14: "Points in Space," "Shards," and "Fabrications." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, March 15.)

Feld Ballet—Wednesday, March 4, at 7: "Tzaddik," "Tarantella," "Adieu," and "Skara Brae." . . . ¶ Thursday, March 5, at 8: "Harbinger," "Medium: Rare," "A Time Exposure" (première), and "Skara Brae." . . . ¶ Friday, March 6, at 8: "Harbinger," "Medium: Rare," "A Time Exposure," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 7, at 8: "Tzaddik," "Tarantella," "Adieu," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Sunday, March 8, at 2: "Theatre," "A Time Exposure," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Sunday, March 8, at 7:30: "Tzaddik," "Tarantella," "Play Bach," and "Skara Brae." . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 10, at 8: "Bent Planes," "Adieu," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 11, at 8: "Play Bach," "Over the Pavement," and "Skara Brae." . . . ¶ Thursday, March 12, at 8: "Play Bach," "Theatre," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Friday, March 13, at 8: "Bent Planes," "A Time Exposure," and "Skara Brae." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 14, at 8: "Tzaddik," "Tarantella," "Over the Pavement," and "Skara Brae." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Sunday, March 15.)

Dance Theatre of Harlem—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Sunday, April 5—Tuesday, March 10, at 7:30, and Wednesday, March 11, at 2 and 8: "Footprints Dressed in Red" (New York première), "Fancy Free," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, March 12-13, at 8, and Saturday, March 14, at 2 and 8: "Troy Game" and "Giselle." (Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 134th St. 239-6200.)

Daniel McCusker / Ram Island Dance Company—Presenting a program of contemporary dance. (St. Marks In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Friday through Sunday, March 6-8, at 8. For information about tickets, call 924-0077.)

Brenda Bufalino's American Tap Dance Orchestra—A tap-dance company performing "The Four Seasons/Jazz Version," with guest artist Charles (Honi) Coles. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Friday, March 13, at 8; Saturday, March 14, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, March 15, at 7.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Abilene Café, 359 Second Ave., at 21st St. (473-8908)—A corner bar and restaurant that makes a polite bow in the direction of Texas (its flag flies here) and presents music that is practiced just about everywhere in the Union (the blues). Honking tenor saxophonist **WILLIS (GATOR TAIL) JACKSON** leads a band on Friday and Saturday, March 6-7. Other bluespersons can be found here during the rest of the week. Music from nine.

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—In the lobby, people come and go talking of the Forty-fourth Street Chowder and Marching Club (which used to meet here) and of the Thanatopsis Club (which also used to meet here) and of **MICHAEL FEINSTEIN**, who is singing and playing the piano here, in the candlelit mead hall known as the Oak Room. Shows at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A nautically appointed bar and restaurant. Any swaying you may notice yourself doing is probably generated by the musicians, who perform amidships on a railed-in platform. On Friday and Saturday, March 6-7, tenor saxophonist **RALPH LALAMA**, a member of **MEL LEWIS'S** big band, will be here with his tiny band, of which Mr. Lewis is a solid one-third. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A sleek, carpeted, neat-as-a-pin music room, which is also hushed and smokeless during **BLOSSOM DEARIE'S** early-bird concerts. She sings her first note at six-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays. Peruvian pop diva **YMA SUMAC** gives six more performances (at nine Wednesday, March 4, and Saturday, March 7, and at nine and eleven Thursday and Friday, March 5-6) before moving on down the line.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this club, there is a little neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars attendant upon it—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art we know of. Brazilian guitarist **BADEN POWELL** trades sets with Brazilian trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI'S** ensemble through Sunday, March 8; on Monday, March 9, pianist **ROGER KELLAWAY** heads up a quintet; and starting Tuesday, March 10, guitarist **KEVIN EUBANKS'** trio and tenor saxophonist **GATO BARBIERI'S** quintet share the bill. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Rock, jazz, folk, comedy, and combinations thereof. Wednesday, March 4, **BUSTER POINDEXTER** (proto punk-rocker David Johansen in a monkey suit) and the **BANSHEES OF BLUE**; Saturday, March 7, John Hiatt; Sunday and Monday, March 8-9, the R. & B. quintet **WHO IT IS**; Tuesday, March 10, **SUN RA & HIS ARKESTRA**; Thursday, March 12, **JOHN RENBOURN** and **STEFAN GROSSMAN**; Friday, March 13, Doug & the Slugs; and Saturday and Sunday, March 14-15, **JONATHAN RICHMAN**, who approaches his subjects, from gum wrappers to van Gogh to love, with a sense of wonder, and his band, the **MODERN LOVERS**. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A crowded, duskily lit neighborhood bar, where first-rate pianists and bassists compete for your ear with professional conversationalists. Truth and beauty usually prevail. **JOANNE BRACKEEN**, a pianist for whom beauty is a many-noted thing, works with **CALVIN HILL** through Saturday, March 7. **JACK WILSON** and **BOOTS MALESON** take over on Monday, March 9. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Everything about this club is nice: the long rows of tables covered with pink linen, the bijou bandstand, the view from the bar of the bandstand, and the view out the window of Vaux & Withers' gabled Victorian courthouse. **FRAN WARREN** has the mike through Sunday, March 8, and on Tuesday, March 10, Ethel Ennis steps forward. Mondays are in the swell hands of seven-string guitarists **BUCKY** and **JOHN PIZZARELLI**. Music from nine every night except Monday, when it begins at eight. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle is a cozy, elegant room; its key personnel (the musicians, the headwaiter) and some of its patrons (key personnel, no doubt, in other venues) wear tuxedos, but you needn't. Pianist-singer Buddy Greco and his quintet perform Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, you can listen to pianist and singer **BARBARA CARROLL** Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-forty-five.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, through a green Plexiglas door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply; corrugated-metal siding that you can riffle), and down a flight of stairs, you'll find this velvet-and-mirror-walled *boîte*. Soul-gospel singer **CISSY HOUSTON** winds up her visit on Saturday, March 7; on Sunday, March 8, pianist Andy Laverne works with two of Dave Brubeck's offspring, bassist Chris and percussionist Danny; and on Tuesday, March 10, **BETTY CARTER**, a fearless and thrilling aviatrix of a singer, sails in with her trio. On Mondays, **LES PAUL** plugs in his guitar and plays with his trio. Sets at eight and ten Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine and eleven Fridays through Mondays. Dining.

Freddy's, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—**SYLVIA SYMS** sings in this little Turtle Bay supper club starting Wednesday, March 11. Shows at nine on Wednesdays and Thursdays, and at eight-thirty and eleven on Fridays and Saturdays.

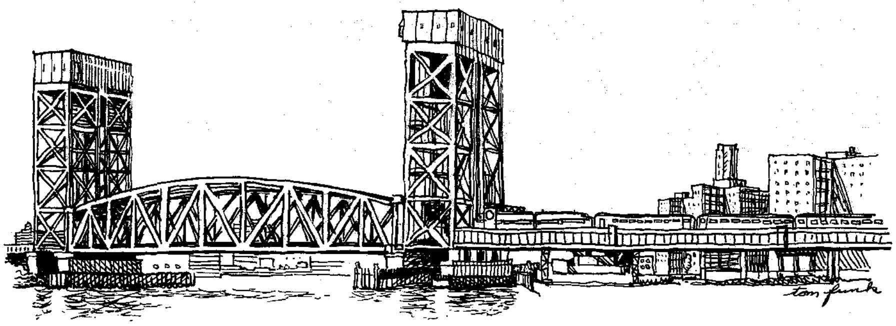
Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Once a truck warehouse, this SoHo establishment now provides space for palm trees to mature in and for non-trucking types to eat and drink and listen to good pianists. The schedule: Thursday, March 5, Keith MacDonald; Friday and Saturday, March 6-7, **CHARLES EUBANKS**; and starting Tuesday, March 10, **MULGREW MILLER**. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Saturdays, Kitt Moran sings with support from pianist Mike Moran and bassist Andy Eulau; on Sundays pianist, singer, and Ellington scholar **BROOKS KERR** works with bassist Eric Lemon; on Mondays singer Stan Edwards' trio is on duty; and on Tuesdays guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**, pianist **WARREN CHIASSON**, and bassist **MICHAEL FLEMING** hold forth. All these groups begin at about ten.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Turn-of-the-century New York Sunday *Herald* posters and Hirschfeld caricatures on the walls, and, next to the brass-railed partition between the bar and the dining room, a modern Steinway. The bedazzling piano-bass team of **KENNY BARRON** and **RON CARTER** will be in action through Saturday, March 7, and on Tuesday, March 10, **JOANNE BRACKEEN** comes in with bassist **CECIL MC BEE**. Music from about nine-thirty.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas-like in significant respects, though not in the open-spaces-and-clear-sight-lines department, in which it is New York-like. Wednesday, March 4, Badfinger; Thursday, March 5, Robert Gordon; Friday and Saturday, March 6-7, guitarist Lonnie Mack, who may be remembered for his 1963 hit version of Chuck Berry's "Memphis;" Monday, March 9, bluesmen **JOHNNY COPELAND** and **JAMES COTTON**; and Tuesday, March 10, **HOT TUNA**. Music after nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—From the glassed-in streetside room you can see the naked saplings in the adjacent office-tower frontage, and in the back room you can see singers Ellen Foley, Sara Krieger, and Nancy LaMott. Johnny Mercer wrote just about every word that they sing. They'll be on view, with their three accompanists,



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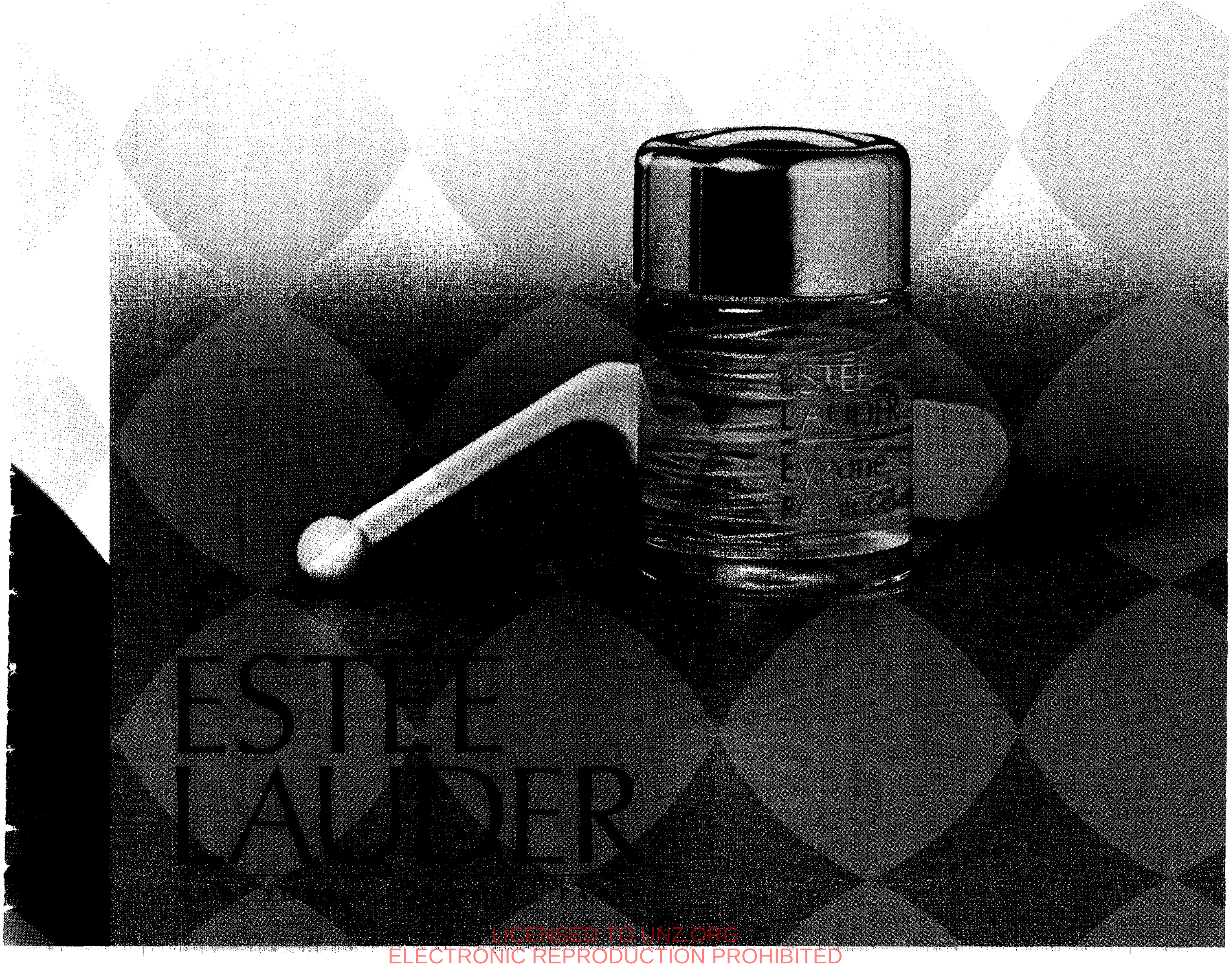
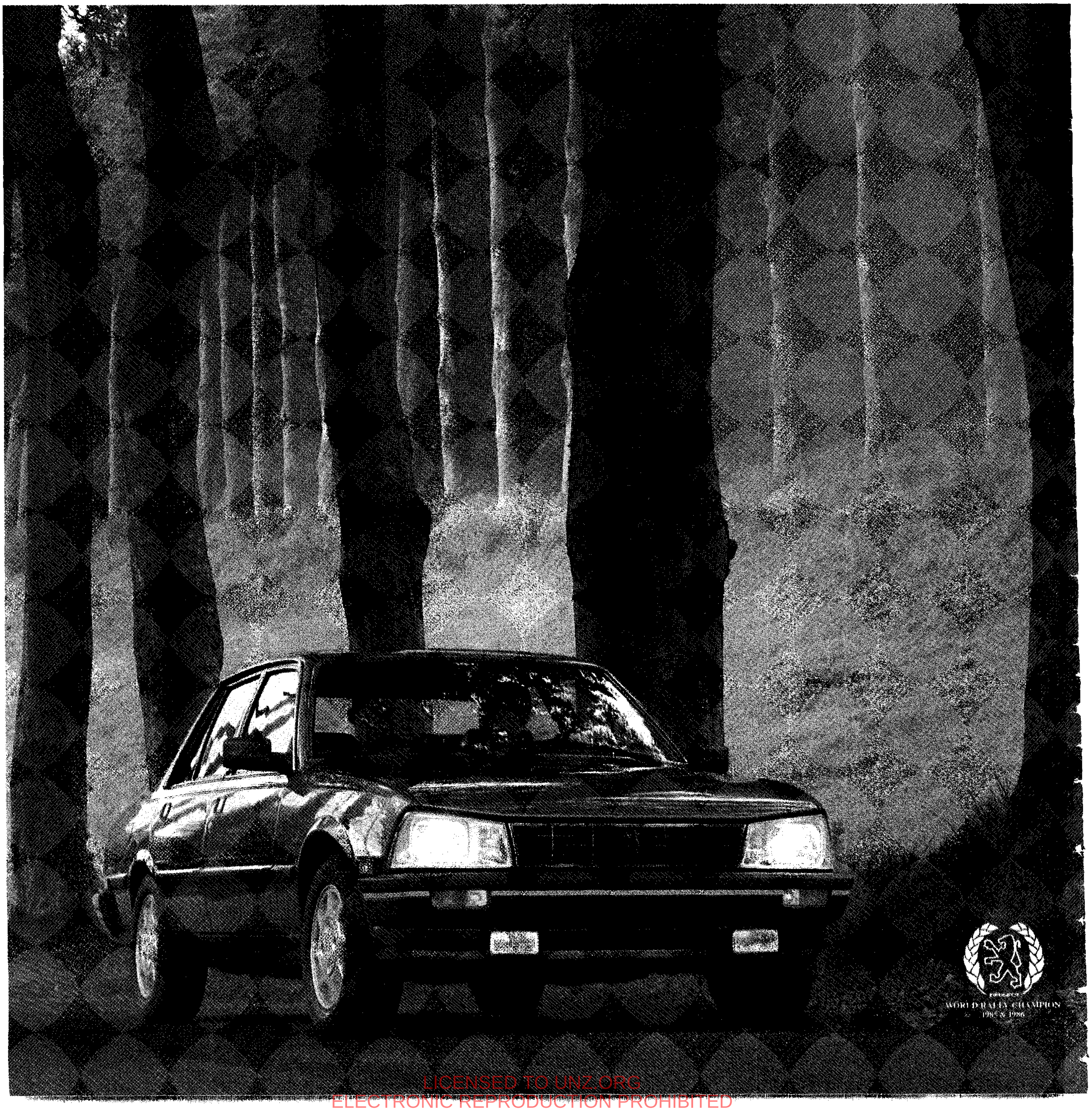


IT'S TIME EUROPEAN WERE GIVEN A LESSON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The right choice.

through Saturday, March 7, and on Tuesday, March 10, **CARMEN MC RAE** begins a three-week residence. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Mondays after nine-thirty, Woody Allen, who once played a misfit named Virgil Starkwell whose career included a brief stint as a cellist in a marching band, usually sits in on clarinet with the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A half-century-old ballroom that presents up-to-the-minute rock and, infrequently, celebrated performers of antediluvian music, such as **B. B. KING,** who will be here on Thursday, March 12, with the **GREGG ALLMAN** band. The rest of the lineup: Friday, March 6, March Violets and Flesh for Lulu; Saturday, March 7, Garland Jeffreys; Friday, March 13, D.O.A.; and Saturday, March 14, country singer **DWIGHT YOAKAM.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven. Dancing.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Hip-swivelling music from Brazil and elsewhere. Jugs and drums are suspended from the rafters, and a dioramic slice of jungle life is affixed to the wall above the bandstand. Thursday, March 5, saxophonist **OLIVER LAKE** and his out-there reggae-and-funk band, **JUMP UP;** Friday, March 6, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Saturday, March 7, **LOREMIL MACHADO & SARAVA;** Tuesday, March 10, drummer **ART TAYLOR** & Taylor's Wailers; and Wednesday and Thursday, March 11-12, the rumbustious, theatrical, satirical **ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial and crowded jazz club—but not so crowded, as Yogi Berra said of another night spot, that nobody comes here anymore. **JAMES MOODY**—a genial bebopster whose picture is up on the wall, along with one of Dizzy Gillespie, his first boss—plays saxophone and flute with his quartet through Sunday, March 8. On Tuesday, March 10, pianist **MICHEL PETRUCCIANI,** guitarist **JIM HALL,** bassist **RON CARTER,** and drummer **AL FOSTER** take charge. On Mondays, **GIL EVANS'** electrified sixteen-piece orchestra plays the maestro's swirling-color arrangements of such tunes as Charles Mingus's "Orange Was the Color of Her Dress, Then Silk Blue" and Jimi Hendrix's "Up from the Skies." Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A low-ceilinged, plain-but-functional blues and rock outpost. The decorative flourishes include pictures of Big Joe Turner, a Mets pennant, roadhouse neon, and a fiddle-footed black cat, which roams the premises looking for a seat better than the one it just abandoned. The schedule: Wednesday, March 4, New Orleans blues-rock belter **LIL QUEENIE;** Thursday, March 5, the Splatcats and the Kilkenny Cats; Friday, March 6, the **BEN VAUGHN COMBO;** Saturday, March 7, **VERNON REID'S LIVING COLOUR;** Sunday, March 8, trumpeter Ted Daniel & Energy; Wednesday, March 11, **ELLIOTT MURPHY'S** band; and Friday and Saturday, March 13-14, San Francisco blues guitarist Joe Louis Walker. Music after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Salsa bands get going in the big downstairs room on Mondays after nine; on March 9, **RAY BARRETTO'S** orchestra, **MANNY OQUENDO'S LIBRE,** and conga whiz **CARLOS (PATATO) VALDEZ** will all be on hand. . . . ¶ In the Terrace Bar, you can keep an eye on Village street life and listen to **HILTON RUIZ,** a sometimes driving and sometimes dreamy pianist, and to his humming, buzzing sidekick, bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY,** every night except Monday. On Tuesdays, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio is also on duty. Music from around ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This hallowed basement establishment has been receiving jazz pilgrims from all over the world for more than half a century. Former Mingus hands **GEORGE ADAMS** (tenor saxophone) and **DON PULLEN** (piano) co-pilot their quartet through Sunday, March 8, and starting Tuesday, March 10, **ILLINOIS JACQUET** will be out in front of his sixteen-piece band, playing swing-time tenor, singing, and punching the air with cheerleaderly precision. On Mondays, the somewhat more laid-back foreman of the **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA** settles in behind his Pearl drums and Istanbul cymbals and lets his youthful but experienced crew rip. Music after ten.

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West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Those who can resist the temptations of the large barroom here—pinball, video games, a dialogue with a budding logical positivist from Columbia U.—will find another, smaller room, where jazz musicians hold sway. Trumpeter **WOODY SHAW** leads a band through Sunday, March 8, and on Wednesday, March 10, trumpeter Richie Vitale moves in with his combo. Mondays are comedy nights. Shows nightly from about nine. Dining.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Osso buco and jazz. The latter emanates from a passageway between a back room reserved for trenchermen and a front-room bar. Pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA** work in tandem every night except Sunday, when **GENE BERTONCINI** and **MICHAEL MOORE** play glistening guitar-bass duets. Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Pierson Orchestra—Jazz Center of New York, 380 Lafayette St. 505-5660. Wednesdays at 9 and 10:30.

New York Composers Orchestra—Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Thursday and Friday March 5-6, at 8. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concerts.

Marvin (Smitty) Smith—Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 6, at 8. No tickets necessary.

Robert (Junior) Lockwood, Johnny Shines, and John Cephas & Phil Wiggins—Triplex Theatre, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. Saturday, March 7, at 8.

Charli Persip & Superband—St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Sunday, March 8, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

Paul Young—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Monday, March 9, at 8.

Linda Hudes & Power & Glory—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Monday and Tuesday, March 9-10, at 8.

Akbar Ali and Abdul Wadud—Alternative Museum, 17 White St. 966-4444. Wednesday, March 11, at 8.

Walter Thompson Big Band—With the Occasional Singers. (Greenwich House. Wednesday and Thursday, March 11-12, at 8. Tickets at the door on the nights of the performances.)

Highlights in Jazz—A tribute to Maxine Sullivan, with Miss Sullivan, Milt Hinton, Doc Cheatham, Warren Vaché, and others. (Loeb Student Center Auditorium, New York University, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, March 12, at 8.)

Bill Cosby—The first six of eleven performances. (Radio City Music Hall. Friday and Saturday, March 13-14, at 8 and 11:30, and Sunday, March 15, at 3 and 8.)

Olu Dara & Natchezsippi—Greenwich House. Saturday, March 14, at 8 and 10. Tickets at the door on the night of the performances.

Benefit Concert—With Dolly Parton, the Judds, and Alabama. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Sunday, March 8, at 7:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Thom Cooney Crawford—Totemic bronzes eight and nine feet tall, plus a few smaller works. Through Tuesday, March 10. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Susan Crile—Recent abstract paintings, each spread out over several canvases, including a freestanding work resembling a folding screen. Through March 21. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Chaim Gross—New sculptures, one set called "SoHo Girls," by an artist who, after more than twenty years, has returned to direct carving in wood. Through March 27. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Kevin Moss—Paintings of a city street with the glow of dusk screening the grime of old snow and of huge refuse trucks exulting in their grime. Through March 21. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Odd Nerdrum—Mystical paintings. Through March 28. (Hamilton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Bill Spira—Abstract wood-and-stoneware sculptures. Through Saturday, March 7. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Donald Roller Wilson—The titles indicate the eccentric subject matter and strong narrative pull of these paintings. One is called "Beverly Knew the Signs of Art Were Primary but She Wouldn't Tell Anyone Because She Wanted to Be the Only One to Know." It is signed "Short Bright Streaks of Primary Color Swarmed Around Beverly's Head and Shoulders and She Knew Why but She Wouldn't Say." Beverly is a gorilla. Through March 26. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **RACHEL ADLER,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Impressions (paintings and drawings) of New York and Vienna in the twenties by artists who had previously worked at the Vienna School of Applied Arts. Through March 21. . . . **SCHLESINGER-BOISANTÉ,** 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Abstract paintings from the thirties and forties by Byron Browne, Fritz Bultman, Harry Holtzman, Charles Seliger, and Robert Jay Wolff. Through Thursday, March 12.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Adele Alsop—Plein-air paintings executed in Massachusetts and Utah. Through March 28. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Arneson / James McGarrell—Two new series of sculptures in ceramic and in bronze—one on Jackson Pollock, the other on Ronald Reagan. Drawings, also. / Small paintings, and monoprints. Through April 2. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Leslie Bohnenkamp / Howard Newman—An installation of horn-shaped paper sculptures. Through Saturday, March 7. / Figurative bronzes. Through March 21. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Alice Dalton Brown / David Hendricks—Realist paintings of porches on turn-of-the-century houses and the foliage that encloses them (and betrays their geographical location). / Colored-pencil drawings of landscapes with

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

big-sky features. Through March 25. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Herman Cherry—Recent abstract paintings. Through April 4. (Ross, 50 W. 57th St.)

David Dewey—Watercolors of houses seen in the glare of sunlight and from the perspective of one looking up at the third story. Through March 28. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Kenneth Evett—Realist paintings of still-lifes with nature scenes in the backgrounds. Through Saturday, March 7. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Pablo Gargallo (1881-1934)—Portrait sculptures, radical in their day, by a Spaniard whose work has rarely been shown here. Bronze and copper were his main materials. Through April 4. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

John Graham (1881-1961)—Drawings. Through Saturday, March 7. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

James Hennessey—Imaginary interiors and inscrutable figures rendered naïvely in thin oil paint. Through Saturday, March 7. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Roni Horn—Recent abstract drawings combining pastels, powdered pigments, and varnish. Through March 21. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Alfred Kubin (1877-1959)—Characteristically morbid drawings and watercolors by an Austrian Expressionist. Through Saturday, March 7. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Darragh Park—Representational paintings of cityscapes, landscapes, and figures. Through March 28. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Ed Paschke—A two-gallery exhibit of new works. Through Saturday, March 7. (Luhring Augustine & Hodes, 41 E. 57th St., and Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Katherine Porter / David Hannah—Monotypes. / Abstract oil paintings. Through March 28. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Lucas Samaras—Sculptures in the form of small chairs, composed of a variety of materials—wire covered with plastic flowers, for instance. Also, portrait drawings in ink on paper. Through Saturday, March 14. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

David Smith (1906-65)—Two shows (neither of sculptures). Twelve paintings from the thirties. Through March 28. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Thirty-six prints made between 1928 and 1954. Through March 21. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Mark Tobey (1890-1976)—Small works on paper, mostly from the early sixties, plus a single glass sculpture. Through Tuesday, March 10. (Prats, 24 W. 57th St.)

Neil Welliver—New paintings. Through March 28. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Timothy Woodman—Painted-aluminum wall reliefs of genre scenes—"Bucket Brigade," for instance. Through April 4. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Folk Art of This Century—Paintings from the United States, France, Haiti, and Yugoslavia. The artists include John Kane, Henri Rousseau, Hector Hyppolite, Dragan Gazi, and Minnie Evans. Through March 28. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **jacobson**, 50 W. 57th St.: Prints and drawings by Frank Auerbach, David Bomberg, Lucien Freud, Alberto Giacometti, Leon Kossoff, and John Lessore. Through Saturday, March 14. . . . **holly solomon**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: A single narrative landscape painting apiece by John Bowman, Brad Davis, Neil Jenney, Edward Ruscha, William Wegman, and Robert Yarber. Through March 21. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Nancy Azara—Carved-and-painted-wood sculptures. In "Seven Mansions" what appears to be a severed heart is held together by a twig and string. Through March 21. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Elvira Bach—Neo-Expressionist paintings of female figures. Through March 28. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Jennifer Bartlett—Recent pastel drawings. Through March 21. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

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Mel Bochner—A show that ranges from early conceptual works to recent big geometric paintings. Through Saturday, March 7. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Gregory Botts—Black-and-white paintings of landscapes and figures, overlaid with colored *geometric forms. Through March 28. (Plumb,* 81 Greene St.)

Carol Brown—Small colored-pencil drawings of Southwest landscapes. Through March 28. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Howard Buchwald—Abstract paintings that have small geometric shapes cut out of the canvases. Through March 25. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Pierre Clerk—Painted-aluminum sculptures of interlocking geometric shapes, and trompe-l'oeil wall reliefs with the same shapes. Through March 28. (DiLaurenti, 383 West Broadway.)

Elba Damast—Abstract paintings and other works. Through March 28. (Littlejohn-Smith, 133 Greene St.)

Peter Dean—Landscapes and works from a series called "Personal Events" by this Expressionist painter. Through Saturday, March 7. (Semaphore, 137 Greene St.)

Donna Dennis and Kenward Elmslie—An alphabet of imaginary drinking bars, from the Amazon to the Zanzibar, in twenty-six mixed-medium drawings. Through March 21. (Green, 152 Wooster St.)

Jean Feinberg—New abstract oils. Through March 28. (Davis, 568 Broadway.)

Judith Godwin—Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through Saturday, March 7. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Jasper Johns—Four paintings from a series entitled "The Seasons," and related drawings. Through Saturday, March 7. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

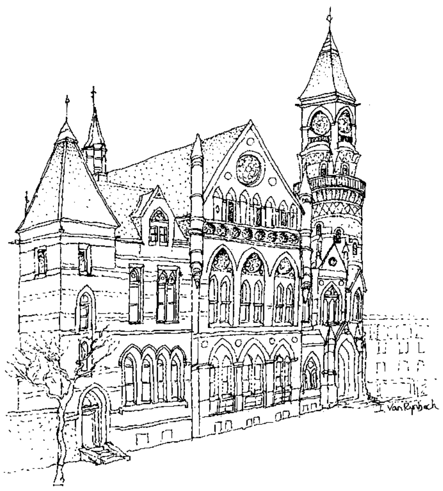
Ronnie Landfield—Abstract acrylic paintings. Through Saturday, March 14. (Haller, 415 West Broadway.)

Thomas Lawson—The themes the artist is addressing are summed up in a large canvas, "The Party's Over," which shows, in seven sections, views of New York, a perfume ad, a breadline, a Yuppie in a tuxedo. Through *March 21. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)*

Donald Lipski—Sculptural installations, among them a large water-filled glass work. Through March 28. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

Constance McMillan—Abstract paintings. Through Sunday, March 8. (Atlantic, 164 Mercer St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

George McNeil—Recent paintings. Through Saturday, March 7. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)



Peter Nadin / Rudy Burckhardt—Seven abstract paintings. / Photographs and photocollages. Through Saturday, March 7. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Nic Nicosia—The artist's version of "Life As We Know It," illustrated with Cibachrome prints, and with a soundtrack by Dave Hickey and Mike Wafer. Also, drawings. Through March 26. (Totah, 152 Wooster St.)

Peter Reginato—Painted abstract steel sculptures. Through March 28. (112 Greene Street Gallery).

Milo Reice—New paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, March 7. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Elaine Reichek / Patsy Norvell—An installation. / A new sculpture, plus models, drawings, and photographs for three public commissions. Through Saturday, March 7. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Todd Siler—Works demonstrating the possible connections between the brain and creative expression; e.g., a group of fourteen paintings with the artist's E.E.G. recordings spanning their length. Through Saturday, March 14. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Steven Singer—Figurative sculptures made with scrap metal from the repair work being done on the Manhattan Bridge, which happens to be near the artist's studio. Through Saturday, March 7. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Group Shows—At the **castelli**, 142 Greene St.: Leo Castelli is marking his thirtieth year in the art business with some of the paintings and sculptures—by Cy Twombly, Lee Bontecou, Ellsworth Kelly, Richard Artschwager, and others—he put on exhibit in his first fifteen years. Through Saturday, March 7. . . . **the drawing center**, 35 Wooster St.: Works on paper by eight artists. Through March 21. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **gibson**, 568 Broadway: Abstract paintings by Alan Uglow, Susan Smith, Stephen Rosenthal, and Nancy Haynes. Through Saturday, March 14.

OTHER GALLERIES

Vito Acconci—Three sculptural works, among them a metal-and-concrete tunnel (with grass above) that the intrepid can crawl through or walk over. Through March 22. (International with Monument, 111 E. 7th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Hanno Ahrens—Geometric wood-and-plaster sculptures. Through March 15. (Sharpe, 175 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at 1.)

Arch Connelly / Thomas Woodruff—Large collages composed of jewels, fabrics, and erotica cut out of magazines. / Twelve paintings on paper, each with a nude and an object representing a different month. Through Saturday, March 14. (56 Bleecker Street Gallery. Mr. Woodruff is showing sixty paintings at the Wood Gallery, 127 Spring St.)

Mike Howard—Didactic statements on contemporary life conveyed in a series of paintings on attached canvases. Through March 22. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . ¶ More paintings by Mr. Howard (starting Thursday, March 5) at Art & Exhibit, 1619 Broadway, at 49th St., Suite 550. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Gregory Perkel—Abstract and figurative paintings and wall constructions by a Russian artist who has lived here ten years. Through March 15. (Mokotoff, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Randal Rupert—New York cityscapes with catercornered pre-Columbian borders and magical elements—one painting shows a placid-looking deer in the middle of Times Square, for instance. Through Sunday, March 8. (Casas Toledo Oosterom, 235 E. 4th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, 1:30 to 6.)

Therese Schwartz—Grid-patterned collage paintings. Through March 29. (Humphrey, 242 E. 5th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Keith Sonnier—Four works from the sixties, among them neon and incandescent-light

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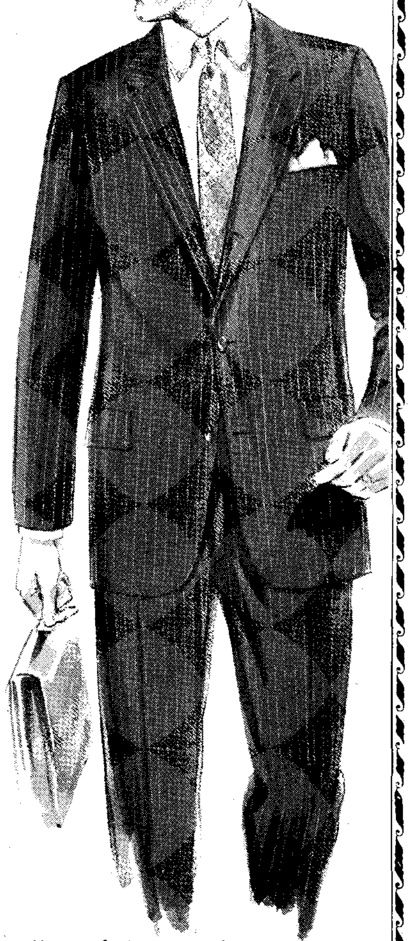

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sculptures, plus studies. Through March 29. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Group Shows—At the **artists space**, 223 West Broadway: Film, slide, and video installations by Anne Bray, Kendall Buster, John Knecht, Charles Long, and Carolee Schneeman. Through Saturday, March 14. . . . **gallery international 52**, 150 E. 52nd St.: Paintings, works on paper, and sculptures by artists who have shown in the Hamptons. Among those represented are Valerie Jaudon, Paul Brach, and Claus and Helen Hoie. Through March 28. (Open Mondays.) . . . **master eagle gallery**, sixth floor, 40 W. 25th St.: "Cartoon '87," drawings by approximately forty artists, including Liza Donnelly, Tim Haggerty, Ed Arno, Sam Gross, and Lou Myers. Through March 20. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Ruth Bernhard / Ellen Carey—Gelatin-silver prints of female nudes; the prints were made recently from the original negatives, dated 1934-76. / Photographs with paint and collage additions. Through April 19. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Marilyn Bridges—Aerial photographs of ancient land markings—the Nazca lines, Yucatán ruins, and so forth. Through April 11. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at noon.)

Robert Capa (1913-54)—Photographs of Berlin in the summer of 1945. Through April 4. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Jimmy de Sana—Dada-inspired photographs. Through Sunday, March 8. (Hearn, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Jan Groover—A retrospective show of eighty photographs will be at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

David A. Hanson / Allan Janus—Salt prints of the entire length of the Hudson River and its environs, all but a few of which look as though they were from a hundred years ago rather than the present. / Photographs of statuary and animals. Through Thursday, March 12. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Lotte Jacobi—Vintage prints by a ninety-one-year-old photographer known for her portraits. Through March 21. (Photofind, 138 Spring St.)

Jacques Henri Lartigue (1894-1986)—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show devoted to this photographer, entitled "Panoramas of the Twenties." See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Duane Michals—New works, primarily silver prints, some with text, some painted. Through Saturday, March 7. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

Gordon Parks—A retrospective of more than two hundred prints by this photojournalist. Through March 28. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.) . . . ¶ Fifty prints made for the Farm Security Administration. Through March 28. (Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St. Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Lenore Seroka—Photographs of artists in their studios. Through March 31. (4th Street Photo, 67 E. 4th St. Sundays through Thursdays, 2 to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 3 to 10.)

Group Show—Bruce Davidson, Robert Cumming, Garry Winogrand, and Mary Ellen Mark are among the artists represented in a show of photographs that were taken in 1974 and reflect the events of that year. Through April 4. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Van Gogh in Saint-Rémy and Auvers," a show of paintings and drawings covering the artist's last fifteen months. Through March 22. . . . ¶ "Dance" is the title of the Costume Institute's show of men's and women's evening dress and accessories. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective show of works by Paul Klee. Through May 5. . . . **photography:** Prints by Jacques Henri Lartigue. Through March 24. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the work of Jan Groover. Starts Thursday, March 5. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—An exhibit of paintings, drawings, and prints by the Belgian artist Pierre Alechinsky which chronicles his use of sketches in the borders of his works. Mr. Alechinsky has taken this border motif one step further by painting a rising sun around the museum's elevator entrances. Through May 3. . . . ¶ About sixty works that were either first shown by Peggy Guggenheim at her gallery, Art of This Century (open from 1942 to 1947), or were donated by her to American museums, in an effort to promote the avant-garde of her time. Early works by Jackson Pollock, David Hare, and Matta, which haven't been seen here since the forties, are included. Starts Friday, March 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show of paintings by David Salle, spanning the past eight years. Through March 29. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works by John Storrs, an early modernist sculptor, containing, in addition to sculptures, his paintings, drawings, and prints. Through March 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A display of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century clothing worn by Russian women, including *kokoshniks*—headdresses elaborately decorated with pearls and gold thread and used to signify a wearer's marital status. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A three-inch-tall frog carved in jet, with turquoise eyes and a turquoise collar, is the centerpiece of a show of Pueblo artifacts. The frog was found at the turn of the century in a ceremonial chamber of the seven-hundred-room Pueblo Bonito, in Chaco Canyon, New Mexico. Starts Friday, March 6. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibit of paintings and sculptures by twenty-eight contemporary American artists who are candidates for the Academy-Institute's art awards. Through March 29. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—Handmade fine- and applied-art objects in a blazing show that befits a new home for this museum. Through March 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The accomplishments of the architect Antoni Gaudí (1852-1926), seen in the context of the work of his peers in Barcelona, are the focus of an exhibit, which has architectural drawings, furniture, tiles, metalwork, and glass objects. . . . ¶ A display of folding fans (pleated and *brisé*) which documents their design and function at the height of their popularity (late seventeenth century to early twentieth). Through May 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A display elucidating the European tradition of mounting rare Japanese and Chinese porcelains with gold, silver, and gilt bronze. Through Sunday, March 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Etchings and lithographs by Jakob Steinhardt

(1887-1968), a German Expressionist whose themes include Jewish religious life. Through April 19. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Age of Bruegel: Netherlandish Drawings of the Sixteenth Century," a selection built around the work of Pieter Bruegel the Elder. Eight of the drawings are by him, the others by artists who influenced him (Bosch, for instance) and whom he influenced (Roelandt Savery). Through April 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—An installation by Pat Steir for which she has painted large-scale studies of human features—eyes, lips, noses—directly on the walls. Through April 12. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays, noon to 10; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"Harlem Renaissance: Art of Black America," a show of two hundred paintings, sculptures, photographs, and prints, nearly all of them by five pivotal artists of the twenties—Aaron Douglas, William H. Johnson, Palmer Hayden, Meta Vaux Warrick Fuller, and James Van DerZee. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Zofia Kulik and Przemyslaw Kwiek (performance), Thursday, March 12, at 8:30.

The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—David Cale in a music-performance work called "Smooch Music," Wednesday through Sunday, March 4-8, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Ethyl Eichelberger (performance), Fridays at 10, and Saturdays and Sundays at 8 (through March 22); Tamar Rogoff (dance), Friday through Sunday, March 13-15, at 9.

Note—Ping Chong discussing a selection of his slides and videos. (Asian CineVision, 32 East Broadway. Thursday, March 5, at 8. Tickets at the door.) . . . ¶ Ain Gordon and ensemble in an experimental-theatre work called "Women in Black & White (Do Ushers Really Know Where You're Going)." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, March 12-14, at 8; and Sunday, March 15, at 3. Through March 22.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, March 4, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Hildegard Behrens, Brigitte Fassbaender, Peter Hofmann, and Donald McIntyre; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 5, at 8: "Carmen," with Agnes Baltsa, Ileana Cotrubas, José Carreras, and Samuel Ramey; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, March 6, at 8: "Boris Godunov," with Stefka Mineva, Misha Raitzin, Robert Nagy, Martti Talvela, and Paul Plishka; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 7, at 12:30: "Die Walküre," with Hildegard Behrens, Brigitte Fassbaender, Peter Hofmann, and Donald McIntyre; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 7, at 8: "Manon," with Catherine Malfitano, Neil Shicoff, Erich Parce, and Ferruccio Furlanetto; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Monday, March 9, at 8: "Boris Godunov," with Stefka Mineva, Vladimir Popov, Robert Nagy, Martti Talvela, and Paul Plishka; James Conlon. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 10, at 8: "Manon," with Diana Soviero, Denés Gulyás, David Holloway, and Julien Robbins; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 11, at 8; "Carmen," with Agnes Baltsa, Ileana Cotrubas, José Carreras, and Samuel Ramey; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 12, at 8: A new production of Puccini's "Turandot," with Eva Marton, Leona Mitchell, Placido Domingo, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Friday, March 13, at 8: "Manon," with Diana Soviero, Denés Gulyás, David Holloway, and Julien Robbins; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 14, at 1:30: "Boris Godunov," with Stefka Mineva, Vladimir Popov, Robert Nagy, Martti Talvela, and Paul Plishka; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 14, at 8: "Carmen," with Agnes Baltsa, Ileana Cotrubas, José Carreras, and Gregg Baker; James Levine. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

Opera Ensemble of New York—Jonathan Tunick conducting performances of "Christopher Columbus," a comic opera by Don White, who compiled the score from music by Jacques Offenbach. Staged by John J. D. Sheehan. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Wednesdays, March 4 and 11, and Fridays, March 6 and 13, at 8, and Sundays, March 8 and 15, at 3. For information about tickets, call 288-1485.)

Amato Opera Company—Presenting "Madame Butterfly." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturday, March 7; Friday, March 13; and Saturday, March 14, all at 7:30; and Sunday, March 8, at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall. Leonard Slatkin conducting a Berlioz–Rubinstein–John Adams program on Thursday, March 5, at 8; Friday, March 6, at 2; Saturday, March 7, at 8; and Tuesday, March 10, at 7:30 (all with Shura Cherkassky, piano). . . . ¶ Mstislav Rostropovich conducting a Prokofiev-Tchaikovsky program Thursday through Saturday, March 12-14, at 8, and Tuesday, March 17, at 7:30 (no soloists).

Polish Chamber Orchestra—Wojciech Rajski conducting, with Alexander Peskanov, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Wednesday, March 4, at 8.)

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting two varied programs, both with Mstislav Rostropovich, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 4, also with Burton Fine, viola, and Thursday, March 5, at 8.)

Vienna Philharmonic—A series of concerts presenting the complete Beethoven symphonies and piano concertos, with Claudio Abbado conducting and Maurizio Pollini as soloist—Friday, March 6: Concerto No. 4 and Symphony No. 3, plus the "Egmont" Overture. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 7: Symphonies No. 1 and 5 and Concerto No. 2. . . . ¶ Monday, March 9: Concerto No. 1 and Symphony No. 6, plus the "Coriolan" Overture. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 10: Symphonies No. 2 and 7 and Concerto No. 3. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 12: Symphony No. 4 and Concerto No. 5, plus the "Leonore" Overture No. 3. . . . ¶ Friday, March 13: Symphony No. 8; and Symphony No. 9, with Susan Dunn, soprano; Tatiana Troyanos, mezzo-soprano; Jerry Hadley, tenor; Laszlo Polgar, bass-baritone; and the Westminster Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Evenings at 8.)

Hallé Orchestra—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting, with Jon Kimura Parker, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 8, at 3.)

I Fiamminghi—Rudolf Werthen conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 8, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting a Villa-Lobos–Falla–Tchaikovsky program, with Henryk Szeryng, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4120. Friday and Saturday, March 6-7, at 8, and Sunday, March 8, at 2.)

New York Chamber Symphony of the 92nd Street Y—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Emanuel Ax, piano. (Saturday, March 7, at 8, and Sunday, March 8, at 3.)

Orpheus—With Elly Ameling, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 14, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, March 7, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 874-2990.)

New Amsterdam Singers—Clara Longstreth directing, with Wendy Hill, soprano; Thomas Beveridge, bass; and an instrumental ensemble. Mr. Beveridge will be the soloist in his

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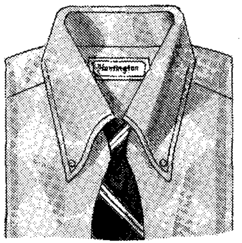

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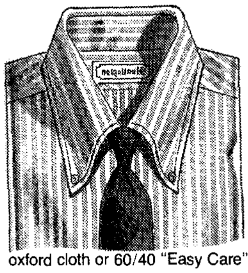

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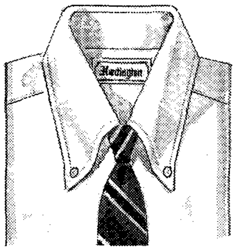

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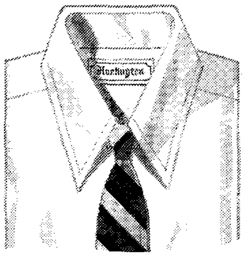

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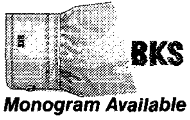

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own composition for men's chorus. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, March 8, at 3.)

Collegium Antiquum Orchestra and the Choir of the Church of the Holy Trinity—Mary Jane Newman directing two works by Haydn. With Edward Carroll, trumpet. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. Sunday, March 8, at 5. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Composers' Showcase—An all-Stravinsky program, with Robert Craft directing an orchestra, the Gregg Smith Singers, and vocal soloists. The opera/oratorio "Oedipus Rex" in concert form and the "Symphony of Psalms" will be performed. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 9, at 8.)

Masterworks Choral Series—The first of seven concerts with Peter Tiboris directing a chorus of some four hundred people. More than eighty university and adult groups will participate in the series. (Avery Fisher Hall. On Monday, March 9, at 8, an Orff-Berlioz-Brahms program, with the American Symphony Orchestra, and Vicki Fisk, soprano; Gwendolyn Jones, mezzo-soprano; David Fox, tenor; and Bradley Powell, baritone.)

Florilegium Chamber Choir—JoAnn Rice directing, with Wilbur Pauley, bass, and Walter Hilse, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, March 12, at 8.)

RECITALS

Emerson String Quartet—The final two in a six-concert series presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, March 4-5, at 8.)

Raphael Trio—In an all-Schubert program, with Kim Kashkashian, viola, and Julius Levine, double bass. (Weill Recital Hall. Thursday, March 5, at 8.)

Cornucopia—Margaret Willig, soprano; Thomas Crane, oboe; Adam Rogers, guitar; Carolyn Davis, double bass; Gregory Charnon, percussion; and guest artist Cheryl Seltzer, piano. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Friday, March 6, at 8.)

Lee Hoiby and Stanley Babin—Pianos, in a joint recital. (Weill Recital Hall. Saturday, March 7, at 2.)

Cremona Arts Trio—Performing works for piano trio. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, March 7, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Guarneri Quartet—With Steven Tenenbom, viola, and Jules Eskin, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Saturday, March 7, at 8.)

Frederick Zlotkin and Peter Basquin—Cello and piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, March 7, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Stephanie Brown and the Colorado Quartet—A program of piano sonatas and string quartets by Haydn. (New School Auditorium, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, March 8, at 2. For information about tickets, call 741-5689.)

Mstislav Rostropovich—The first of two concerts presenting Bach's complete suites for unaccompanied cello. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Sunday, March 8, at 3. A benefit concert; for information about tickets, call 841-9633.)

Carlos Prieto—Cello, with Doris Stevenson, piano. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, March 8, at 3:30. No tickets necessary. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 13, at 8.)

Walter Hautzig—Piano. (Ansche Chesed Temple, 251 W. 100th St. Sunday, March 8, at 7:30. A benefit concert; for information about tickets, call 865-0600.)

Güher and Süher Pekinel—Duo piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 8, at 8.)

David Buechner and Ivan Davis—Pianos, in a joint concert. (Weill Recital Hall. Sunday, March 8, at 8:30.)

Simon Estes—Bass-baritone. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Monday, March 9, at 8.)

Uriel Tsachor—Piano. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Monday, March 9, at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—Contemporary chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, March 9, at 8.)

American Brass Quintet—Chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Monday, March 9, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Aurora—A baroque chamber ensemble. (Church of the Ascension, Fifth Ave. at 10th St. Monday, March 9, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Manhattan Contemporary Ensemble—Performing works by Daniel Palkowski, Emil Awad, and others. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Monday, March 9, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Charles Neidich—Clarinet, with Robert Spillman, piano, and Curtis Macomber, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, March 10, at 8.)

Michael Parloff—Flute, with assisting artists. (Weill Recital Hall. Tuesday, March 10, at 8.)

Pamela Frame—Cello. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, March 10, at 8.)

Jean-Efflam Bavouzet—Piano. (92nd Street Y. Tuesday, March 10, at 8.)

Hermann Prey—Baritone, in a program of Schubert lieder. (92nd Street Y. Wednesday, March 11, at 8.)

Israela Margalit—Piano, with assisting artists, in an all-Tchaikovsky program. (Weill Recital Hall. Wednesday, March 11, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—The first in a series of three programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Thursday, March 12, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—With Ilana Vered, piano. (Weill Recital Hall. Thursday, March 12, at 8.)

Kronos Quartet—A program of twentieth-century string quartets. (Weill Recital Hall. Friday, March 13, at 8.)

Music from Japan—Presenting "Shared Space Image," a full-length work composed by Ushio Torikai. Performed by Miss Torikai, on a variety of acoustic and electric instruments, and Christine Wright, dancer. (Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. 517-2742. Saturday, March 14, at 5.)

Henryk Szeryng—Violin. (92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 14, at 8.)

Michala Petri Duo—Miss Petri, recorder, and Hanne Petri, harpsichord. (Veléz Blanco Patio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 570-3949. Saturday, March 14, at 8.)

Composers' Forum—At Weill Recital Hall, two programs of chamber music by Ornette Coleman, both of which will include "Time Design," a work for amplified string quartet and electric drums—Saturday, March 14, at 8:30: With Andy Statman, mandolin; an ensemble, Joseph Celli conducting; and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 15, at 8:30: With Malcolm Goldstein; the Kronos Quartet; Mr. Celli, oboe; and others.

Note—The Amadeus Winds will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, March 22, at 5. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued in the order that written applications are received starting Monday, March 9 (not before). A self-addressed, stamped envelope should be enclosed.

MISCELLANY

Villa-Lobos Centennial Concerts—At Merkin Concert Hall, three progams of music by the Brazilian composer—Thursday, March 5, at 8: The Sine Nomine Singers, Harry Saltzman directing, and the Quintet of the Americas, with Beatriz Roman, piano, and Marshall Coid, violin. Works performed will include several for a-cappella chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 7, at 8: The North Country Chamber Players; Benjamin Verdery, guitar; Christopher Lewis, piano; Chris Finckel, cello; Ida Levine, violin; and Lucy Shelton, soprano. The program will include the première of a solo-guitar work by Roberto Sierra dedicated to Villa-Lobos. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 8, at 8: A second Sine Nomine Singers–Quintet of the Americas concert, this one also with Miss Roman and Mr. Coid, plus other assisting artists.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Basketball—At **byrne meadowlands arena:** Nets vs. Atlanta Hawks, Friday, March 6, at 7:30; Washington Bullets, Tuesday, March 10, at 7:30; and Milwaukee Bucks, Thursday, March 12, at 7:30. . . . **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Los Angeles Clippers, Saturday, March 7, at 8:30; Detroit Pistons, Tuesday, March 10, at 8; and Nets, Friday, March 13, at 7:30.

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Islanders, Wednesday, March 4, at 7:35; Calgary Flames, Sunday, March 8, at 9; and Boston Bruins, Wednesday, March 11, at 7:35. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena:** Devils vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, March 7, at 5:05; Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, March 11, at 7:35; and Islanders, Friday, March 13, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Devils, Saturday, March 14, at 7:05.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1.

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway:** Nightly at 7:30; through Sunday, March 15. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Aug. 15.

ET ALIA

Poetry, Prose, and Drama Readings—Arthur Miller reading from his own plays. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, March 9, at 8.) . . . ¶ Molly Peacock and Eleanor Wilner reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, March 10, at 6. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Roscoe Lee Browne, Malachy McCourt, and Isaiah Sheffer reading from the short stories of Eudora Welty, John McNulty, Veronica Geng, and Roy Blount, Jr. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, March 11, at 6:30.)

Spring Armory Antiques Show—An international antiques and fine-arts exhibition and sale, assembled by some seventy-five dealers. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Thursday through Saturday, March 5-7, from noon to 10; Sunday, March 8, from 11 to 6.)

Flower Shows—At the **jacob k. javits convention center:** The New York Flower and Antiques Show includes fourteen gardens and about a hundred and twenty-five antique dealers offering furniture, rugs, and decorative accessories. (Eleventh Ave. between 34th and 39th Sts. Wednesday, March 4, from 4 to 8; Thursday through Saturday, March 5-7, from 11 to 8; Sunday, March 8, from 11 to 6.) . . . **new york city passenger ship terminal:** The New York Flower Show, sponsored by the Horticultural Society of New York, will feature a city shade garden, a Chinese garden, and an Italian Riviera garden among its displays. (Pier 90, Twelfth Ave. at 50th St. Saturday, March 7, through Sunday, March 15, from 10 to 5.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through March 5: At 6, "Four Nights of a Dreamer" (1971; directed by Robert Bresson; in French); at 8, "Class Relations" (1983; Jean-Marie Straub and Danièle Huillet; in German); and, at 10:15, "The American Soldier" (1970; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Karl Scheydt and Margarethe von Trotta.
March 6: At 6, "A Free Woman" (1974; Volker Schlöndorff; in German); at 8:15, "No End" (1984; Krzysztof Kieslowski; in Polish); and, at 10, "City of Women" (1979; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.
March 7-8: At 4, "Earth Entranced" (1970; Glauber Rocha; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); at 6, "A Free Woman;" at 8:15, "No End;" and, at 10, "City of Women."
March 10-12: At 6, "La Salamandre" (1971; Alain Tanner; in French), with Bulle Ogier, Jean-Luc Bideau, and Jacques Denis; at 8:15, "No End;" and, at 10, "La Chinoise" (1967; Jean-Luc Godard; in French).
From March 13: At 6, "Six in Paris" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard, Jean Rouch, Jean-Daniel Pollet, Claude Chabrol, Eric Rohmer, and Jean Douchet; in French); at 8, "Everything for Sale" (1968; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish); and, at 10, "Partner" (†).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: Through March 5: "The Mission" (Roland Joffé), with Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons. From March 6: "Angel Heart" (Alan Parker), with Mickey Rourke, Robert De Niro, Lisa Bonet, and Charlotte Rampling.
Theatre 2: "Betty Blue" (Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Jean-Hugues Anglade and Béatrice Dalle.
Theatre 3: Through March 5: "Round Midnight" (†). From March 6: "Lethal Weapon" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover.

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through March 5: "Mannequin" (Michael Gottlieb), with Andrew McCarthy and Kim Cattrall.
From March 6: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Outrageous Fortune" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Some Kind of Wonderful" (Howard Deutch), with Eric Stoltz, Mary Stuart Masterson, Craig Sheffer, and Lea Thompson.
Theatre 2: "Radio Days" (†).
Theatre 3: "Platoon" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through March 12: "Black Widow" (1987 †).
From March 13: "Heat" (R. M. Richards), with Burt Reynolds.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Black Widow" (1987 †).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through March 5: "Mannequin" (Michael Gottlieb), with Andrew McCarthy and Kim Cattrall.
From March 6: To be announced.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through March 5: "Square Dance" (Dan Petrie), with Jane Alexander, Rob Lowe, Jason Robards, and Winona Ryder.
From March 6: "The Morning After" (†).

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Mission" (Roland Joffé), with Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons.
Theatre 2: Through March 5: "Over the Top" (Menahem Golan), with Sylvester Stallone. From March 6: "Lethal Weapon" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "84 Charing Cross Road" (David Jones), with Anne Bancroft and Anthony Hopkins.
Theatre 2: "Outrageous Fortune" (†).

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 21.

D.W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Round Midnight" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through March 12: "Duet for One" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Julie Andrews, Alan Bates, and Max von Sydow. From March 13: "Man Facing Southeast" (Eliseo Subiela; an Argentine film, in Spanish).
Theatre 2: Through March 5: "Betty Blue" (Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Jean-Hugues Anglade and Béatrice Dalle. From March 6: "Tin Men" (Barry Levinson), with Richard Dreyfuss, Danny DeVito, and Barbara Hershey.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Beyond Therapy" (Robert Altman), with Jeff Goldblum, Julie Hagerty, Tom Conti, and Glenda Jackson.
Theatre 2: "Hoosiers" (David Anspaugh), with Gene Hackman, Barbara Hershey, and Dennis Hopper.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through March 10: "Little Shop of Horrors" (1986 †).
From March 11: "Raising Arizona" (Joel Coen), with Nicolas Cage and Holly Hunter.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Radio Days" (†).
Theatre 2: "Platoon" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Good Father" (Mike Newell), with Anthony Hopkins.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through March 5: "Dead of Winter" (Arthur Penn), with Mary Steenburgen, Roddy McDowall, and Jan Rubeš.
From March 6: "Angel Heart" (Alan Parker), with Mickey Rourke, Robert De Niro, Lisa Bonet, and Charlotte Rampling.

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Hoosiers" (David Anspaugh), with Gene Hackman, Barbara Hershey, and Dennis Hopper.

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through March 5: "Light of Day" (Paul Schrader), with Michael J. Fox, Gena Rowlands, and Joan Jett. From March 6: "Lethal Weapon" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover.
Theatre 2: Through March 5: "Over the Top" (Menahem Golan), with Sylvester Stallone. From March 6: "Lethal Weapon."

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Some Kind of Wonderful" (Howard Deutch), with Eric Stoltz, Mary Stuart Masterson, Craig Sheffer, and Lea Thompson.
Theatre 2: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 3: Dream Warriors" (Chuck Russell).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Black Widow" (1987 †).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Broken Mirrors" (1984; directed by Marleen Gorris; in Dutch).
Theatre 2: Through March 12: "The Sacrifice" (Andrei Tarkovsky; in Swedish), with Erland Josephson. From March 13: "Summer" (Eric Rohmer; in French), with Marie Rivière; and "Pauline at the Beach" (1982; Eric Rohmer; in French).

Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through March 5 (tentative): (Separate admissions) "Come and See" (Elem Klimov; in Russian); and "Something Wild" (Jonathan Demme), with Jeff Daniels and Melanie Griffith. March 6-12: "Lily Tomlin" (Nicholas Broomfield and Joan Churchill), a documentary. From March 13: "Animation Celebration," a film comprising twenty-two films from seven countries.
Theatre 2: Through March 12 (tentative): (Separate admissions) "Men . . ." (1986; Doris Dörrie; in German); and "Sherman's March" (Ross McElwee). From March 13: "Lily Tomlin."

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Blue Velvet" (David Lynch), with Kyle MacLachlan, Isabella Rossellini, Dennis Hopper, and Laura Dern.
Theatre 2: Through March 5: "Beyond Therapy" (Robert Altman), with Jeff Goldblum, Julie Hagerty, Tom Conti, and Glenda Jackson. From March 6: "Tin Men" (Barry Levinson), with Richard Dreyfuss, Danny DeVito, and Barbara Hershey.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through March 5: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 3: Dream Warriors" (Chuck Russell).
From March 6: "Beyond Therapy" (Robert Altman), with Jeff Goldblum, Julie Hagerty, Tom Conti, and Glenda Jackson.

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Crimes of the Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: "Little Shop of Horrors" (1986 †).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: (Separate admissions) "Sid and Nancy" (Alex Cox), with Gary Oldman and Chloe Webb; and "The Hour of the Star" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).
Theatre 3: "A Room with a View" (James Ivory), with Maggie Smith and Denholm Elliott.
Theatre 4: "My Sweet Little Village" (Jiří Menzel; a Czech film).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Outrageous Fortune" (†).
Theatre 2: "Black Widow" (1987 †).
Theatre 3: "Hoosiers" (David Anspaugh), with Gene Hackman, Barbara Hershey, and Dennis Hopper.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through March 12: "Beyond Therapy" (Robert Altman), with Jeff Goldblum, Julie Hagerty, Tom Conti, and Glenda Jackson.
From March 13: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through March 12: "Outrageous Fortune" (†).
From March 13: "Heat" (R. M. Richards), with Burt Reynolds.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Working Girls" (Lizzie Borden).

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through March 12: "Crimes of the Heart" (†).
From March 13: "Gospel According to Vic" (Charles Gormley), with Tom Conti.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

Through March 5: "One Woman or Two" (Daniel Vigne; in English and French), with Gérard Depardieu, Sigourney Weaver, and Ruth Westheimer.
March 6-12: "Salvador" (1986; Oliver Stone), with James Woods and John Savage.
From March 13: "Kangaroo" (Tim Burstall), with Colin Friels and Judy Davis.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Decline of the American Empire" (Denys Arcand; in French).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Some Kind of Wonderful" (Howard Deutch), with Eric Stoltz, Mary Stuart Masterson, Craig Sheffer, and Lea Thompson.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Scene of the Crime" (André Téchiné; in French), with Catherine Deneuve.
Theatre 2: "Thérèse" (Alain Cavalier; in French), with Catherine Mouchet.
Theatre 3: "Faces of Women" (Désiré Ecaré; in French).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Through March 5: "Alpine Fire" (Fredi M. Murer; in Swiss-German). From March 6: "Waiting for the Moon" (Jill Godmilow), with Linda Hunt and Linda Bassett.
Theatre 2: Through March 12: "Marlene" (Maximilian Schell), a documentary. From March 13: "Swimming to Cambodia" (Jonathan Demme), with Spalding Gray.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Black Widow" (1987 †).
Theatre 2: "A Room with a View" (James Ivory), with Maggie Smith and Denholm Elliott.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: Through March 5: "Mannequin" (Michael Gottlieb), with Andrew McCarthy and Kim Cattrall. From March 6: "Tin Men" (Barry Levinson), with Richard Dreyfuss, Danny DeVito, and Barbara Hershey.
Theatre 2: Through March 5: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 3: Dream Warriors" (Chuck Russell). From March 6: "Angel Heart" (Alan Parker), with Mickey Rourke, Robert De Niro, Lisa Bonet, and Charlotte Rampling.
Theatre 3: "Radio Days" (†).
Theatre 4: Through March 5: "Beyond Therapy" (Robert Altman), with Jeff Goldblum, Julie Hagerty, Tom Conti, and Glenda Jackson. From March 6: "Lethal Weapon" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover.
Theatre 5: "Platoon" (†).
Theatre 6: "Hoosiers" (David Anspaugh), with Gene Hackman, Barbara Hershey, and Dennis Hopper.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Betty Blue" (Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Jean-Hugues Anglade and Béatrice Dalle.
Theatre 2: Through March 12: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†). From March 13: "Animation Celebration," a film comprising twenty-two films from seven countries.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through March 5: "Sid and Nancy" (Alex Cox), with Gary Oldman and Chloe Webb. From March 6: (Separate admissions) "Sid and Nancy;" and "Crimes of the Heart"(†).
Theatre 2: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 3: Dream Warriors" (Chuck Russell).
Theatre 3: Through March 12: "Blue Velvet" (David Lynch), with Kyle MacLachlan, Isabella Rossellini, Dennis Hopper, and Laura Dern. From March 13: "Round Midnight"(†).
Theatre 4: Through March 5: "Crimes of the Heart" (†). From March 6: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Blue Velvet" (directed by David Lynch), with Kyle MacLachlan, Isabella Rossellini, Dennis Hopper and Laura Dern.
Theatre 2: "Black Widow" (1987 †).

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Theatre 3: Through March 5: "Wanted: Dead or Alive" (Gary Sherman), with Rutger Hauer. From March 6: "Lethal Weapon" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover.
Theatre 4: Through March 5: "Over the Top" (Menahem Golan), with Sylvester Stallone. From March 6: To be announced.
Theatre 5: Through March 5: "The Mission" (Roland Joffé), with Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons. From March 6: To be announced.
Theatre 6: "The Morning After" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through March 12: "Death Before Dishonor" (Terry Leonard), with Fred Dryer.
From March 13: "Tin Men" (Barry Levinson), with Richard Dreyfuss, Danny DeVito, and Barbara Hershey.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 3: Dream Warriors" (Chuck Russell).
Theatre 3: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 3: Dream Warriors."
Theatre 4: Through March 12: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan. From March 13: "Outrageous Fortune"(†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Platoon" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Little Shop of Horrors" (1986 †).

New Embassy 49th Street, 49th St. near Seventh Ave. (757-7003)
Through March 5: "Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.
From March 6: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and Nimoy. (No performances on Monday and Tuesday, March 9-10).

R.K.O. National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Mannequin" (Michael Gottlieb), with Andrew McCarthy and Kim Cattrall.
Theatre 2: Through March 5: "Light of Day" (Paul Schrader), with Michael J. Fox, Gena Rowlands, and Joan Jett. From March 6: "Angel Heart" (Alan Parker), with Mickey Rourke, Robert De Niro, Lisa Bonet, and Charlotte Rampling.

U.A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: "Hoosiers" (David Anspaugh), with Gene Hackman, Barbara Hershey, and Dennis Hopper.
Theatre 2: "Rage of Honor."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through March 5: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; directed by Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "The Hustler" (1961; Robert Rossen), with Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason, Piper Laurie, Myron McCormick, and George C. Scott.
March 6-7: "The Night Porter" (1974; Liliana Cavani), with Dirk Bogarde and Charlotte Rampling; and "Steppenwolf" (1974; Fred Haines), with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda.
March 8: "Heartburn" (1986; Mike Nichols), with Meryl Streep and Jack Nicholson; and "Terms of Endearment" (1983; James L. Brooks), with Debra Winger, Shirley MacLaine, Jack Nicholson, and Jeff Daniels.
March 9: "Once Upon a Time in the West" (1969; Sergio Leone), with Henry Fonda, Claudia Cardinale, and Jason Robards.
March 10: "Heartburn" and "Terms of Endearment."
March 11-12: "Once Upon a Time in the West."
March 13-14: "Porky Pig in Hollywood," a program of sixteen black-and-white Warner Brothers cartoons, directed by Tex Avery, Friz Freleng, Bob Clampett, Frank Tashlin, and Chuck Jones.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through March 7: "Broadway Melody of 1938" (1937; Roy Del Ruth), with Eleanor Powell, George Murphy, Sophie Tucker, Judy Garland, Buddy Ebsen, and Robert Taylor; and "Easter Parade" (1948; Charles Walters), with Fred Astaire, Judy Garland, and Peter Lawford.
March 8-9: "Life Begins for Andy Hardy" (1941; George B. Seitz), with Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney; and "Everybody Sing" (1938; Edwin L. Marin), with Judy Garland, Fannie Brice, and Allan Jones.
March 10: "A Star Is Born" (1954 †).
March 11-12: "Gentleman Jim" (†); and "White Heat" (1949; Raoul Walsh), with James Cagney, Virginia Mayo, Edmond O'Brien, and Margaret Wycherly.
From March 13: "Sadie Thompson" (1928; Raoul Walsh; a silent film), with Gloria Swanson, Walsh, Lionel Barrymore, and Blanche Frederici; and "Strawberry Blonde" (1941; Raoul Walsh), with Olivia de Havilland, James Cagney, and Rita Hayworth.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
March 4: "Camille" (1937; George Cukor), with Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor, and Henry Daniell; and "Queen Christina" (1934; Rouben Mamoulian), with Greta Garbo, John Gilbert, and Lewis Stone.
March 5: "Stardust Memories" (1980; Woody Allen), with Allen, Charlotte Rampling, Jessica Harper, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Tony Roberts; and "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (1982; Woody Allen), with Allen, Mia Farrow, José Ferrer, Julie Hagerty, Tony Roberts, and Mary Steenburgen.
March 6-7: "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent; and "Slaughterhouse-Five" (1972; George Roy Hill), with Michael Sacks.
March 8: "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "Il Grido" (1957; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Steve Cochran, Alida Valli, and Betsy Blair.
March 9: "Scissere" (1983; Peter Mettler); and "Eviction" (1984; Bachar Chbib).
March 10: "The Last Picture Show" (1971; Peter Bogdanovich), with Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Cybill Shepherd, Ben Johnson, and Cloris Leachman; and "Red River" (1948; Howard Hawks), with Montgomery Clift, John Wayne, Walter Brennan, and Joanne Dru.
March 11: "Who'll Stop the Rain" (1978; Karel Reisz), with Nick Nolte, Tuesday Weld, and Michael Moriarty; and "The Dogs of War" (†).
March 12: "Bananas" (1971; Woody Allen), with Allen; and "Don't Drink the Water" (1969; Howard Morris), with Jackie Gleason, Estelle Parsons, and Ted Bessell.
March 13-14: "Despair" (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder), with Dirk Bogarde and Andréa Ferréol; and "Querelle" (1983; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis, Franco Nero, and Jeanne Moreau.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
March 4: "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos; and "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams.
March 5: "The Threepenny Opera" (1931; G. W. Pabst; in German), with Lotte Lenya; and "M" (1932; Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre.
March 6-7: "Lost in America" (1985; Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Julie Hagerty;

and "Real Life" (1979; Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Charles Grodin.

March 8: "Providence" (1977; Alain Resnais), with Ellen Burstyn, Dirk Bogarde, John Gielgud, David Warner, and Elaine Stritch; and "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig.

March 9: "The Comedy of Terrors" (1964; Jacques Tourneur), with Vincent Price, Peter Lorre, and Boris Karloff; and "The Little Shop of Horrors" (1960; Roger Corman), with Jonathan Haze, Jackie Joseph, and Jack Nicholson.

March 10: "His Girl Friday" (1940; Howard Hawks), with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "My Man Godfrey" (1936; Gregory La Cava), with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady.

March 11: "Tea in the Harem" (1986; Mehdi Charef; in French); and "The Sleeping Car Murder" (1966; Costa-Gavras; in French), with Simone Signoret and Yves Montand.

March 12: "L'Avventura" (1959; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti, Gabriele Ferzetti, and Léa Massari; and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada.

March 13-14: "Ménage" (1986; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Michel Blanc, and Miou-Miou; and "Going Places" (1974; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Miou-Miou, and Patrick Dewaere.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

March 4: "Cabin in the Sky" (1943; Vincente Minnelli), with Ethel Waters, Eddie Anderson, Lena Horne, Louis Armstrong, and John W. Bubbles; and "Stormy Weather" (1943; Andrew Stone), with Bill Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, and Dooley Wilson.

March 5: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina; and "Il Bidone" (1955; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Broderick Crawford, Giulietta Masina, Richard Basehart, and Franco Fabrizi.

March 6-7: "The Trial" (1962; Orson Welles), with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Suzanne Flon, Elsa Martinelli, Romy Schneider, and Welles; and "The Third Man" (1950; Carol Reed), with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard.

March 8: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.

March 9: "Hour of the Wolf" (1968; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann; and "The Passion of Anna" (1970; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Max von Sydow, and Erland Josephson.

March 10: "The Seven Year Itch" (1955; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, Victor Moore, Evelyn Keyes, and Sonny Tufts; and "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon.

March 11: "Funny Face" (1957; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire, and Kay Thompson; and "Sabrina" (1954; Billy Wilder), with Humphrey Bogart, Audrey Hepburn, and William Holden.

March 12: "Cyrano de Bergerac" (1950; Michael Gordon), with José Ferrer, Mala Powers, and William Prince; and "Scaramouche" (1952; George Sidney), with Stewart Granger, Eleanor Parker, Janet Leigh, and Mel Ferrer.

March 13-14: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919; Robert Wiene; a German silent film), with Werner Krauss, Conrad Veidt, Lil Dagover, and Friedrich Feher; and "M" (1932; Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: The first two showings in a program of the five films nominated for the 1986 Academy Award for Best Foreign Language Film—March 5 at 3 and 6:30: "The Assault" (1985; directed by Fons Rademakers; in Dutch, with English subtitles). . . . March 6 at 3 and 6:30: "Betty Blue" (1986; Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French, with English subtitles), with Jean-Hugues Anglade and Béatrice Dalle. . . . ¶ March 7 at 2: "She Done Him Wrong" (1933; Lowell Sherman), with Cary Grant and Mae West. . . . ¶ March 7 at 5: "My Favorite Wife" (1940; Garson Kanin), with Cary Grant, Irene Dunne, and Randolph Scott. . . . ¶ March 8 at 2: "Mr. Lucky" (1943; H. C. Potter), with Cary Grant, Laraine Day, and Charles Bickford. . . . ¶ March 8 at 5: "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. . . . ¶ The final three showings in a program of the five films nominated for the 1986 Academy Award for Best Foreign Language Film—March 9 at 3 and 6:30: "The Decline of the American Empire" (1986; Denys Arcand; in French, with English subtitles). . . . March 10 at 3 and 6:30: "My Sweet Little Village" (1986; Jiří Menzel; a Czech film, with English subtitles). . . . March 12 at 3 and 6:30: " '38" (1986; Wolfgang Glück; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ From March 13: See listings under "Film Society of Lincoln Center."

Theatre 2: March 7 at 2:30: A program of the five films nominated for the 1986 Academy Award for Best Documentary Short Subject. . . . ¶ March 7 at 5:30: A program of the three films nominated for the 1986 Academy Award for Best Animated Short Film and the three films nominated for the 1986 Academy Award for Best Live Action Short Film. . . . ¶ From March 13: See listings under "Film Society of Lincoln Center."

Film Society of Lincoln Center (at MOMA)—The first programs in a sixteen-day festival of new films by new directors. March 13 at 6: "Black and White" (France; Claire Devers). . . . ¶ March 13 at 8:30 and March 14 at 1: "Playing Away" (United Kingdom; Horace Ové). . . . ¶ March 14 at 3:30: "Black and White." . . . ¶ March 14 at 6: "Positive I.D." (United States; Andy Anderson). . . . ¶ March 14 at 8:30: "The Night of the Pencils" (Argentina; Hector Olivera). (Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. 708-9500.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"Social Engagement: Women's Video in the '80's," a program of thirteen experimental narrative and documentary videotapes. The schedule of performances is complicated: our best advice is to phone the museum for film and time schedules. Closed Mondays.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—"Japan at War," films made in Japan between 1938 and 1947, shown in Japanese, with English subtitles. March 6 at 7:30: "The Suicide Troops of the Watchtower" (1942; Tadashi Imai), with Minoru Takada, Setsuko Hara, and Hideo Saito; and "The Divine Wind Blows" (1944; Santaro Marune), with Tsumasaburo Bando. . . . ¶ March 11 at 7:30: "Our Planes Fly South" (1943; Yasushi Sasaki), with Shinyo Nara. . . . ¶ March 13 at 7:30: "The Most Beautiful" (1944; Akira Kurosawa), with Takashi Shimura; and "Oh Wonderful Life" (1944; Mikio Naruse), with Kingoro Yanagiya.

The Thames Live Cinema Festival—Four silent films, with music composed by Carl Davis, performed live by the American Symphony Orchestra, with Mr. Davis conducting. March 5 at 8: "The Wind" (1928; Victor Seastrom), with Lillian Gish, Lars Hanson, and Montague Love. Miss Gish will be present. . . . ¶ March 6 at 8: "Flesh and the Devil" (1926; Clarence Brown), with John Gilbert, Greta Garbo, and Lars Hanson. Leatrice Gilbert Fountain will be present. . . . ¶ March 7 at 2:30: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1924; Raoul Walsh), with Douglas Fairbanks, Snitz Edwards, Charles Belcher, Julanne Johnston, and Anna May Wong. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., will be present. . . . ¶ March 7 at 8 and March 8 at 3: "The Big Parade" (1925; King Vidor), with John Gilbert and Renée Adorée. Leatrice Gilbert Fountain will be present. . . . ¶ March 8 at 8: "The Wind." Miss Gish will be present. (Radio City Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Black Widow—Theresa Russell plays a slinky, cat-eyed dame who is somehow driven to marry a series of the richest millionaires in the country and murder them; Debra Winger plays an investigator at the Justice Department who notices the pattern in the sudden deaths and gets on the widow's trail. This may sound irresistibly succulent and trashy, but the director, Bob Rafelson, can't seem to give trash its due; he intellectualizes it. You expect the women to share identities or the picture to go lesbian, or *something*. But you're wrong. This is postmodernist film noir. Rafelson and the writer, Ronald Bass, disdain motivation and they don't develop the characters. The picture doesn't bother with suspense, either, but it has a high-tech swank, and though you may want to giggle at the fanciness, there are a few moments when the near-pornographic texture is actually amusing. Dennis Hopper and Nicol Williamson liven up their brief scenes as two of the widow's husbands; also with James Hong as a drugged-out private investigator, Terry O'Quinn as Winger's boss, and Sami Frey, Diane Ladd, Lois Smith, Leo Rossi, and David Mamet as a poker player. Cinematography by Conrad Hall. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/23/87.) (Sutton, 86th St. East, 23rd St. West Triplex, Embassy 72nd St., and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through March 12.)

Crimes of the Heart—Diane Keaton, Jessica Lange, and Sissy Spacek playing sisters and sparking off each other are something to see. The play, by Beth Henley—a comedy about wacked-out normality, set in Hazlehurst, Mississippi—has its goofy charm; it's thin material, though, and her screen adaptation is just the usual "opening out." But the three actresses put so much faith in their roles that they carry the movie, triumphantly. They take the play's borderline pathos about heartbreakingly screwed-up lives—it's a mixture of looniness and lyricism—and give it real vitality. These are inspired performances. With Sam Shepard, Tess Harper, David Carpenter, and Hurd Hatfield. Directed (without much flair) by Bruce Beresford. (12/15/86) (R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, and Olympia Quad. . . . ¶ New Carnegie; through March 12.)

The Dogs of War (1981)—A crisp, tough-minded action film, adapted from Frederick Forsyth's best-seller, about an international group of mercenaries who stage a coup in a small, decaying West African country run by an Idi Amin–Papa Doc-style despot. The casting of Christopher Walken as Shannon, the leader of the group, gives the film the fuse it needs. Walken, with his pale, flat-faced mask of pain, his glaring eyes and lithe movements, suggests a restless anger. We aren't asked to like the mercenaries, and Shannon kills a spy (set on him by his own employer, who doesn't trust him) in such a horrifying way that we really couldn't like him. But we do want to watch him. This is the first feature film by John Irvin, an English documentarian and TV director ("Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy"). With Colin Blakely as a TV journalist, and Tom Berenger, Paul Freeman, and Jean-François Stevenin. Cinematography by Jack Cardiff. (Thalia; March 11.)

Gentleman Jim (1942)—As the young James J. Corbett, a chipper showoff bank clerk and amateur boxer in San Francisco, Errol Flynn plays in the quick-witted, cool, and cocky style that he was best at. The film, which covers Corbett's transition from amateur to professional, is well paced and has considerable charm, though the Corbett clan, headed by Alan Hale as Jim's father, is Warners lovable Irish, with hot tempers and wobbly brogues. With Alexis Smith as a young society woman who develops a love-hate relation-

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ship with Jim, Ward Bond as the magnetic John L. Sullivan, and Jack Carson, William Frawley, John Loder, Rhys Williams, Madeleine LeBeau, and Lon McAllister. Directed by Raoul Walsh; one of the scriptwriters was Horace McCoy. (Regency; March 11-12.)

Hannah and Her Sisters (1986)—A minor, agreeably skillful movie by Woody Allen, a canto in his ongoing poem to love and New York City which includes "Annie Hall" and "Manhattan." It's likable, but you wish there were more to like. The principal characters are members of a show-business family, with the stable, dependable Hannah (Mia Farrow), a successful actress who manages a career and children with equal serenity, as the pivotal figure, and Barbara Hershey and Dianne Wiest as her sisters. Hannah's parents are played by Maureen O'Sullivan and Lloyd Nolan, her financial-consultant husband by Michael Caine, and her TV writer-producer ex-husband by Allen himself. The picture would be lifeless without him; the other roles are so thin that there's nobody else to draw us into the story, and all the vital vulgarity of Woody Allen's early movies has been drained away. The picture is all tasteful touches, and there's an element of cultural self-approval in its tone, and a trace of smugness in its narrow concern for family and friends. He uses style to blot out the rest of New York City. It's a form of repression, and, from the look of the movie, repression is what's romantic to him. With Max von Sydow as a gloomy, rigid intellectual, and Julie Kavner, Carrie Fisher, Daniel Stern, Sam Waterston, Tony Roberts (uncredited), and Bobby Short as himself. The cinematography is by Carlo Di Palma. (2/24/86) (Eastside Cinema, and Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; through March 12.)

The Hour of the Star (1985)—A lot of the scenes don't quite work, but something numinous happens when you watch this first feature by the Brazilian Suzana Amaral, the mother of nine, who, at the age of fifty-two, shot it in four weeks, in 1985, for $150,000. It's as if the characters' souls became magically visible. Working from a script adapted from the novella by Clarice Lispector, Amaral tells the story of Macabéa (Marcelia Cartaxo), a nineteen-year-old orphan from the northeast, a girl without skills or education or even training in keeping herself clean, who comes south to São Paulo, a city of fourteen million. This mass woman smiles serenely as she celebrates her Sunday by taking a ride on the subway, and her terrible aloneness gets to you. Like De Sica's "Umberto D.," this film has moments of uncanny humor and painful intuition, but it goes from neorealism to magic realism. The hallucinatory effect seems somewhat alien to Amaral's temperament; she's better at the plain, level scenes—they have a truer magic. Still, this Latin-American mash of dreams and reality and American advertising art and images from the movies has an awkward, mystic sanctity. It's contrived, yet affecting. With José Dumont as Olimpico and Fernanda Montenegro as the *macumbeira;* the cinematography is by Edgar Moura. In Portuguese. (2/23/87) (Quad Cinema.)

Little Shop of Horrors—Jivey, senseless fun. This musical is taken from the Off Broadway show that was based on Roger Corman's 1960 quickie—a junky travesty of sci-fi genetic-mutation pictures. Rick Moranis plays Seymour, the assistant in a skid-row flower shop, circa 1960, who tends the ravenous little flowering cactus that he names after the sexpot clerk Audrey (Ellen Greene). Her steady date is a sadistic biker-dentist (Steve Martin), and Bill Murray plays this brute's pain-freak patient. The Martin-Murray sequence is a classic encounter: a piece of transcendent slapstick. The movie is nothing but blown-up cartoon-style friskiness, but it makes you feel as inexplicably sappy and contented as a kid used to feel on Sunday morning lying on his stomach reading the funnies. The script and the lyrics are by Howard Ashman; the music is by Alan Menken. Directed by Frank Oz. (1/12/87) (R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, and Movieland. . . . ¶ Beekman; through March 10.)

The Morning After—Jane Fonda gives a raucous-voiced, down-in-the-dirty performance that has some of the charge of her Bree in "Klute," back in 1971. As Alex, a former screen actress whose career blew up in scandal, she still has her face and her figure, but she has a hard, tortured look under her fluffy blond hair, and she drinks so much she has blackouts. In the opening scene, she wakes up in bed Thanksgiving morning with a man she can't remember ever meeting; he has a knife sticking out of his heart. The director, Sidney Lumet, keeps things efficiently paced, but he doesn't build the thriller elements that would give the film the kick it needs, and he fails to establish a couple of the important characters (played by Raul Julia and Diane Salinger, both miscast). The solid Jeff Bridges, who plays opposite Fonda, could be a good foil for her flare-ups, and if their relationship had been developed maybe they would be more vivid and resonate a little. But all the forced, phony elements come together at the end and bring the picture down. (12/29/86) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Plaza; starting March 6.)

Outrageous Fortune—Two young New York actresses of contrasting types—Shelley Long is a lofty ditz and Bette Midler is a vulgarian-sexpot Kewpie doll—discover they've been sharing a lover (Peter Coyote). When he disappears, they chase him across the country to the cliffs and mesas of New Mexico, becoming friends along the way. Near the start, there are a few snappers for Midler, and she gets to shoot some wonderful derisive looks at Long. Though the gags aren't fresh, the screenwriter, Leslie Dixon, knows how to construct them. With a director who had an appetite for elemental belly-laugh farce, maybe even the claptrap plot about spies and terrorists would have something like the self-mocking giddiness of the plot of "Romancing the Stone." But with Arthur Hiller in charge much of the dialogue turns into squawking, and the movie is flattened out and rackety, with Midler doing her damnedest to pump sass and energy into it. (Pregnant when the picture was shot, she sticks out her chest and charges into her scenes; she's playing the Three Stooges—all three.) Peter Coyote gives a polished and wily performance in the first section, before he gets lost in the noise; also with Robert Prosky, George Carlin, Florence Stanley, John Schuck, Ji-Tu Cumbuka, and Jerry Zaks. (2/23/87) (Bay Cinema, Coronet, and 23rd St. West Triplex. . . . ¶ Ziegfeld; through March 12. . . . Embassy; starting March 13.)

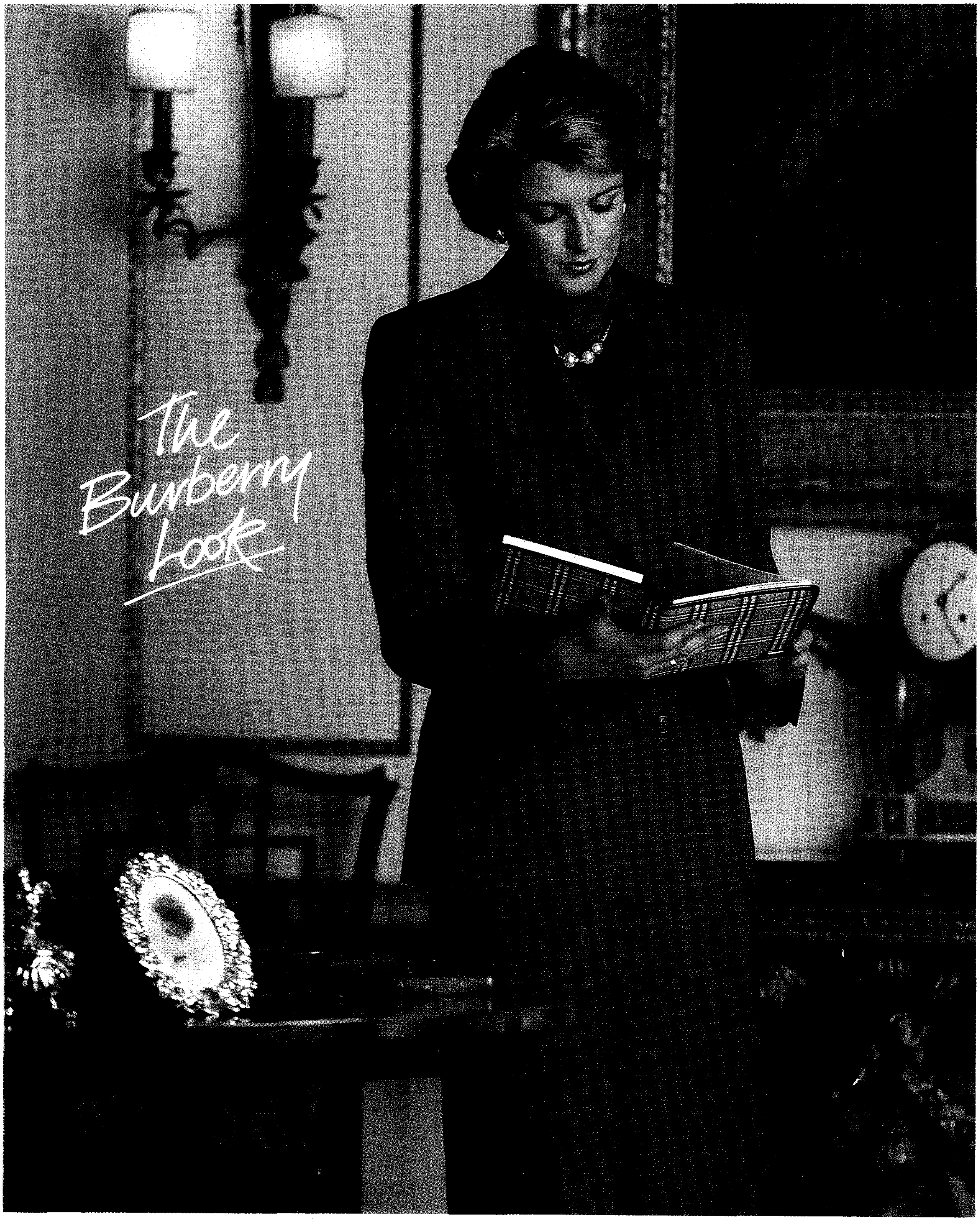
Partner (1968)—Two years before "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this inventive but bewildering political vaudeville—a modernization of Dostoyevski's "The Double," in which a young drama teacher (Pierre Clémenti) has fantasies of extending the theatre of cruelty into political revolution. But Clémenti doesn't convey enough intellectuality for an audience to understand the character, and the meaning of the film appears to get lost in the vivid Pop color, the daring tricks of style, and the profusion of great images—in one scene books are piled up in heaps on the floor of a room, like the Roman ruins outside. (It's the most Godardian of Bertolucci's films.) With Stefania Sandrelli, Tina Aumont, and Sergio Tofano. The script is by Bertolucci and Gianni Amico; cinematography by Ugo Piccone. In Italian. (Public Theatre; starting March 13, showings at 10.)

Platoon—Vietnam, as seen by the writer-director Oliver Stone, who dropped out of Yale and, feeling, he says, that he needed to be an anonymous common soldier, enlisted and saw action with the 25th Infantry along the Cambodian border. Charlie Sheen plays Chris, the autobiographical figure (who, regrettably, narrates the movie by reading aloud the letters he writes home to his grandmother). Chris finds two authority figures in two sergeants who represent good and evil. Willem Dafoe's Sgt. Elias is a supersensitive hippie pothead, who cares about the men—he's a veteran fighter who's kept his soul. Tom Berenger's Sgt. Barnes is a kickass boozer—a psycho whose scarred, dead-eyed face suggests the spirit of war. There are fine, scary scenes, but there are others where you think, It's a bit much. The movie crowds you; it doesn't give you room to have an honest emotion. And when Chris calmly, deliberately shoots a fellow-soldier, and the murder is presented as an unambiguous, justified execution, you may wonder at the mixture of war elegy and pulp revenge fantasy. With Keith David, Forest Whitaker, and Kevin Dillon. Cinematography by Robert Richardson. (1/12/87) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Radio Days—Directed by Woody Allen. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Round Midnight—Most of Bertrand Tavernier's mournful, blue-toned movie, which, an opening title tells us, was "inspired by incidents in the lives of Francis Paudras and Bud Powell," is set in Paris in 1959. The French jazz enthusiast Paudras is now called Francis Borier and is played by François Cluzet, and Powell, the great bebop pianist, who suffered frequent nervous breakdowns and then made a new life abroad, is now the dazed, alcoholic tenor-sax man Dale Turner, and is played by the near-legendary Dexter Gordon. The enthusiast is a saintly groupie. You know what kind of movie it's going to be when you see this guy out in a drenching rain, crouched against the building where the American is playing, because he doesn't have the money to go in. Cluzet is soaking wet, but his eyes shine and he listens to Dexter Gordon's music worshipfully. The French are pretty hard to take when they celebrate how much they love American art. You may come out with the feeling that Tavernier is proud of the gloomy dullness of the movie, that he sees virtue in it. With Sandra Reaves-Phillips, Lonette McKee, John Berry, Martin Scorsese, Philippe Noiret, and many well-known musicians. (D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex; through March 5. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting March 13.)

A Star Is Born (1954)—A grandiose, emotionally charged musical version of the 1937 tear-jerker. Judy Garland and James Mason are the leads (she looks tired and worn, but he gives such a remarkable performance as the washed-up, decaying star that he brings a bloom to the movie). This updated version is a terrible, fascinating orgy of self-pity and cynicism and mythmaking. Garland's jagged, tremulous performance is nakedly intense; her musical numbers include the capering "Born in a Trunk" and the dark, heavy torch song "The Man That Got Away." With Charles Bickford, Jack Carson, and Tommy Noonan. George Cukor directed, from Moss Hart's acerbic rewrite of the 1937 film. George Hoyningen-Huené served as color consultant, and the strikingly sumptuous color design gives the film deep, neurotic, emotional tones. (Regency; March 10.)



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POLO RALPH LAUREN

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT would almost be worth saying that much of the Tower Commission's recent portrayal of the events surrounding the Irangate affair could be read as high comedy—if the affair weren't so highly tragic, and if it weren't already clichéd to be saying both those things. Part of this tragicomic effect derives from the Commission's dazzlingly contortionist attempts to come to terms with the question "What did the President know and when did he know it?," as if the answer would somehow prove key in assessing culpability for the current debacle of American foreign policy. The Tower Commission's grappling with that question proved almost Talmudic in its exquisite subtlety and layered density: He knew but he didn't know—and was thus responsible, but only to a certain extent, because subordinates didn't tell him what he'd clearly implied to them he didn't care to hear, for which *they* were more responsible than he, because . . . and so forth. But it has already been noted in several places—it's another cliché, in fact—that this particular question may apply more to the Watergate crisis than to the current one. The full-blown version of this cliché has it that, like generals destined to strategize forever about the war they've just fought, journalists and politicians and special prosecutors and fact-finding commissioners in 1987 have all fallen into a 1973 time warp. We might call this the Maginot Theory of why the "What did the President know and when did he know it?" riddle has come to assume such prominence in recent public deliberations.

But there may be another way of accounting for that question's prominence this time around—one that owes more to Freud than to Maginot. It could be that this obsessively considered question is serving as a kind of displacement neurosis. That is, the body politic may be fixating on what the President knew and when he knew it as a way of avoiding the darker problem of what *we* knew and when *we* knew it. In all the discussion about which subordinates failed the President in what ways, and to what extent the President might bear some responsibility for that failure, it has been forgotten that in the democracy under which we live the President is *our* subordinate. He is, as it were, our Chief of Staff. And so, for example, when the *Times* says, in its lead paragraph, "A special review board portrayed President Reagan today as a confused and remote figure who failed to understand or control the secret arms deal with Iran, and who thus had to 'take responsibility' for a policy that in the end caused 'chaos' at home and embarrassment abroad," one might easily substitute the phrase "the American electorate" for the phrase "President Reagan." Similarly, in the summary formulation of Edmund Muskie, a member of the Commission, "The N.S.C. system will not work unless the President makes it work. After all, this system was created to serve the President of the United States in ways of his choosing. By his actions, by his leadership, the President, therefore, determines the quality of its performance," one could easily replace the phrase "the N.S.C. system" with the phrase "the Presidential system" and again substitute the phrase "the American electorate" for the phrase "the President." Through such decodings, one would begin to get closer to the truth of what has actually been happening during the past several years.

The real issue isn't that Donald Regan didn't keep the President properly apprised of the activities of Oliver North—nor is it even that the President tacitly approved of Oliver North's activities and didn't want to be forced to acknowledge that approval in a more formal way because obviously Oliver North's activities were regularly skirting far wide of the strictly legal. All that may be true, but a deeper truth is that the American body politic, with sort of a wink and a nod, endeavored to shield itself from the recognition of what its subordinate, the President, was up to and what the consequences of his activities might be.

In this reformulation, come to think of it, the President isn't so much the body politic's Chief of Staff as he is the body politic's Oliver North. The role of Chief of Staff might more accurately be assigned to the mainstream daily media: the *Times*, the Washington *Post*, the networks—the various institutions whose job it is to set our morning agenda, establish our priorities, inform us of our options and the implications of those options, insure that we don't get blindsided by some unfortunate sudden development. It's not as though almost all the warning signals of this impending disaster hadn't been clearly evident for some time. Over the past several years, articles in *The Nation* and the Miami *Herald*, in *In These Times* and *The Progressive*, in *Le Monde* and the Jerusalem *Post*, as well as items carried over National Public Radio and the Pacifica stations, have clearly indicated that there were serious problems with regard to questionable Contra funding, various arms sales to Iran, curious Swiss bank accounts, secret Israeli initiatives, and so forth. The major media declined to pick up on these leads in any forceful, concerted way, however, presumably because the public wasn't interested—the public, it seemed, preferred to dally on its California ranch, popping conceptual jelly beans, assuming self-heroic poses, and wistfully indulging in nostalgic reminiscences. (The public honestly doesn't remember what it thought and when it thought it.) All those disheartening and troubling intimations continually surfacing in the marginal media could be dismissed as just that: marginal, peripheral, beside the point, off the main agenda. (In this context, we still can't figure out why, back in November, Attorney General Edwin Meese convened a news conference to announce the Iran-Contra connection instead of simply leaking the story to, say, the New York Pacifica station, WBAI. Had he played the revelation that way, the major media might never have bothered to pick up on it, precisely because it had first surfaced on WBAI and was hence, by definition, of only marginal significance. Such a leak might well have served, like a killed-off version of a live and potentially dangerous virus, to vaccinate the major media against ever having to give the subject any serious consideration.) In assessing the major media's recent performance in their role as the body politic's Chief of Staff, we might well apply Tower Commissioner Brent Scowcroft's formulation (in a different context): "It was not that the structure was faulty. It is that the structure was not used."

Donald Regan has now resigned and has been replaced by former Senator Howard ("What did the President know and when did he know it?") Baker, of all people. Still, the question of what to do about the wink-and-nod "managerial style" (to use the buzz phrase of the week) of recent American decision-making is going to persist, and all of us will have to come to terms with the painful issue of who has been winking and nodding at whom, who has been deluding himself about what, and who has been colluding how in that delusion.

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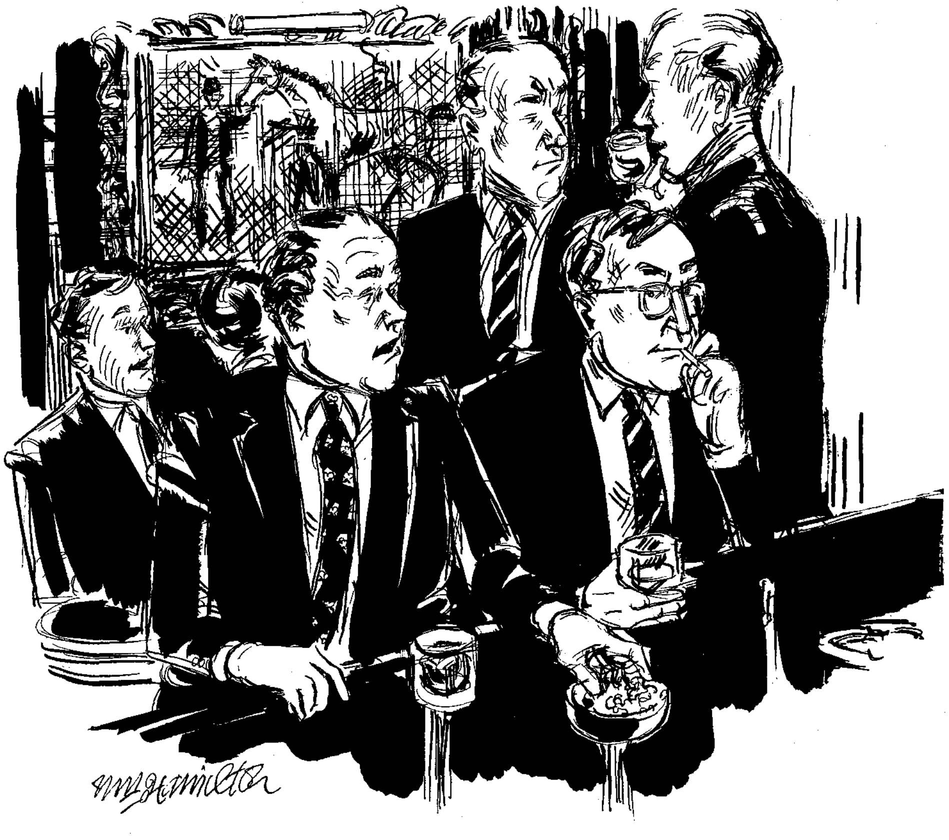
Eyes

A FRIEND of ours, suddenly a father, writes:

Thirty minutes after her birth, my daughter was already taking my measure. She lay in my lap, startlingly alert, scanning me as I scanned her, our gazes moving about each other's bodies, limbs, faces, eyes—repeatedly returning to the eyes, returning and then locking. The same thing happened, I soon noticed, as she lay cradled in my wife's embrace, this locking of gaze into gaze. And it was only gradually that the wondrous mystery of that exchange began to impress me—for not even an hour ago my daughter's eyes had been sheathed in undifferentiated obscurity, and now what seemed most to capture their attention? Other sets of *eyes*. (Not noses, mouths, lights—*eyes!*) How could this be? Of all the possible objects of regard, what is so naturally compelling about two dark pools of returned attention? I could already imagine the scientific explanations—that the newborn infant displays a quantifiably verifiable predilection for certain facelike configurations, for example, or that this predisposition to gazing at eyes is instinctive, a sort of visual sucking reflex—but all such explanations seemed to beg the question. For I already *knew* that she had a predilection for facelike configurations, for dark dots ranged in pairs—the evidence was as obvious as the face before me—and the explanation for this predilection was equally obvious: because "facelike configurations" are *like* faces.

A few hours later, as I was trying out some of these notions on a friend of mine, he concocted an instant hypothesis in the sociobiology mode: "The ones who gazed up at their parents' noses simply got tossed out of the cave." I kind of liked that explanation. At least, it tapped into the primordial horizon that gazing into my newborn daughter's gaze summoned forth in me. My eyes locked on hers, I'd had a sense that I was gazing into origins, the ur-past—that this gaze of hers was welling up at me from deep beyond the past's past. Of course, that sense of things was all wrong, for, eye to eye, it was *she* who was gazing into the past. I was gazing into the future's future.



"Forty-seven years old and I'm still a small investor."

Homemade

"SO far, according to our research, nobody else is doing a carrot cake that is advertised as 'made from scratch,' and *definitely* nobody has a logo like ours," Lloyd Adams, founder, principal owner, director of long-range planning, and heart, soul, brains, and brawn behind Lloyd's Carrot Cake, said the other afternoon. He was looking out the window of his storefront on Broadway, in Riverdale, gesturing toward a blue-gray Chevy van that was parked at the curb. The right side of the van displayed a sketch of a jaunty, happy-faced orange carrot and white lettering that spelled out the name, address, and telephone number of the Lloyd's Carrot Cake home office and the slogan "Made from Scratch." "I did a rough sketch of what I wanted on the truck," said

Mr. Adams. "Unique Signs—they're on a Hundred and Twenty-first Street—did the actual design. This is the only truck in town that has a strutting, smiling carrot on the side."

Although Mr. Adams has an exceptionally genial manner, the happy carrot does not resemble him. He has mahogany skin, a broad face, and a short beard. He is six feet six inches tall and looks as if he has eaten a substantial amount of carrot cake, plus some other nourishing foods. According to his research, he is the only citizen in the five boroughs who supports himself exclusively through the manufacture and distribution of carrot cake. "You're looking at a business that literally started in the kitchen," he likes to say. Lloyd Adams himself started in St. Thomas, in the Virgin Islands; migrated to New York when he was nine years old; graduated from Charles Evans Hughes High School and made the *Daily News* all-star basketball team; went to the University of Wisconsin on a basketball scholarship; got teargassed during an anti-war demonstration ("I thought that was the end of Lloyd Adams"); transferred to the University of Rhode Island, where he played some more basketball and majored in sociology; tried out with the Baltimore Bullets and discovered that he was not going to have a career in professional basketball; and returned to New York, where he spent nine years counselling drug addicts. In 1985, he quit his job and started baking carrot cakes full time.

"That's what I love about Ben—he's all Adirondack."

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"I had a group of friends who used to come over to my place to watch the Knicks on TV," he said. "They'd say, 'Hey, Lloyd, bake a cake'—so I would. We used to go over to the gym at Columbia to play basketball. A lot of times, we'd go out to a restaurant afterward to eat. That's when I noticed that there was a need for a good carrot cake. So I started baking carrot cakes—from a recipe of my mother's—and taking them around the neighborhood near Columbia. And these restaurant owners liked what I had to offer. And I said, 'Hey, I may have something here.' "

After a few months of this routine, it occurred to Mr. Adams that he was on the brink of a viable enterprise. "When I started this, I told my wife, 'I'm gonna do this thing with the carrot cakes,' and my wife thought it was funny," he said. "But then I did it and she ended up washing cake pans and she didn't think it was so funny anymore." It occurred to Mr. Adams' wife, Betty, who works for a cable-TV company, that he could benefit from her marketing wisdom.

"My wife would call people on the phone," he said. "She'd say, 'I'm a representative from Lloyd's Carrot Cake, and we're distributing made-from-scratch carrot cakes in the area, and would you like to try a sample?' That's always been the key: you have to get them to taste it. Once they taste it, we're in. It's a great time for a carrot cake. Everybody is into health—living longer, staying healthier—and ours is a great cake. Very moist, very healthy, and incredibly delicious."

Last summer, the Lloyd's Carrot Cake headquarters was relocated—from the Adamses' kitchen to its present site, a former video-games parlor opposite Van Cortlandt Park. On the premises is a commercial vegetable grater that processes three hundred pounds of carrots a week, which then get combined with three hundred pounds of flour, three hundred pounds of sugar, no shortening, but two hundred and forty dozen eggs, and some other ingredients, all of which then gets poured into ten-inch cake pans, baked in a ninety-six-cake-capacity Blodgett oven, frosted with ninety pounds of cream cheese, and placed in sturdy cardboard boxes. Each week, Mr. Adams also makes a few dozen six-inch cakes for retail sale. It doesn't bother him a bit when people stop by the Riverdale shop to buy a cake and mention that they intend to give it to a friend and try to pass it off as homemade. "It *is* homemade," he tells them. "Just remember not to serve it to them in a Lloyd's Carrot Cake box."

Almost ninety per cent of Lloyd's

Carrot Cakes are sold to wholesale customers. For a while, Mr. Adams sold his ten-inch cakes for ten dollars wholesale and eight dollars retail—on the imaginative theory that a cheaper retail price would generate good will in Riverdale. Several weeks ago, however, he made the price of everything ten dollars, and it is his conviction that ten dollars is still cheap. "The quality that they're getting for the price helps with the word of mouth," he said.

At nine o'clock the other morning, Mr. Adams pulled up at the corner of 125th Street and St. Nicholas Avenue in his blue-gray Chevy van and we got in. He wore bluejeans and a warmup jacket that said on the back "West 4th St. Pro Classic, Winter 1982-83," and he was transporting what he called "a light load, only eighty-five cakes." His first stop was Jimbo's Hamburger Place, at 126th and Amsterdam Avenue. "This place moves about forty cakes a week," he said, as he unloaded a dozen from the back of the truck. "Can you believe that?" Jimbo's was crowded inside, and so was the sidewalk outside. During Mr. Adams' career counselling drug addicts, he had worked around the corner from Jimbo's. "A few of these guys here are ex-addicts," he said, gesturing toward a pedestrian in a blue parka and a green stocking cap. "Actually, they're still addicts, but now they're on methadone. They see me and say, 'Adams! Adams! We need you back at the place.' I say, 'No, I'm doing fine in the cake business.' "

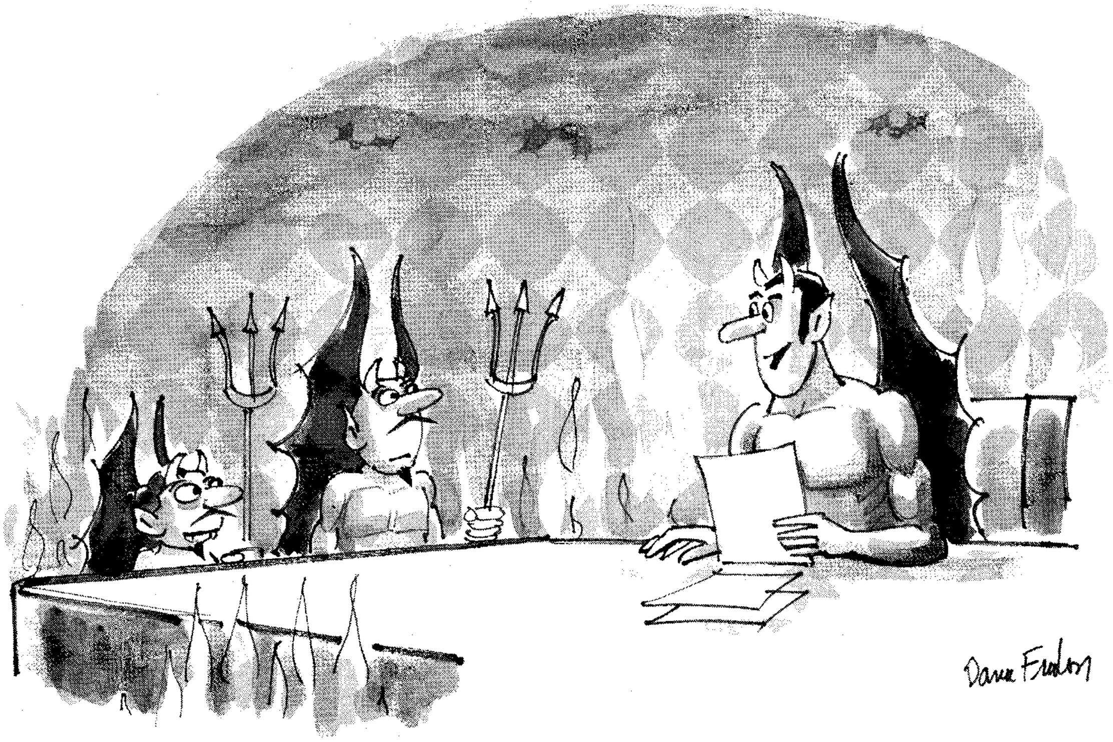
Now he drove downtown a few blocks, into the neighborhood of Columbia University. At 114th and Broadway, he went into the Cosmopolitan Restaurant, where he delivered two cakes and had a friendly conversation with Nick Tsiolis, the owner. At one time, Mr. Tsiolis was selling one Lloyd's Carrot Cake a week; now it's two a day. The next stop was Papa's Deli, on Amsterdam Avenue, owned by another Nick, who also owns Mama's Place down the block. Between them, Mama's and Papa's sell about twelve carrot cakes a week.

Back in Harlem, on 125th Street, Mr. Adams made a delivery at the M&G Diner ("Home Cooking, T-Bone Steaks, Bar-B-Q, Fried Chicken," said the neon sign in the window). At Sylvia's, a popular soul-food restaurant on Lenox Avenue where on Friday and Saturday nights limousines double-park, he said, "This is my downtown-uptown account." When we asked Herb Woods, Sylvia's husband and the co-owner, how he described Lloyd's Carrot Cake to his customers, he said, "Tell you the truth, they describe it to me."

At the Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Building—West 125th and Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., Boulevard—there is a cafeteria on the third floor. Mr. Adams maneuvered thirteen cakes through a revolving door, past a security guard, and up to the third floor, where three dollars and fifty cents buys a dinner of stewed chicken or curried goat and ninety-five cents buys a slice of carrot cake. (Down on Columbus Avenue—where Mr. Adams has eight busy accounts—a slice alone costs three-fifty.) Calvin Gooding, the cafeteria manager, said, "Some carrot cakes, I find the middle falls on them. Not Lloyd's."

On West Fifty-eighth, near Columbus Circle, Mr. Adams double-parked, unloaded three cakes, went inside a coffee shop named Circle West, and smiled in a modest way while an employee named Linda Pavlik said, "We used to order two cakes every Friday, but now we order three, because I always buy one myself. I go to see my mother, in Maspeth, every Sunday. I took her a slice one time when she was sick. Ever since then, I have to bring her a cake. If I show up without a carrot cake, I'm not allowed in the house. She plays bingo every Saturday night. She feels unlucky if she hasn't had her carrot cake that week."

There were several more stops to go on Mr. Adams' delivery route—three hospitals, a candy store near Times Square, a coffee shop on Ninth Avenue, a restaurant in Rockefeller Center, a cheese store in Riverdale. "I'm about to incorporate," he said, as he made a turn and headed down Broadway toward the candy store. "I want to expand into carrot muffins. Everybody's into muffins. I went out and got muffin pans, a muffin sign. I'm also thinking of doing walnut carrot cakes, walnut raisin carrot cakes, and pineapple carrot cakes. I've even worked a little on a walnut carrot cake with chocolate cream-cheese frosting. I need to get away from delivery work and concentrate more on marketing. Actually, marketing's not that hard if you have the right product. And I think we do. I feel that, all things being equal, I can get this going on a factory level. I see them doing this



"Notice anything different about me?"

with cookies, cheesecake, ice cream, so I figure why not do it with the carrot cake? I feel it can happen. I've tasted some of the competition, but I haven't tasted anything like ours. People ask me how I do it. But, hey, the Colonel's not telling his chicken secrets, is he? When you get hooked on something, you believe in it. I always had the social-science view that I could change the world. To walk into a restaurant where a customer is eating a slice of cake and says, 'Wow, who *made* this carrot cake?' That's what turns me on."

The Unknown Commuter

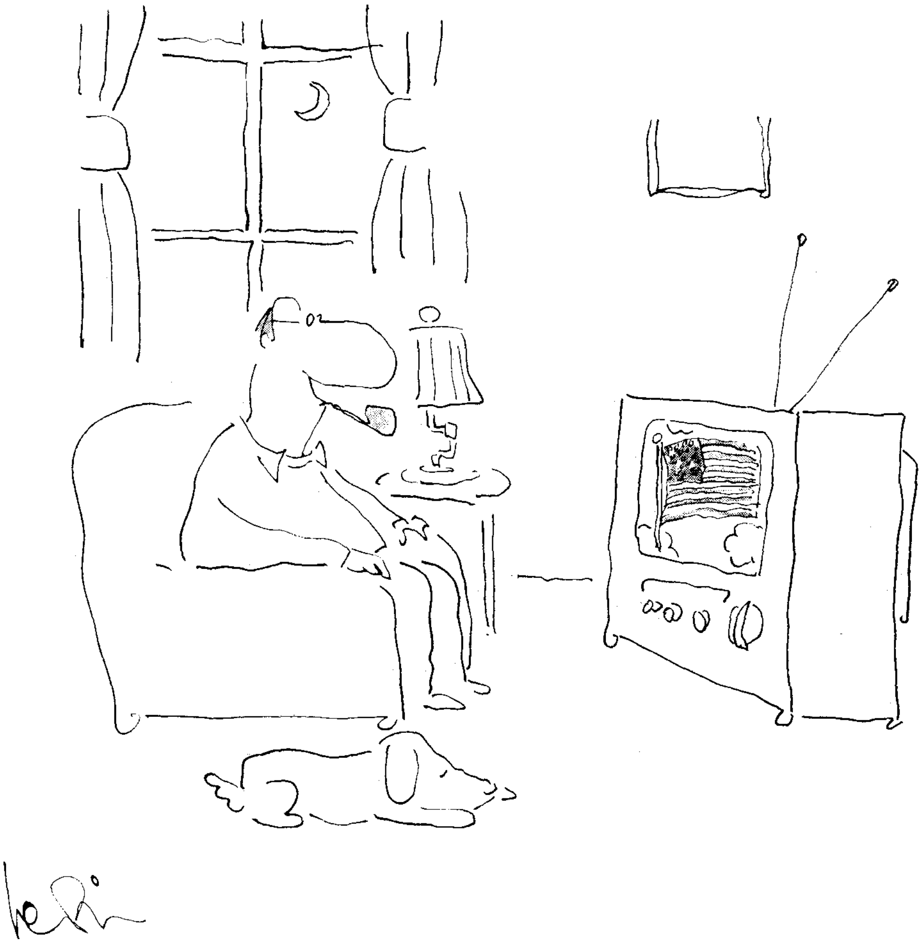
A SUBURBAN friend writes:

Yesterday, I took my last ride as a Metro-North commuter. For a little over twenty years, I've travelled to and fro, five days a week, between Connecticut and Grand Central. Put that way, it doesn't sound like much, but it amounts—given time off for weekends, vacations, and good behavior—to something like forty-eight hundred round-trips: nearly ten thousand hours on the train. Scheduled hours, that is. The real total is, I suspect, recorded only in whatever celestial agency keeps track of time credited against Purgatory. And, to be honest, in the last few years commuting hasn't been anything like as Dantesque as it was when I first embarked, in the mid-nineteen-sixties, on the worn-out fragments of what had once been the New York, New Haven & Hartford.

Those were indeed the bad old days. The whippersnappers who rustle their *Wall Street Journals* testily when a five-minute delay is announced would probably crumble at what we veterans routinely faced: hour-long hiatuses, usually without lights or heat, and invariably in the middle of nowhere; trains that ground to a halt, stone-dead, for any of a dozen reasons—reasons that were in any case never, *never* confided to the broiling or freezing masses wedged in cars whose atmosphere fairly shimmered with the New Haven's particular burnt-sour odor, a presumably patented reek that I have never smelled anyplace else. The stations were decrepit, the roadbed was abominable, but the rolling stock—a bitter oxymoron to us passengers—took the prize. How many of the bright young arbitrageurs who ride Metro-North today remember the infamous Budd cars, familiarly known as flexible flyers, whose grip on the rails was so tenuous that a passenger spent more time airborne than in his seat? Has anyone ever discovered the technique by which filthy water was introduced between the panes of every third double-glazed window in every passenger coach, to slosh evilly back and forth from the moment the train got under way? Who ever knew the name of the diabolical genius in Car Maintenance who was in charge of booby-trapping the once adjustable seats in a thousand subtly different ways?

I'm not sure that this kind of history deserves to be recorded, but the point will soon enough be moot—when the last escaping graybeard carries away his memories of those years. Surely Metro-North could afford to put up a small monument to the commuters of the sixties and early seventies—something in the style of the ubiquitous granite Civil War heroes who still clutter the village greens of Fairfield County. The Unknown Commuter—it has a nice ring to it. And were we any less dauntless, in our modest gray-flannel way, than the heroes of other days, who endured each losing struggle and rose to fight again?

Perhaps immortality is too much to hope for, but, sitting on that last ride in a reasonably clean, only moderately uncomfortable seat aboard the familiar 5:45, I felt a small, nagging desire for one last foulup—something to remember the old New Haven by. Not, to be sure, the classic breakdown that used to deposit two hundred freezing commuters along a weed-strewn right-of-way outside some unidentifiable place like Port Chester while train after train sped by without even slowing. That would have been unnecessarily severe. No, what I asked for was a small sign—the engineer overshooting the platform, say, or all the lights (not the heat, thanks) going out at once. Omens, however, seldom appear on request, and we glided into the Saugatuck station right on time. On the platform, I took one last, long look at my fellow-commuters, some of whom had the bent, weary doggedness that marked them as my kind of veteran, and, when I glanced up, the train had gone.



"*And this brings to a conclusion, thank goodness, our broadcast day.*"

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THE BURGLAR ALARM

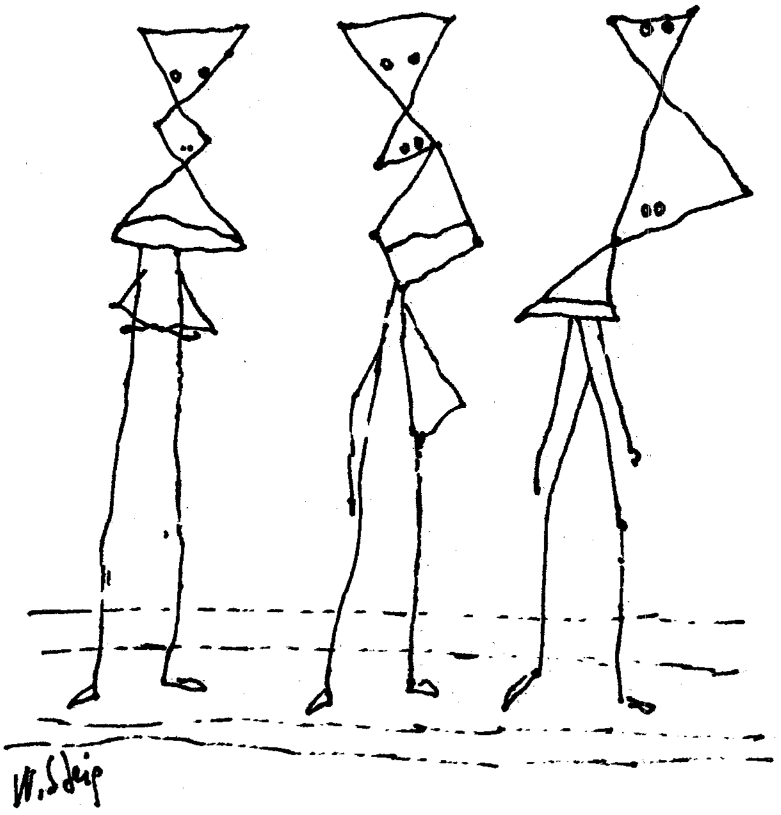
A CREW of young men came one day and threaded wire through hitherto unviolated plaster and wood, "snaking" it from floor to floor, from basement to attic, with much grunting and shouted consultation; then they placed high in certain strategic corners of our rooms tidy vanilla-colored boxes—little rectangular eyes that glow red when we, in moving about, cross their electric vision. A panel at the front door, and another on the second-floor stair landing, winks one of its vertical row of small green lights when, in an unseen room, a body moves. It arouses guilt, this spying apparatus, this Geiger counter detecting bodily activity, and also provokes pleasure, as does anything that puts us in a fresh relation with the familiar. Standing in the front hall, we picture the boy of the house slouching from his desk to his stereo, perhaps scratching his armpit and smiling to himself; the blinks do not take a photograph, they just register the fact that the house is shared—haunted, in a sense. A curtain blowing, or a picture falling from a nail, would also trigger the system, which, as long as it is not activated, signals no alarm, merely mutely comments, blinking green.

When, with a numerical code only we know (hush! keep it secret! don't tell even the cleaning lady!), the alarm is activated, the light at the top of the row glows red. Then we are safe. The rooms and doors are watched. An owl fluttering into the attic or a groundhog burrowing into the cellar would be detected, as would a burglar or rapist furtively prying open the back door, at the mud room off the kitchen, or a Nazi arrogantly kicking in the front door. Behind this door, in the entrance hall, the panel beeps—a high-pitched, batlike whine—for a number of seconds, so that those who live here, who have a right to come through the front door, can dart to the panel of numbers and punch in the code and thus reassure the system that there is no burglar, no owl, no Nazi; that we are its friends, privy to its secret. We are benign bodies. Our motion must be allowed. We belong here. The system bestows distinct status upon us, in the manner of a headwaiter who lifts the velvet rope and quickly ushers a chattering, insouciant party to a table, or to ringside seats. The system resembles a team of doormen, a set of antibodies.

At night, having raided the refrigerator and cruised through the piano room one last time, we (we! you or I, you in your pale-blue robe and fluffy bunny slippers, or else your feet bare and your pink toes unaware, like solemn babies, of how adorable they are) punch the alarm on, at the upstairs panel, and retreat to the bedroom as to a castle tower guarded by ruddy-cheeked pikemen and a deep moat, or, better, by a tenuous unsleeping dragon, its thin nerves of wire coiled about our warm oblivion, threaded through the studs and sills, its tiny red eye alert throughout the night—the tall hour of midnight, the sloping wee morning hours, the gray-blanched approach of dawn that gradually, filteringly picks out more and more details of our so well protected bedroom. The first one of us to stir deactivates the alarm, else he or she, heading thoughtlessly toward the kitchen, trips an invisible thread and suddenly is surrounded by an enormous voice, a remorseless honking designed to terrify the interloper.

For the dragon has a voice; his voice is the most of him. *Huge* is the adjective that comes first to mind to describe this circumambient noise; *anxious* is the next; *tireless* is the third; and then the mind shuts down, and the impulse, seizing homeowner as well as interloper, is to flee, to get out the door and into the woods, away from the noise. We run tests. The crew that installed it ran tests. The young man at the head of the crew, when the voice came on, became so panicked that he couldn't remember the code, the number we had agreed on. (*He* knows it, come to think of it—our secret number. Suppose burglar-alarm installers become burglars. Crime will be unstoppable! Suppose police turn dishonest, and servants ungrateful. Chaos will be upon us!) Finally, he recalled the number we had chosen, or we shouted it to him—shouted through the thick of the noise—and blessed silence returned. Blessed, because silence was now the reverse, the weird-looking negative image, of this huge noise that would be henceforth, from this day forward, protecting us.

We were advised to run tests, now and then, to make sure that our protection is not imaginary. We are shy about it; it feels like a game. We call the police; we warn them we will be testing. You (you in your tasteful Saturday at-home outfit—the softened pre-shrunk bluejeans, the dirty white tennis sneakers, the combs that pin your abundant glossy hair into a workwomanlike bun, the sweatshirt decaled with an image of Minnie Mouse and, on the back, a feminist slogan) stand at the front-door panel while



Three of a Kind

"Bad dog!"

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I, imitating a burglar, an invader in a black ski mask, stealthily enter the basement, or jimmy open the mudroom door, or slither into the attic window. In every case, the vigilant vanilla box sees me and the enormous voice comes on—honking, heaving, wailing, crying out. The noise takes possession of the house: it flattens the furniture against the wainscotting, bleaches the carpets, alchemizes the family silver into tin, turns the television set, the stereo, the VCR, the I.B.M. PC, the microwave oven into two-dimensional junk. No fencible treasure is worth the price of this terrible noise, this protest that rings out all over the neighborhood and sets obscure signals blinking in the distant, bored police station. The tests at last over, we meet in the front hall. Your hair has somehow come undone and looks straggly. Dazed, I wonder how Minnie Mouse ever managed to walk in those ridiculously loose high-heeled shoes.

Our neighbors' burglar alarm keeps testing itself. When it comes on, there is an abrupt power drain that causes our microwave to skip a beat and our personal computer to lose everything in its memory. Since their house is empty, the alarm bleats on and on, until the bored police at last arrive and shut it off. When they do, it feels like a dog being shot: a dog that has been hit by a car and is yowling in anguish until the policemen arrive and put it out of its misery. Perhaps our neighbors' house is truly being ransacked, every time. We have never asked. The neighborhood is an unfriendly one—houses scattered through the woods. In the summer we cannot see each other, in the winter we avert our eyes; each house would like to imagine it is the only one in the world. Perhaps our neighbors' alarm goes off now and then out of sheer loneliness. Perhaps our own will start to answer it some night, when we are snug and oblivious in our beds, yanking us from sleep with the suddenness that causes heart attacks.

BUT our dragon has been on good behavior so far. We sleep serene in its coils. Once you (you with your mind still full of "Masterpiece Theatre," its ideal English villages, its exquisitely cast and scarcely intelligible character actors) forgot to punch the extra digits that take our bedroom out of the system, so that then coming to bed—innocently, dreamily—you triggered that astonishing voice in all its monotonous, humorless, merciless protest. It took some seconds for our brains, flattened by noise as they were, like ferns fossilized beneath a great weight of shale, to realize what had happened, to rush to the panel and deactivate, to rush to the telephone and head off the waves of policemen that would theoretically come crashing in upon us. In such a call, one must speak a code number, which if varied by a single digit carries some distinctly other meaning, such as "I am being held hostage and everything I say should be ignored. Come anyway. Be careful. They are armed."

I have the impulse, often, to turn the alarm on and walk about casually—to tease the thing, to test if it is still there. How do we know, as the silent weeks and months go by, that it has not died or lost interest? The lights on the panels still glow and blink, but that may be deceptive. I asked the young man who headed the installation team how one replaced the little lights when they wore out, and he looked me over—my gray hair, the wattles at my throat—and repressed a smirk. "They burn out in about forty years," he told me. As far as I was concerned, they were immortal. Like the rocks outside, like the clouds overhead, the burglar alarm is realer, longer-lasting, than you and I. At night, when we come in late, the boy of the house asleep or away (I in my tuxedo and you in your great-grandmother's matched pearls, your wide-shouldered spangly party dress with the low-slung belt, and your silver sandals), the little red light staringly greets us, and the panel makes its warning whine, and then all the green lights in the row happily blink when we punch the deactivating code and prove ourselves once again worthy, "in," of select status, O.K. people, among the very few—at night, my dear, I am trying to say, when we enter it seems clear that the burglar alarm, ever vigilant, so lean and ready and possessive, and the furnace, churning out motherly heat in the basement, are the true couple of the house. We are guests, homeless ghosts that come and go. We have been robbed.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BUMBLEBEES

FROM the porch, Barbara watches her daughter, Allison, photographing Ruth Jones out in the orchard. Allison is home from college for the summer. Barbara cannot hear what they are saying. Ruth is swinging her hands enthusiastically, pointing first to the apricot tree and then to the peach tree, twenty feet away. No doubt Ruth is explaining to Allison her notion that the apricot and the peach cross-pollinate. Barbara doesn't know where Ruth got such an idea. The apricot tree, filled with green fruit, has heart-shaped leaves that twirl in clusters on delicate red stems. Earlier in the year, the tree in bloom resembled pink lace.

Allison focusses the camera on Ruth. Ruth's hand is curled in her apron. Her other hand brushes her face shyly, straightening her glasses. Then she lifts her head and smiles. She looks very young out there among the dwarf trees.

Barbara wonders if Ruth is still disappointed that one of the peach trees, the Belle of Georgia, which Barbara chose, is a freestone. "Clingstones are the best peaches," Ruth said when they planted the trees. It is odd that Ruth had such a definite opinion about old-fashioned clingstones. Barbara agrees that clingstones are better; it was just an accident that she picked Belle of Georgia.

They were impatient about the trees. Goebel Petty, the old man Barbara and Ruth bought the small farm from two years before, let them come and plant the trees before the sale was final. It was already late spring. Barbara chose two varieties of peach trees, the apricot, two McIntoshes, and a damson plum, and Ruth selected a Sweet Melody nectarine, two Redheart plums, and a Priscilla apple. Ruth said she liked the names.

The day when they planted the trees was breezy, with a hint of rain—a raw spring day. Mr. Petty watched them from the porch as they prepared the holes with peat moss. When they finished setting the balled-and-burlapped roots into the hard clay, he called out, "Y'all picked a bad place—right in the middle of that field. I had fescue planted there." Later, he said to them, "The wind will come rip-roaring down that hill and blow them trees over."

Barbara could have cried. It had been so long since she had planted things. She had forgotten that Georgia Belles were freestones. She didn't notice the fescue. And she didn't know about the wind then. After they moved in, she heard it rumble over the top of the hill, sounding like a freight train. There were few real hills in this part of western Kentucky, but the house was halfway up a small one, at the end of a private road. The wind whipped across the hickory ridge. Barbara later discovered that particular kind of wind in a Wordsworth poem: "subterraneous music, like the noise of bagpipers on distant Highland hills."

Now, as Ruth and Allison reach the porch, Ruth is laughing and Allison is saying, "But they never teach you that in school. They keep it a secret and expect you to find it out for yourself." Allison tosses her hair and Barbara sees that several strands stick to the Vaseline she always has on her lips to keep them from chapping. Allison brushes the hair away.

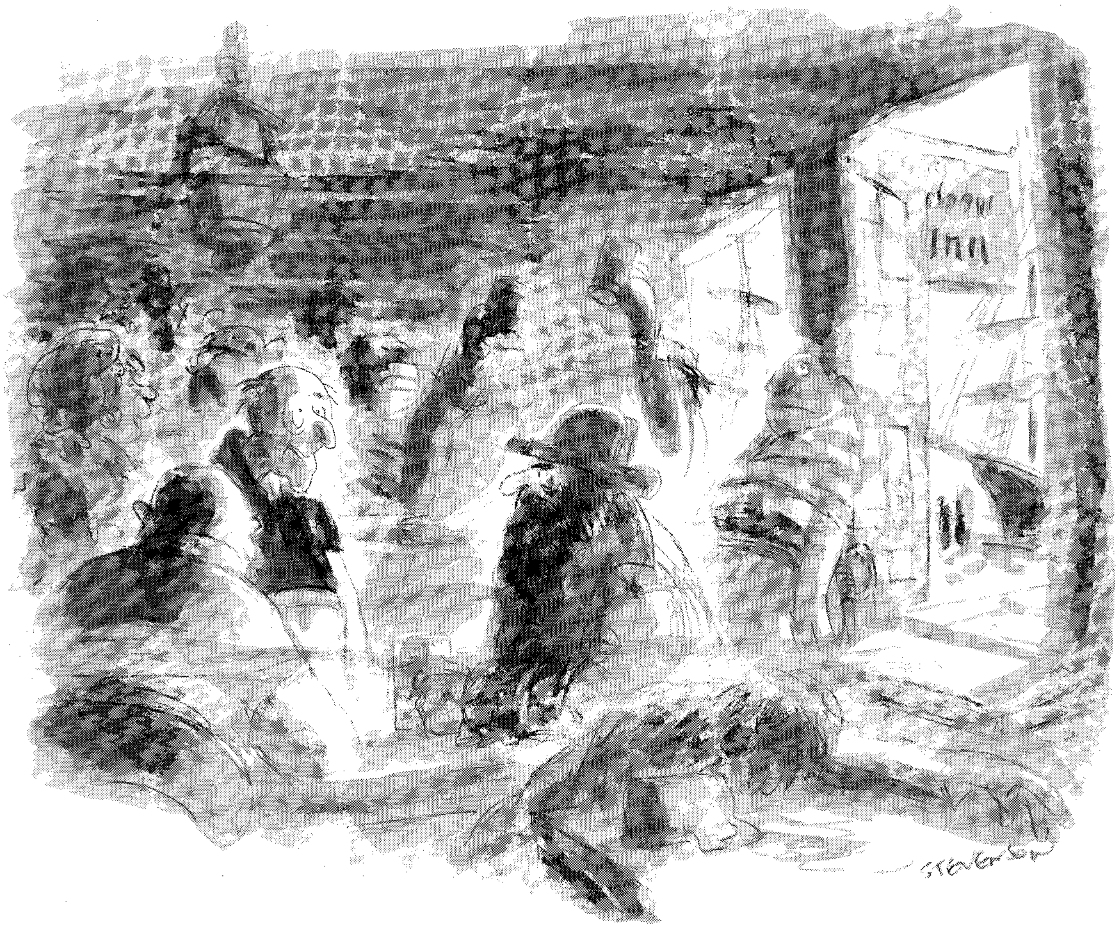
"Ruth, do you remember what you said that day we planted those trees?" asks Barbara.

"No. What?" Ruth has a lazy, broad smile, like someone who will never lose her good humor—like Amelia Earhart, in one of those photographs of her smiling beside her airplane.

Barbara says, "You said you wondered if we'd last out here together long enough to see those trees bear."

"I reckon we're going to make it, then," Ruth says, her smile fading.

"Y'all are crazy," says Allison, picking a blade of grass from her bare knee. "You could go out and meet some men, but here you are hanging around a remote old farm."



"In addition to the regular menu, today's specials are . . ."

"Loving involves risk, but Michael and I are pretty courageous people."

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Barbara and Ruth both laugh at the absurdity of the idea. Barbara is still bitter about her divorce, and Ruth is still recovering from the shock of the car accident three years before, when her husband and daughter were killed. Barbara and Ruth, both teachers at the new consolidated county high school, have been rebuilding their lives. Barbara took the initiative, saying Ruth needed the challenge of fixing up an old farmhouse. Together, they were able to afford the place.

"We're not ready for men yet," Ruth says to Allison.

"Maybe in the fall," Barbara says idly.

"Maybe a guy will come waltzing up this road someday and you can fight over him," Allison says.

"I could go for that Tom Selleck on 'Magnum, P.I.,' " Ruth says.

"Maybe he'll come up our road," Barbara says, laughing. She feels good about the summer. Even Allison seems cheerful now. Allison had a fight with her boyfriend at the end of the school year, and she has been moody. Barbara has been worried that having Allison around will be too painful for Ruth, whose daughter, Kimberly, had been Allison's age. Barbara knows that Ruth can't sleep until Allison arrives home safely at night. Allison works evenings at McDonald's, coming home after midnight. The light under Ruth's door vanishes then.

"I NEVER heard of two women buying a farm together," Mr. Petty said when they bought the farm. They ignored him. Their venture was reckless—exactly what they wanted at that time. Barbara was in love with the fields and the hillside of wild apples, and she couldn't wait to have a garden. All her married life she had lived in town, in a space too small for a garden. Once she got the farm, she envisioned perennials, a berry patch, a tall row of nodding, top-heavy sunflowers. She didn't mind the dilapidated condition of the old house. Ruth was so excited about remodelling it that when they first went indoors she didn't really mind the cracked linoleum floors littered with newspapers and Mr. Petty's dirty clothes. She was attracted by the Larkin desk and the upright piano. The barn was filled with Depression-style furniture, which Ruth later refinished, painstakingly brushing the spindles of the chairs to remove the accumulated grime. The house was filthy, and the floor of an upstairs room was covered with dead bumblebees. Later, in the unfinished attic they found broken appliances and some unidentifiable automobile parts. Dirt-dauber nests, like little castles, clung to the rafters.

On the day they planted the fruit trees, they explored the house a second time, reëvaluating the work necessary to make the place livable. The old man said apologetically, "Reckon I better get things cleaned up before you move in." As they watched, he opened a closet in the upstairs room with the bumblebees and yanked out a dozen hangers holding forties-style dresses—his mother's dresses. He flung them out the open window. When Barbara and Ruth took possession of the property two weeks later, they discovered that he had apparently burned the dresses in a trash barrel, but almost everything else was just as it had been—even the dead bumblebees littering the floor. Their crisp, dried husks were like a carpet of autumn leaves.

Ruth would not move in until carpenters had installed new plasterboard upstairs to keep bees from entering through the cracks in the walls. In the fall, Barbara and Ruth had storm windows put up, and Barbara caulked the cracks. One day the following spring, Ruth suddenly shrieked and dropped a skillet of grease. Barbara ran to the kitchen. On the windowpane was a black-and-yellow creature with spraddled legs, something like a spider. It was a huge bumblebee, waking up from the winter and sluggishly creeping up the pane. It was trapped between the window and the storm pane. When it started buzzing, Barbara decided to open the window. With a broom, she guided the bee out the door, while Ruth hid upstairs. After that, bees popped up in various windows, and Barbara rescued them. Ruth wouldn't go outdoors bareheaded. She had heard that a sting on the temple could be fatal. Later, when the carpenters came to hang Masonite siding on the exterior of the house the bees stung them. "Those fellows turned the air blue with their cussing!" Ruth told friends. In the evenings, Barbara and Ruth could hear the wall buzzing, but the sounds gradually died away. One day after the carpenters left, Barbara heard a trapped bird fluttering behind the north wall of the living room, but she did not mention it to Ruth. This summer, Barbara has noticed that the bees have found a nook under the eaves next to the attic. Sometimes they zoom through the garden, like truck drivers on an interstate, on their way to some more exotic blossoms than her functional marigolds, planted to repel insects from the tomatoes.

BARBARA's daughter has changed so much at college that having her here this summer is strange—with her cigarettes, her thick novels, her box of dog biscuits that she uses to train the dog. The dog, a skinny stray who appeared at the farm in the spring, prowls through the fields with her. Allison calls him Red, although he is white with brown spots. He scratches his fleas constantly and has licked a place raw on his foreleg. Allison has bandaged the spot with a sanitary napkin and some wide adhesive tape. Allison used to be impatient, but now she will often go out at midday with the dog and sit in the sun and stare for hours at a patch of weeds. Barbara once asked Allison what she was staring at. "I'm just trying to get centered," Allison said with a shrug.

"Don't you think Ruth looks good?" Barbara asks Allison as they are hoeing the garden one morning. Allison has already chopped down two lima-bean plants by mistake. "I like to see her spending more time out-of-doors."

"She still seems jittery to me."

"But her color looks good, and her eyes sparkle now."

"I saw her poking in my things."

"Really? I'm surprised." Barbara straightens up and arches her back. She is stiff from stooping. "What on earth did she think she was doing?"

"It made me feel crummy," Allison says.

"But at least she's coming out of her shell. I wish you'd try to be nice to her. Just think how I'd feel if you'd been killed in a wreck."

"If you caught me snooping, you'd knock me in the head."

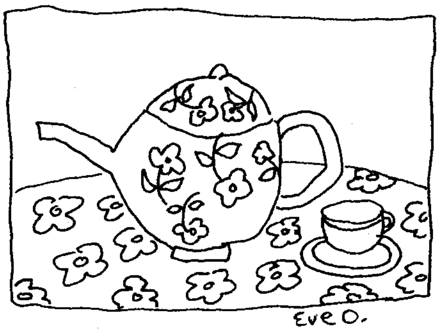
"Oh, Allison—"

Allison lights a cigarette in the shade of the sumac, at the edge of the runoff stream that feeds into the creek below. She touches a thistle blossom.

"Come and feel how soft this flower is, Mom," she says. "It's not what you'd expect."

Barbara steps into the shade and caresses the thistle flower with her rough hands. It is a purple powder puff, the texture of duck down. Honeybees are crawling on some of the flowers on the stalk.

Allison picks a stalk of dried grass with a crisp beige glob stuck on it.



"Here's another one of those funny egg cases," she says. "It's all hatched out. I think it's from a praying mantis. I saw it in my biology book." She laughs. "It looks like a hot dog on a stick."

Every day Allison brings in some treasure: the cracked shell of a freckled sparrow egg, a butterfly wing with yellow dust on it, a cocoon on a twig. She keeps her findings in a cigar box that has odd items glued on the lid: screws, thimbles, washers, pencils, bobbins. The box is spray-painted gold. Allison found it in the attic. Barbara has the feeling that her daughter, deprived of so much of the natural world during her childhood in town, is going through a delayed phase of discovery now, at the same time she is learning about cigarettes and sex.

Now Allison crushes her cigarette into the ground and resumes her hoeing, scooping young growth from the dry dirt. Barbara yanks pigweed from the carrot row. It hasn't rained in two weeks, and the garden is drying up. The lettuce has shot up in gangly stalks, and the radishes went to seed long ago.

Barbara lays down her hoe and begins fastening up one long arm of a tomato plant that has fallen from its stake. "Let me show you how to pinch suckers off a tomato vine," she says to Allison.

"How do you know these things, Mom? Did you take biology?"

SONG OF SALT AND PEPPER

Dinner twins,
who remind us that nothing
we know of remains uncoupled or
unparalleled, you revolve from hand to hand,
place to place, like seasons circling
each other in different hemispheres,
converging and married on our evening plates.
One of you, the center of the sea and tears,
reminds us that there is no food
we eat without a bitterness,
that pleasure stings and is
endured like pain;
your mate burns our food, and blisters
our mouths, buries in our meat
its devouring flavor, a carnivore
like us, feeding in darkness and in heat.
May the two of you remain in nightly wedding,
teaching us an equal taste for dark and light,
Salt spraying white upon our meal like day,
Pepper grinding black its accompanying night.

—PATRICIA STORACE

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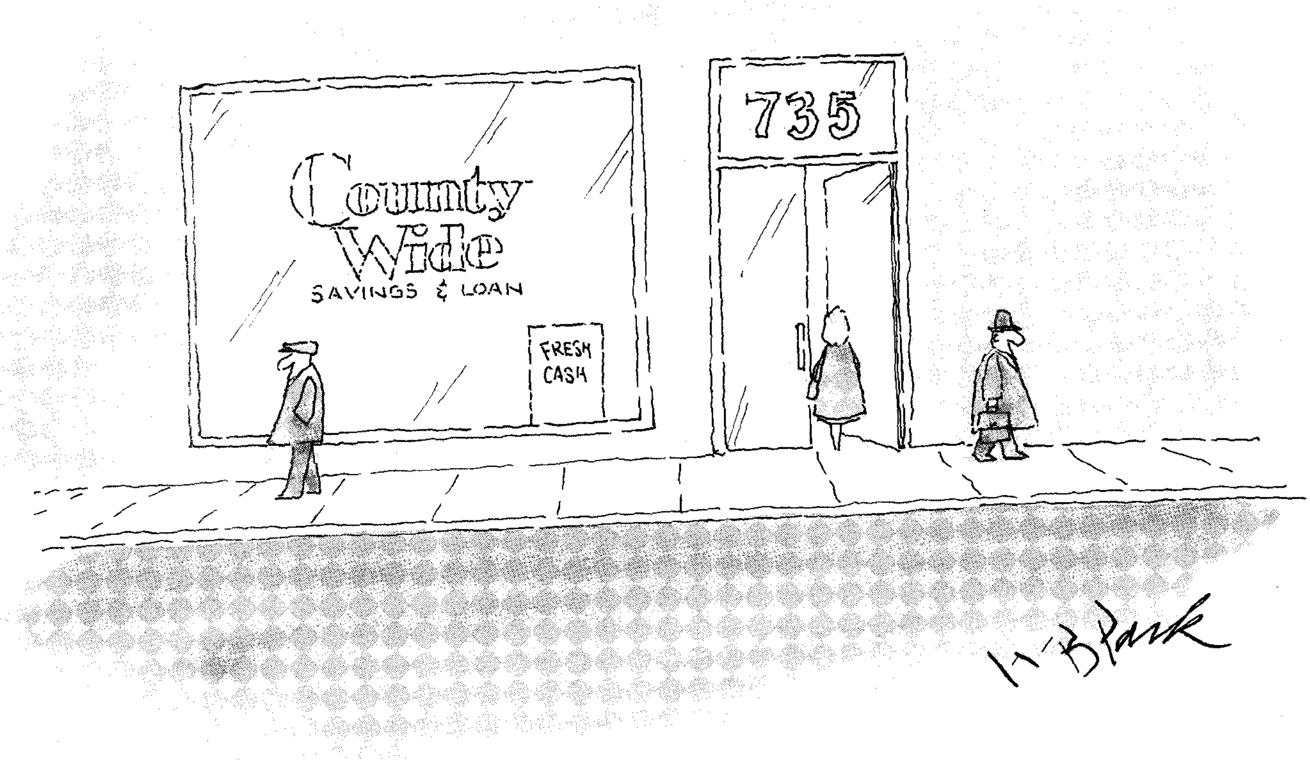

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"No. I was raised in the country—don't you remember? Here, watch. Just pinch this little pair of leaves that's peeping up from where it forks. If you pinch that out, then there will be more tomatoes. Don't ask me why."

"Why?" says Allison.

IN her garden diary, Barbara writes, "Thistles in bloom. Allison finds praying mantis egg carton." It is midmorning, and the three of them are having Cokes on the porch. Ruth is working on quilt pieces, sewing diamonds together to make stars. Her hands are prematurely wrinkled. "I have old-people hands and feet," she once told Barbara merrily. Ruth's face doesn't match. Even at forty, she has a young woman's face.

A moment ago, Allison said something to Ruth about her daughter and husband, and Ruth, after pausing to knot a thread and break it with her teeth, says now, "The reason I don't have their pictures scattered around the house is I overdid it at first. I couldn't read a book without using an old school picture of Kimberly for a bookmark. I had her pictures everywhere. I didn't have many pictures of him, but I had lots of her. Then one day I realized that I knew the faces in the pictures better than I knew my memories of their faces. It was like the pictures had replaced them. And pictures lie. So I put away the pictures, hoping my memories would come back to me."

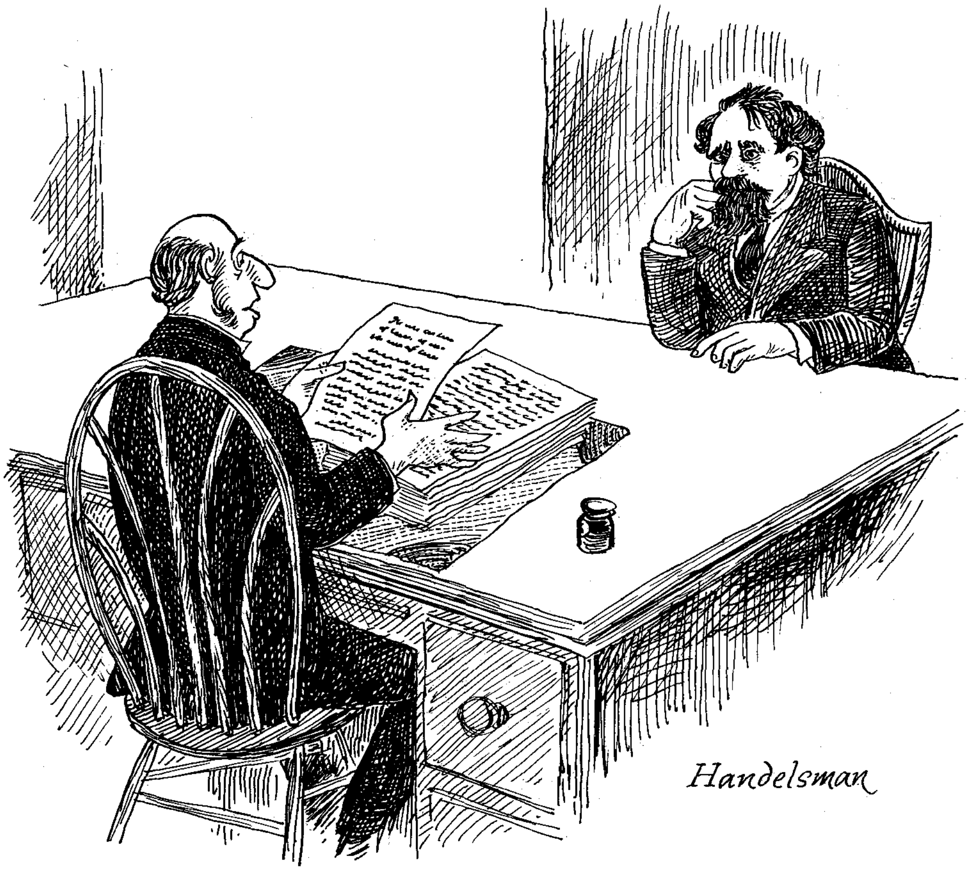
"Has it worked?"

"A little bit, yes. Sometimes I'll wake up in the morning and her face will come to me for a second, and it's so vivid and true. A moment like that is better than seeing the pictures all the time. I'm thinking the memory will get clearer and clearer if I just let it come." Ruth threads her needle in one purposeful jab and draws the ends of the thread together, twisting them into a knot. "I was at my sister's in Nashville that night and we stayed out late and they couldn't get in touch with us. I can't forgive myself for that."

"You couldn't help it, Ruth," Barbara says impatiently. Ruth has told the story so many times Barbara knows it by heart. Allison has heard it, too.

As Ruth tells about the accident, Allison keeps her book open, her hand on the dog. She is reading "Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance." It isn't just about motorcycles, she has told them.

Her needle working swiftly, Ruth says, "It was still daylight, and they had pulled up to the stop sign and then started to cross the intersection when a pickup truck carrying a load of turnips rammed into them. He didn't stop and he just ran into them. There were turnips everywhere. Richard was taking Kimberly to baton practice—she was a third-place twirler at the state championships the year before." Ruth smooths out the star she has completed and creases open the seams carefully with her thumbnail. "He died instantly, but she just lingered on for a week, in a coma. I talked to that child till I was blue in the face. I read stories to her. They kept saying she never heard a word, but I had to do it anyway. She might have heard. They said there wasn't any hope." Ruth's voice rises. "When Princess Grace died and they turned off her machines? They never should have done that, because there might have been a miracle. You can't dismiss the possibility of miracles. And medical science doesn't know everything. For months I had dreams about those turnips, and I



"I wish you would make up your mind, Mr. Dickens. Was it the best of times or was it the worst of times? It could scarcely have been both."

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never even saw them! I wasn't there. But those turnips are clearer in my mind than my own child's face."

The mail carrier chugs up the hill in his jeep. Allison stays on the porch, shaded by the volunteer peach tree that sprang up at the corner of the porch—probably grown from a seed somebody spit out once—until the jeep is gone. Then she dashes down to the mailbox.

"Didn't you hear from your boyfriend, hon?" Ruth asks when Allison returns.

"No." She has a circular and a sporting-goods catalogue, with guns and dogs on the front. She drops the mail on the table and plops down in the porch swing.

"Why don't you write him a letter?" Ruth asks.

"I wrote him once and he didn't answer. He told me he'd write me."

"Maybe he's busy working," Ruth says kindly. "If he's working construction, then he's out in the hot sun all day and he probably doesn't feel like writing a letter. Time flies in the summer." Ruth fans herself with the circular. "He's not the only fish in the sea, though, Allison. Plenty of boys out there can see what a pretty girl you are. The sweetest girl!" She pats Allison's knee.

Barbara sees the three of them, on the porch on that hillside, as though they are in a painting: Allison in shorts, her shins scratched by stubble in the field, smoking defiantly with a vacant gaze on her face and one hand on the head of the dog (the dog, panting and grinning, its spots the color of ruined meat); Ruth in the center of the arrangement, her hair falling from its bobby pins, saying something absurdly cheerful about something she thinks is beautiful, such as a family picture in a magazine; and Barbara a little off to the side, her rough hands showing dirt under the fingernails, and her coarse hair creeping out from under the feed cap she wears. (Her hair won't hold curl, because she perspires so much out in the sun.) Barbara sees herself in her garden, standing against her hoe handle like a scarecrow at the mercy of the breezes that barrel over the ridge.

IN the afternoon, Barbara and Ruth are working a side dressing of compost into the soil around the fruit trees. The ground is so hard that Barbara has to chop at the dirt. The apricot is the only tree in the orchard with fruit, and some of the apricots are beginning to blush with yellow. But the apple leaves are turning brown. Caterpillars have shrouded themselves in the outermost leaves and metamorphosed already into moths.

Ruth says, "Imagine a truckload of apricots. It almost seems funny that it would be turnips. You might think of apples or watermelons. You see trucks of watermelons all the time, and sometimes you hear about them rolling all over the highway when there's a wreck. But turnips!" She picks up her shovel and plunges it into the ground. "God was being original," she says.

"The nectarine tree looks puny," Barbara says abruptly. "I had my doubts about growing nectarines."

"That man that ran into them in his turnip truck? They said he didn't look. He just plowed right into them. The police swore he hadn't been drinking, but I believe he was on dope. I bet you anything—"

Suddenly screams waft up from the house. It is Allison shrieking. Barbara rushes down the path and sees her daughter in front of the house shaking her head wildly. Then Allison starts running, circling the house, pulling at her hair, following her own voice around the house. Her hair was in ponytail holders, but when she reappears it is falling down and she is snatching the bands out of her hair. As she disappears around a corner again, Barbara yells, "Mash it, Allison! Mash that bee against your head!"

Allison slams to a stop in front of the porch as Barbara catches her. In a second Barbara smacks the bumblebee against the back of her daughter's head.

"He was mad at me," sobs Allison. "He was chasing me."

"It's that perfume you've got on," says Barbara, searching through Allison's hair.

"It's just bath oil. Oh, my head's stung all over!"

"Be still."

Barbara grabs one of Allison's cigarettes from the package in her shirt pocket. She pushes Allison up onto the porch, where she sits down, trembling, in the wicker rocker. Barbara tears the paper of the cigarette and makes a paste out of tobacco shreds and spit in the palm of her hand. She rubs the paste carefully into the red spots on Allison's scalp.

"That will take the sting out," she says. "Now just relax."

"Oh, it hurts," says Allison, cradling her head in her hands.

"It won't last," Barbara says soothingly, pulling her daughter close, stroking her hair. "There, now."

"What's wrong with Allison?" asks Ruth, appearing from behind the lilac bush as though she has been hiding there, observing the scene. Barbara keeps holding Allison, kissing Allison's hair, watching the pain on Ruth's face.

AFTER that, Ruth refuses to wear her glasses outdoors, because the tiny gold "R" decorating the outer corner of the left lens makes her think a bee is trying to get at her eye. But now the bees are hiding from the rain. For two days, it has been raining steadily, without storming. It rarely rains like this, and Barbara's garden is drowning. In the drizzle, she straightens the Kentucky Wonder vines, training them up their poles. The peppers and peas are turning yellow, and the leaves of the lima beans are bug-eaten. The weeds are shooting up, impossible to hoe out in the mud. The sunflowers bend and break.

With the three of them cooped up, trying to stay out of each other's way, Barbara feels that the strings holding them together are both taut and fragile, like the tiny tendrils on English-pea vines, which grasp at the first thing handy. She's restless, and for the first time in a long while she longs for the company of a man, a stranger with sexy eyes and good-smelling after-shave. The rain brings out nasty smells in the old house. Despite their work on the place, years of filth are ingrained in it. Dust still settles on everything. Ruth discovers a white mold that has crept over the encyclopedia. "An outer-space invasion," Allison says gleefully. "It's going to eat us all up." Ruth bakes cookies for her, and on Friday evening, when Allison has to work, Ruth videotapes "Miami Vice" for her. Allison's tan is fading slightly in the gloomy weather, and her freckles remind Barbara of the breast of a thrush.

The creek is rising, and the dog whines under the front porch. Allison brings him onto the enclosed back porch. His bandage is muddy and shredded. She has the mail with her, including a letter from her father, who lives in Mobile. "Daddy wants me to come down this fall and live," she tells Barbara.

"Are you going?"

"No. I've made a decision," Allison says in the tone of an announcement.

"What, honey?" Ruth asks. She is mixing applesauce cake, from a recipe of her grandmother's, she promised to make for Allison.

"I'm going to quit school for a year and get a job and an apartment in Lexington."

"Lexington?" Barbara and Ruth say simultaneously. Lexington is more than two hundred miles away.

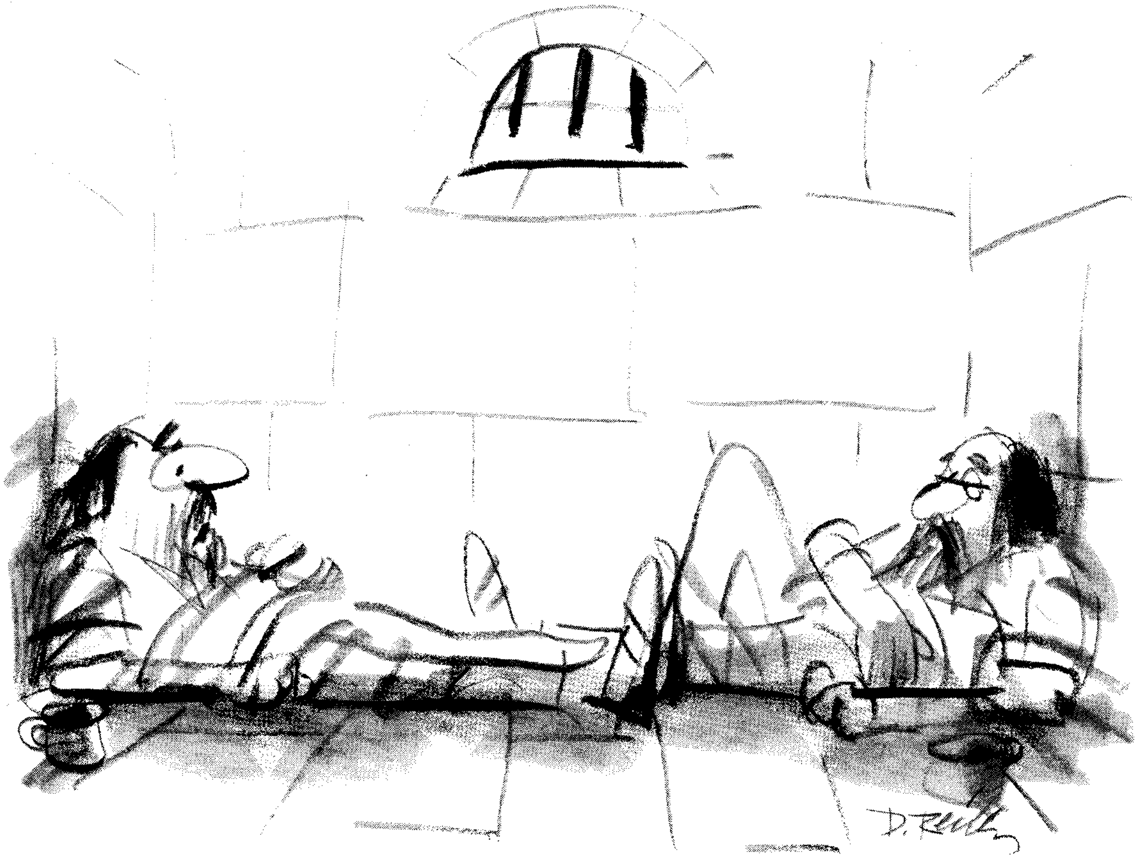
Allison explains that her friend Cindy and she are going to share an apartment. "It'll be good for us to get out in the real world," she says. "School's a drag right now."

"You'll be sorry if you don't finish school, honey," Ruth says.

"It doesn't fit my needs right now." Allison picks up her music and heads for the piano. "Look, think of this as junior year abroad, O.K.? Except I won't be speaking French."

Barbara jerks on her rain slicker and galoshes. In the light drizzle, she starts digging a trench along the upper side of the garden, to divert the water away from it. The peppers are dying. The cabbages are packed with fat slugs. She works quickly, fighting the rivulets of water that seep through the garden. The task seems useless, but belligerently she goes on, doing what she can.

Ruth comes slogging up the muddy path in her galoshes, blinking at the



"I knew all the right people, but, remarkably, all of them wanted me jailed."

rain. She's not wearing her glasses. "Are you going to let her go to Lexington?" Ruth asks.

"She's grown," Barbara says.

"How can you let her go?"

"What can I do about it?"

Ruth wipes the raindrops from her face. "Don't you think she's making a mistake?"

"Of course, God damn it! But that's what children are—people with a special mission in life to hurt their parents."

"You don't have to tell me about hurt, Barbara. Do you think *you* know anything about that?"

Furiously, Barbara slaps the mud with her hoe. Next year she will relocate the garden above the house, where the drainage will be better.

The next day, the rain lets up, but it is still humid and dark, and a breeze is stirring over the ridge, as though a storm is on its way. Allison is off from work, and she has been playing the piano, picking out nonsense compositions of her own. Barbara is reading. Suddenly, through the picture window, Barbara sees Ruth in the orchard, pumping spray onto a peach tree. Barbara rushes outside, crying, "Ruth, are you crazy!"

The cloud of spray envelops Ruth. Barbara yells, "No, Ruth! Not on a windy evening! Don't spray against the wind!"

"The borers were going to eat up the peach tree!" Ruth cries, letting the sprayer dangle from her hand. She grabs a blob of peach-tree gum from the bark and shows it to Barbara. "Look!"

"The wind's blowing the spray all over *you*, not the tree," Barbara says sharply.

"Did I do wrong?"

"Let's go inside. The storm's coming."

"I wanted to help," Ruth says, in tears. "I wanted to save the tree."

Later, when Barbara and Allison are preparing supper and Ruth is in the shower washing off the insecticide, Allison says, "Mom, when did you realize you weren't in love with Daddy anymore?"

"The exact moment?"

"Yeah. Was there one?"

"I guess so. It might have been when I asked him to go have a picnic with us over at the lake one day. It was the summer you were a lifeguard there, and I thought we could go over there and be together—go on one of those outdoor trails—and he made some excuse. I realized I'd been married to the wrong man all those years."

"I think I know what you mean. I don't think I'm in love with Gerald anymore." Studiously, Allison chops peppers with the paring knife.

Barbara smiles. "You don't have to be in a hurry. That was my trouble. I was in a hurry. I married too young." Hastily, she adds, "But that's O.K. I got you in the bargain."

Allison nods thoughtfully. "What if you wanted to get married again? What would you do about Ruth?"

"I don't know."

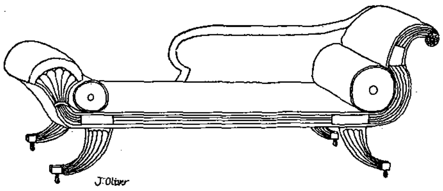
"You'd have to get a divorce from *her* this time," Allison says teasingly.

"It would be hard to sell this place and divide it up." Barbara is not sure she could give it up.

"What's going on with Ruth, anyway?" Allison is asking. "She's so weird."

"She used to be worse," Barbara says reassuringly. "You remember how she was at first—she couldn't even finish the school year."

"I didn't want to tell you this, but I think Ruth's been pilfering," Allison says. "I can't find my purple barrette and that scarf Grandma gave me. I bet Ruth took them." Allison looks straight out the window at the water



GULLS ON DUMPS

or broken plastic helmets lost
in screws of punk baling wire,

and the sea's cry from another time:
A ship balanced on the horizon,

but the ledge rose and the ship almost
resolved into the blue wall behind

until it found its edge again.
The birds creaked overhead. They sing

above cardboard wingbeats flogging
mounds of newsprint, seagreen sacks

vomiting cans, rinds, ripped shoes,
a stiff orange cat, the good stuff

gulls strip and sing, wheeling up
into the blistered sun fields—

a bounteous, despairing city
the mind inhabits. One thing tells

the story of some other. The sloping song
written above the shagged white hills

is some flight above cold swells,
a memory of the sea's deepest place,

the core where blue or green turns black
and millions of transparent lives

school back and forth, feeding, darkling,
until all sister stories pause

in this instant, when the gulls quit
their song, the wind falls, the sea stops.

—W. S. Di Piero

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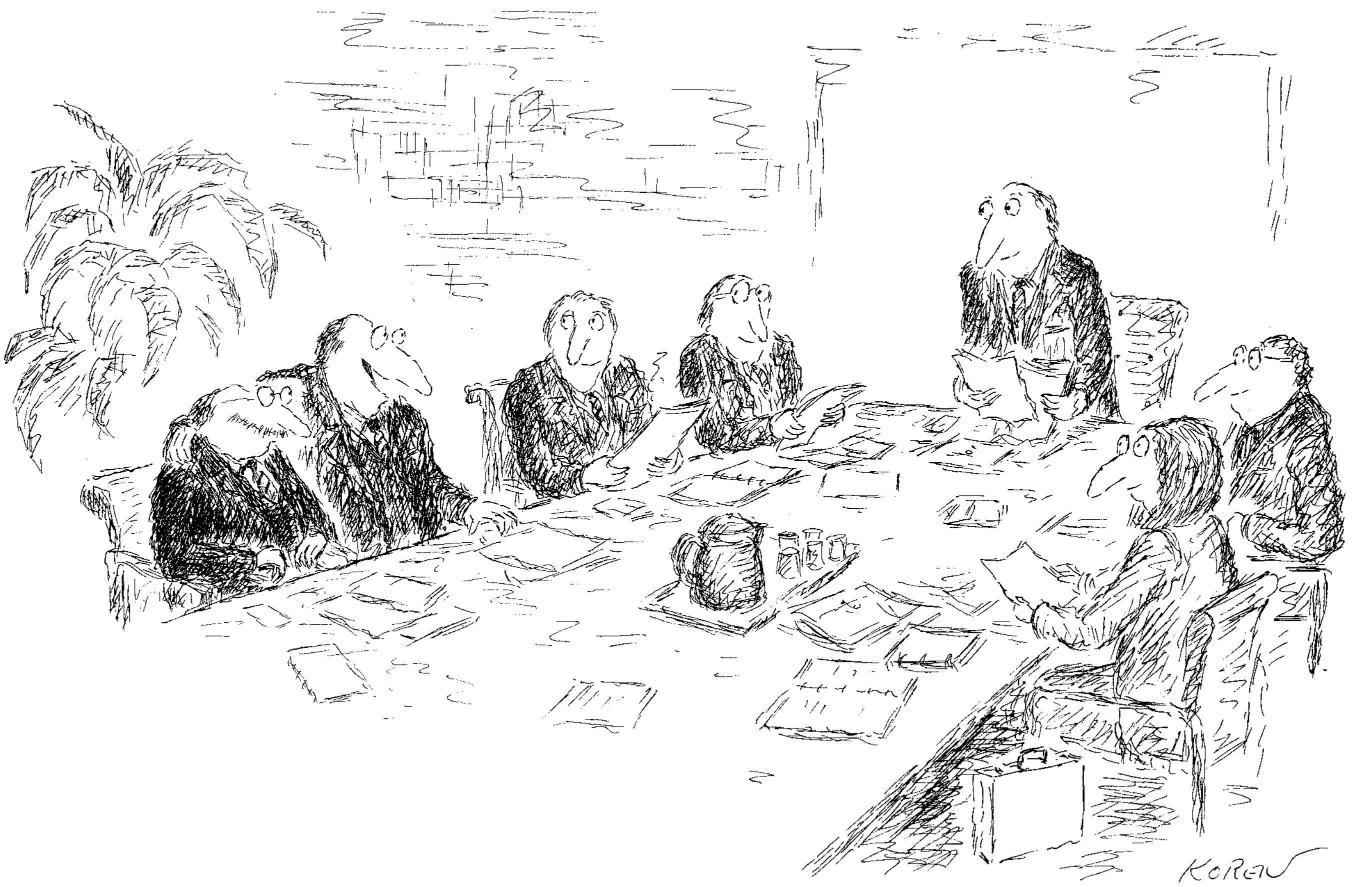


“Charles has offered his personal image for us to project as our corporate image.”

• •

washing down the runoff stream, and a slight curl of satisfaction is on her lips. Barbara stares at the dish of bread-and-butter pickles she is holding and for a moment cannot identify them. Images rush through her mind—chocolate chips, leftover squash, persimmons.

That night, Allison has gone out to a movie, and Barbara cannot sleep. The rain is still falling lightly, with brief spurts of heavy rain. It is past midnight when Allison’s car drives up. The dog barks and Ruth’s light switches off, as if this were all some musical sequence. Earlier in the evening, Barbara glimpsed Ruth in her room, shuffling and spreading her pictures on the bed like cards in a game of solitaire. She keeps them in a box, with other mementos of Kimberly and Richard. Barbara wanted to go to her with some consolation, but she resisted, as she resisted mothering Allison too closely. She had the feeling that she was tending too many gardens; everything around her was growing in some sick or stunted way and it made her feel cramped. As she hears Allison tiptoeing down the hall, Barbara closes her eyes and sees contorted black motorcycles, shiny in the rain.

Early the next morning, Allison calls them outdoors. “Look how the creek’s up,” she cries in a shrill voice.

The creek has flooded its banks, and the bridge is underwater, its iron railing still visible.

“Oh, wow,” Allison says. “Look at all that water. I wish I was a duck.”

“It’s a flood,” Barbara says matter-of-factly. Her garden is already ruined and she has decided not to care what happens next.

At breakfast, a thunderous crack and a roar send them out to the porch. As they watch, the bridge over the creek tears loose and tumbles over, the railing black against the brown, muddy stream. The violence of it is shocking, like something one sees in the movies.

“Oh, my God,” Ruth says quietly, her fingers working at her shirt.

“We’re stranded!” says Allison. “Oh, wow.”

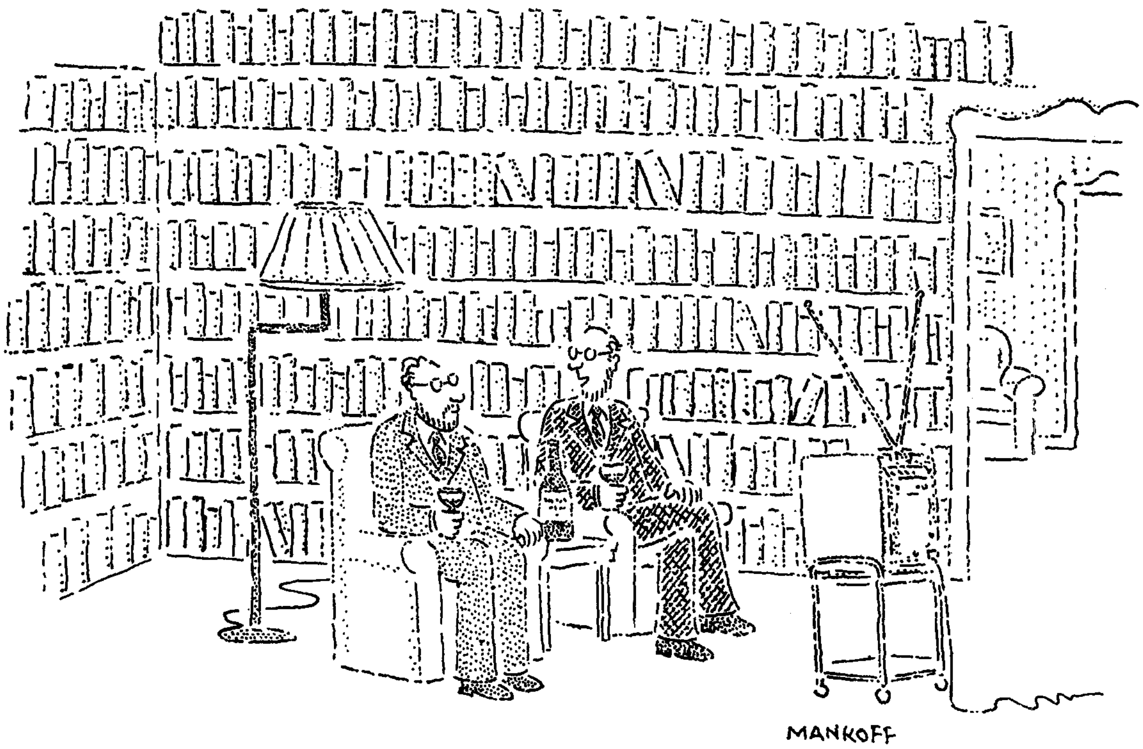
“Oh, Lord, what will we do?” Ruth cries.

“We’ll just have to wait till the water goes down,” Barbara says, but they don’t hear her.

“I won’t have to work,” Allison says. “I’ll tell McDonald’s I can’t get there, unless they want to send a rescue helicopter for me. Or they could send the McDonald’s blimp. That would be neat.”

“Isn’t this sort of thrilling?” Barbara says. “I’ve got goose bumps.” She turns, but Ruth has gone indoors, and then Allison wanders off with the dog.

Barbara heads out through the field. From the edge of the woods, she looks out over the valley at the mist rising. In the two years Barbara and Ruth have lived here, it has become so familiar that Barbara can close her eyes and see clearly any place on the farm—the paths, the stand of willows by the runoff stream that courses down the hill to feed the creek. But sometimes it suddenly all seems strange, like something she has never seen before. Today she has one of those sensations, as she watches Allison down by the house playing with the dog, teaching him to fetch a stick. It is the kind of thing Allison has always



"My compliments, Stefan. Marvellous wine, excellent reception."

• •

done. She is always toying with something, prodding and experimenting. Yet in this light, with this particular dog, with his frayed bandage, and that particular stick and the wet grass that needs mowing—it is something Barbara has never seen before in her life.

She continues up the hill, past the woods. On the path, the mushrooms are a fantastic array, like a display of hats in a store—shiny red Chinese parasols, heavy globular things like brains, prim flat white toadstools. The mushrooms are so unexpected, it is as though they had grown up in a magical but clumsy compensation for the ruined garden. Barbara sidesteps a patch of dangerous-looking round black mushrooms. And ahead on the path lies a carpet of bright-orange fungi, curled like blossoms. She reaches in the pocket of her smock for her garden diary.

On Tuesday the sun emerges. The yard is littered with rocks washed out of the stream, and the long grass is flattened. The bumblebees, solar-activated, buzz through the orchard.

From the orchard, Barbara and Ruth gaze down the hill. The runoff stream still rushes downhill, brown and muddy, and Barbara's trench above the garden has widened.

"The apricots are falling off," Ruth says, picking up a sodden, bug-pocked fruit.

"It's O.K.," Barbara says, toeing the humps of a mole tunnel.

"I thought I'd fix up a room for Allison so she won't have to sleep in the living room," Ruth says. "I could clean out the attic and fix up a nice little window seat."

"You don't need to do that, Ruth. Don't you have something of your own to do?"

"I thought it would be nice."

"Allison won't be around that long. Where is she, anyway? I thought she was going to try to wade the creek and meet her ride to work."

"She was exploring the attic," Ruth says, looking suddenly alarmed. "Maybe she's getting into something she shouldn't."

"What do you mean, Ruth? Are you afraid she'll get in your box?"

Ruth doesn't answer. She is striding toward the house, calling for Allison.

Allison appears on the porch with a dusty cloth bundle she says she has found under a loose floorboard in the attic.

"Burn it!" Ruth cries. "No telling what germs are in it."

"I want to look inside it," Allison says. "It might be a hidden treasure."

"You've been reading too many stories, Allison," says Barbara.

"Take it out in the driveway where you can burn it, child," Ruth says anxiously. "It looks filthy."

Allison fumbles with the knot, and Ruth stands back, as though watching someone light a firecracker.

"It's just a bunch of rags," says Barbara skeptically. "What we used to call a granny bag."

"I bet there's a dead baby in here," says Allison.

"Allison!" Ruth cries, covering her face with her hands. "Stop it!"

"No, let her do it, Ruth," says Barbara. "And you watch."

The rags come apart. They are just stockings wound tightly around each other—old stockings with runs. They are disintegrating.

"My old granny used to wear her stockings till they hung in shreds," Barbara says breezily, staring at Ruth. Ruth stares back with frightened eyes. "Then she'd roll them up in a bundle of rags, just like this. That's all it is."

"Oh, crap," says Allison, disappointed. "There's nothing in here."

She drops the stockings on the damp gravel and reaches in her pocket for a cigarette. She strikes a match, holds it to her cigarette and inhales, then touches the match to the rags. In the damp air, the flame burns slowly, and then the rags suddenly catch. The smell of burning dust is very precise. It is like the essence of the old house. It is concentrated filth, and Allison is burning it up for them.

—Bobbie Ann Mason

•

"I would not ever want to say there are not people on our campus that at first in the classroom are not hard to understand, at least until students get used to them," Watkins said.—*Bloomington (Ill.) Pantagraph.*

Not just in the classroom, either.

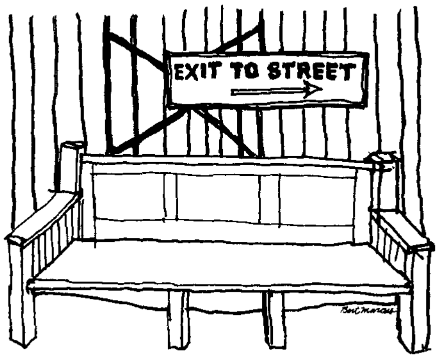
A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE SPACE OF ONE BREATH

ANTHONY SCHERZER, who is the creator of BE-BE, the No. 3 seed at the Fifth World Computer Chess Championship, draws sharply on a cigarette. This morning's game is the second of five that BE-BE must undergo in pursuit of the world title. BE-BE has wrested an early advantage from CYRUS 68K, its opponent in this round, and should win easily, but these battles of computer versus computer can be protracted. The machines themselves will never admit defeat, and their human operators—seeking deliverance, if all else fails, through some malfunction in the opponent's computer—hesitate to call any game to a halt. Although things are looking up for him this morning, Scherzer seems more rattled than either David Levy or Kevin O'Connell, the operators of CYRUS 68K, who sit across from him at a table crowded with coffee cups, notepads, chessboards, and a running chess clock. In fact, Scherzer—who describes himself as a "born worrier"—appears more rattled than any of the other people seated on the long platform reserved for the operators and their machines. There are eleven tables in all, at each of which a computer is pitted against another computer. To anyone familiar with human chess tournaments, the Fifth World Computer Chess Championship presents a disorienting scene. There are no calls for silence, no restrictions on movement. Lodged in a corner of the vast Messe Rhine Halls of Cologne, West Germany, the championship is only one of the attractions of C '86, an international computer fair. The din and the flashing lights of the surrounding exhibits would subvert any human tournament, but the chess machines, each linked to the living only by a keyboard on which its operators punch in the opponent's moves, are wholly insensible to what is going on around them. The result is two nearly discrete worlds inhabiting the same space. In one, spectators drift about, chatting, analyzing, arguing, and the machine operators relax with beer and soft drinks, hot dogs and ice-cream bars. In the other—a contained, microscopic environment—machines are working indefatigably, processing electronic pulsings at speeds that beggar the human mind. During the four or five seconds that Scherzer inhales and exhales the cigarette smoke—the space of one breath—BE-BE analyzes almost a quarter of a million different chess positions.

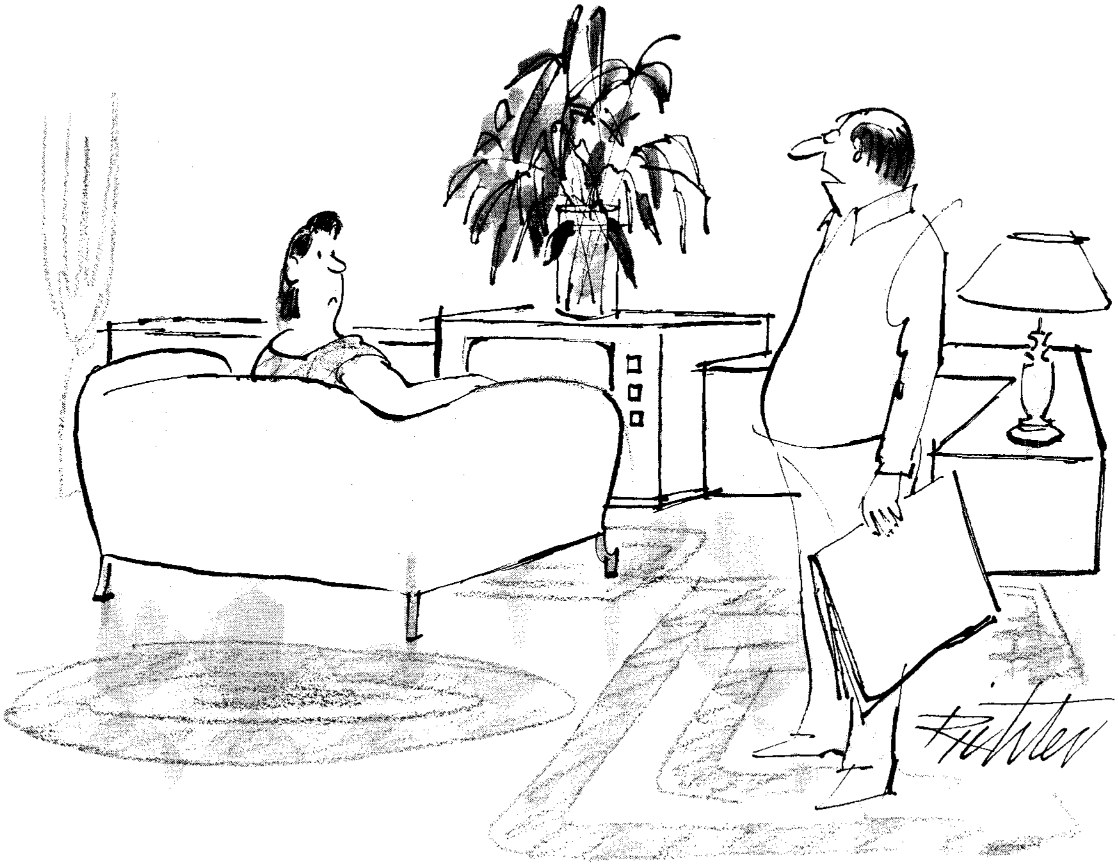
This seems an astonishing feat when one considers that in the same amount of time a human grandmaster might well analyze one move, or merely some aspects of one move. But it is still more astonishing when one understands that Scherzer has good cause for fearing that his machine may be, in his words, "too darn slow." CRAY BLITZ, the reigning world champion by dint of its victory at the Fourth World Computer Chess Championship, held in New York City in 1983, is capable of examining a hundred thousand positions per second—more than twice what BE-BE can do. And CRAY BLITZ is only the No. 2 seed here in Cologne. The favorite, HITECH, which trounced all of its competition at the 1985 North American Computer Chess Championship, in Denver, can analyze a hundred and seventy-five thousand positions per second.

And yet Scherzer—who, in addition to being high-strung, is given to a likable modesty that often veers into humorous predictions of disaster for himself and BE-BE—has every reason to be hopeful about his machine; she has performed exceptionally well in the last few years. (BE-BE is a rarity among chess machines in that its maker always refers to it by the feminine pronoun.) She placed second among twenty-two teams at the fourth world championship. She also placed second at the last three North American championships. Furthermore, BE-BE has the advantage—at least by the topsy-turvy standards of the computer-chess world—of being old, and Scherzer can feel confident that in refining his machine over the years he has removed most of her hidden bugs.



Scherzer wrote his first chess program in 1979, at the age of thirty-three, and began work on BE-BE in 1981. As the president of SYS-10, a computer firm near Chicago which specializes in office systems, he is free to apportion his time as he sees fit, and BE-BE, which he regards as both a hobby and a source of business publicity, has taken up hundreds of hours over the past few years. Scherzer tells me that he came to Cologne hoping for "second place—*another* second place," but will be "quite happy with a third." First place is "almost too much to dream about."

The entrants at this championship can be divided into three categories, although the complexity of the machines insures some degree of overlap. The most modest—and, in general, the least formidable—entrants are the "micros" and the "minis." These are machines so small and light—some weigh only a few pounds—that they can be transported easily to the tournament site. The second category consists of chess programs that run on a large mainframe computer, which often lies thousands of miles away and is "brought" to the tournament by way of a telephone hookup. CRAY BLITZ, for example, is hardly present in Cologne at all. Although Harry Nelson, one of its designers, has flown from California to West Germany to serve as its operator, its chief programmers, who are based at the University of Southern Mississippi, have remained at home, and the program itself is being run on an immense four-processor Cray X-MP/48 computer in Minnesota. In the third category are machines like BE-BE and HITECH, whose programs are adapted to run on what is called special-purpose hardware—costly, complex machinery designed exclusively to play chess. This hardware may be transported to the tournament site, as in the case of BE-BE (quite a chore for Scherzer, since BE-BE's hardware weighs almost ninety pounds), or it may, like HITECH, report in by telephone. Special-purpose machines are a comparatively recent development—the first successful one, called BELLE, emerged in 1978—but,



"*You knew I was grounds for divorce when you married me.*"

as the high seedings of BE-BE and HITECH attest, they appear to be in the ascendant.

Scherzer says that much of the inspiration for BE-BE came from BELLE, which was created by Ken Thompson and Joe Condon, at Bell Laboratories, in Murray Hill, New Jersey. Scherzer refers to Thompson, the designer of BELLE's software, as a pioneer, and regrets that BELLE is not competing in Cologne, in what should be the strongest field of chess computers ever assembled. BELLE dominated computer chess from 1978 until 1983, when it lost the world title to CRAY BLITZ in the last round of the fourth world championship. Thompson has since turned his attention to other projects, but a few weeks before that tournament I went to see him and BELLE at Bell Laboratories. It was my first encounter with a sophisticated chess machine and I didn't know quite what to expect. At my request, Thompson confronted BELLE with the position that arose on Black's seventeenth move in Bobby Fischer's game against Donald Byrne during the 1956 Lessing J. Rosenwald Trophy Tournament. In what has since become known as the game of the century, the thirteen-year-old Fischer stunned Byrne, one of the finest players in the country, with a winning queen sacrifice. To enter a game in the middle means confronting, in effect, a tableau isolated from an extraordinarily complex series of tensions, threats, expectations, and inducements, and thus perhaps is not a true test of skill; nevertheless, I wanted to see whether BELLE, too, would find what is perhaps the most famous move ever executed upon a chessboard. Thompson, of course, had tested BELLE with the problem before, but he did so again, for my benefit. We did not have to wait long for the answer: in seventeen seconds, BELLE made the queen sacrifice.

THE rapid ascent of machines like BE-BE and BELLE has created enormous excitement and unease in America's chess-playing community. Only fifteen years ago, it was possible for most of the better tournament players to dismiss chess machines as mere toys or curiosities. Computers did not begin to participate in human chess tournaments until 1967, when MAC HACK VI, the brainchild of Richard Greenblatt, who was then an undergraduate at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, made a rather undistinguished showing in the Massachusetts Amateur Championship, drawing one game and losing four. But there are perhaps fewer than a hundred players in America today who can still speak condescendingly of chess computers. In 1983, BELLE became the first machine entitled to the rank of United States master, one rung below the top rank of senior master; HITECH became a senior master in the spring of 1986. The United States Chess Federation, which is responsible for rating players and running official tournaments in this country, has been obliged to set up a Computer Chess Committee and to establish rules governing the participation of computers in human tournaments. David Welsh, the chairman of the committee, reports that many tournament players, once they have adjusted to the idea, enjoy facing computer opponents, but there has been virulent opposition as well. A group called WOCIT (We Oppose Computers in Tournaments) was founded in 1983 with the goal, according to its president, Clifford Anderson, of "protecting our right to play a human opponent." WOCIT has been successful in having the rules changed to insure that no one is compelled to play a computer in a U.S.C.F. tournament. Though the play of the earliest computers was marked by humorous indecision, shortsightedness, horrendous blunders, and frequent mechanical breakdowns, in recent years computers have demonstrated a prodigious tactical flair and a sound grasp of defensive structures. As chess machines have progressed from the laughable to the formidable, the U.S.C.F. and chess players generally have been forced to contemplate the possibility of a wholesale transformation of the chess world.

This is a transformation not necessarily limited to the world of chess. The designers of chess machines have long been insisting that their work has vast implications for all of modern

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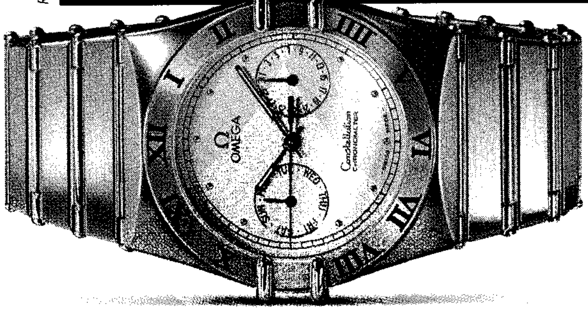

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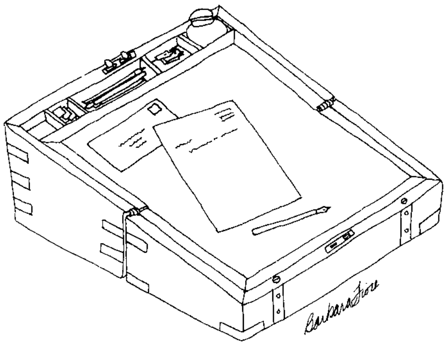
society—a claim that grows increasingly convincing as their machines become more powerful. Donald Michie, chief scientist at the Turing Institute, in Glasgow, and one of the world's leading experts in the field of thinking machines, observed a while ago, "Scientific study of computer chess, which includes the technological work but goes far beyond that, is the most important scientific study that is going on in the world at present. In the same sense, if I were asked what was the most important study in progress during the First World War, I would say the breeding experiments on *Drosophila*, by Thomas Hunt Morgan and his colleagues at Columbia. The analogy is very good. The final impact of that early work in laying down the basic theoretical framework for genetics was just enormous—unimaginable. We see now the industrial consequence of genetic engineering, which is the final, delayed outcome for human society of the fly-breeding work. The use of chess now as a preliminary to the knowledge engineering of the future is exactly similar, in this respect, to the work on *Drosophila*."

While it might seem that the challenges a player faces within the confines of a chessboard have little to do with the unpredictable difficulties one meets in the hurly-burly of modern life, the game offers the scientist a purified, manageable environment in which to study the complex nature of problem solving. The playing of intelligent chess, whether by man or machine, requires an ability to maintain a long-range goal (checkmate of the opponent) while working toward the incremental accomplishment of subordinate tasks (obtaining control of the center, building a sound pawn structure, securing an early haven for one's king, and so forth). It calls for fluid powers of evaluation as pieces are shifted or are removed from the board, a talent for rooting out weaknesses in configurations of apparent strength, and a capacity for envisioning and analyzing multiple contingencies that will probably never arise. These are clearly skills of a pervasive utility, essential to the successful running of a business or a government. Today's chess computers may well be the provincial, limited forerunners of hugely more intelligent machines that will oversee marketing campaigns or federal budgets.

Although the chess machine may eventually transform the organization of modern life, its greatest effect thus far has probably been a psychological one. Our society has grown accustomed to the ascendancy of machines in handling various sorts of drudgery—compiling and sorting customer lists, totalling debits and credits, switching telephone lines—but there is still something unsettling for us in the sight of computers excelling at play as well as at work. While nonchess players may view the game as a strictly mechanical, mathematical activity (in which case they will accept a grandmaster computer with little difficulty), serious chess players usually think of it as requiring a mystical talent, analogous to what a poker or bridge player means by "card sense." Chess literature teems with phrases like "artistic stroke," "feel for the game," "graceful thinking," and "intuitive genius." To the chess-obsessed, the board can serve as an arena in which nearly the whole of the human personality expresses itself. Much like literary or musical masterpieces, the finest games of the finest players are to be regarded as distillations of the human soul, and by playing through these games one can, in a sense, get to know each of the masters personally. Dr. Reuben Fine, who, being both a psychoanalyst and one of the century's greatest players, has a unique vantage on the game, ably set out this view in his book "The Psychology of the Chess Player":

> An extensive psychoanalytic literature has grown up depicting the intimate relationship between the works of artists and their neurotic conflicts. It is to be expected that similar unconscious forces would be involved in chess, both in the way the game is interwoven into the character structure, and in the style which the player adopts. . . . In fact, just as any artist has a characteristically individual style which permeates his artistic works to such an extent that an expert can recognize that such and such a painting is a Degas or a Leonardo, so too the styles of the chess masters assume a highly distinctive cast and are readily identifiable by the experts.

Obviously, such a notion must run into difficulties when it encounters powerful chess machines. If one were to analyze, say, a selection of BE-BE's finest games, what could one discern about the "unconscious forces," the "character structure," of the cool, rectilinear assemblage that is BE-BE?

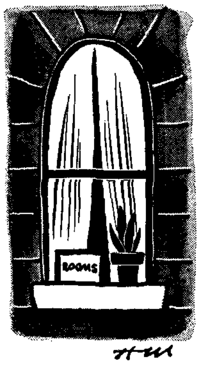


THE chess machine, like chess itself, has a surprisingly long history. Although computers capable of playing a well-balanced, reasonably adept game were developed only in the last few decades, the lore of chess machines goes back more than two hundred years. In 1770, Baron Wolfgang von Kempelen, a thirty-six-year-old counsellor to the Royal Chamber of the Kingdom of Hungary, presented to the court of the Empress Maria Theresa an exotic wooden automaton, complete with turban, that he claimed could play skillful chess. This contraption, later known throughout the world as "the Turk," consisted of the upper body of a larger-than-life-size figure seated behind a maple cabinet three and a half feet long, two feet wide, and two and a half feet high. The Turk's gaze rested intently on a chessboard inlaid on the cabinet's surface.

Those familiar with von Kempelen's reputation for mechanical wizardry were disappointed on first glimpsing the Turk, whose "mystery" was all too easily explained: the cabinet surely contained a hidden person, probably a child or a midget. Yet von Kempelen had contrived a surprise for them—one that was demonstrated to skeptical audiences thousands of times over the next eighty-four years. Before play began, the cabinet and the Turk's torso were opened "completely," to reveal nothing within but the wheels, cylinders, and levers of a complex piece of clockwork. The cabinet doors were then closed, on the pretext that otherwise the machine could not operate properly, and the game commenced. The Turk moved his pieces himself, his left arm passing slowly over the board, and he would respond to an opponent's illegal move with a censorious shake of the head. Although it is now known that someone inside the mechanism selected the moves and operated the mechanical arm, no one knows precisely how this person was concealed. After a peripatetic career that included victories over Benjamin Franklin in France and Napoleon in Austria, the Turk was destroyed by a fire in Philadelphia's Chinese Museum, in 1854.

The Turk inspired numerous imitations, the most famous being the Moor

Ajeeb, which was constructed by an Englishman, Charles Alfred Hooper, in 1868. Ajeeb drew huge crowds in Europe and America. His opponents included O. Henry, Sarah Bernhardt, and John Ruskin (who wrote of Ajeeb to a friend, "I get quite fond of him, and he gives me the most lovely lessons in chess"). Ajeeb was a creature of impressive and variable skills. He proved to be a world-class checkers player while the American champion Charles Francis Barker was his residing genius, and, later, an almost unbeatable chess master when Harry Nelson Pillsbury, perhaps the strongest player in the world at the time, was cajoled into the machine. Ajeeb's final resting place remains unknown. He served his last tour of duty in the late nineteen-thirties, travelling around the United States in a Cadillac on behalf of Magic Brain Radios.



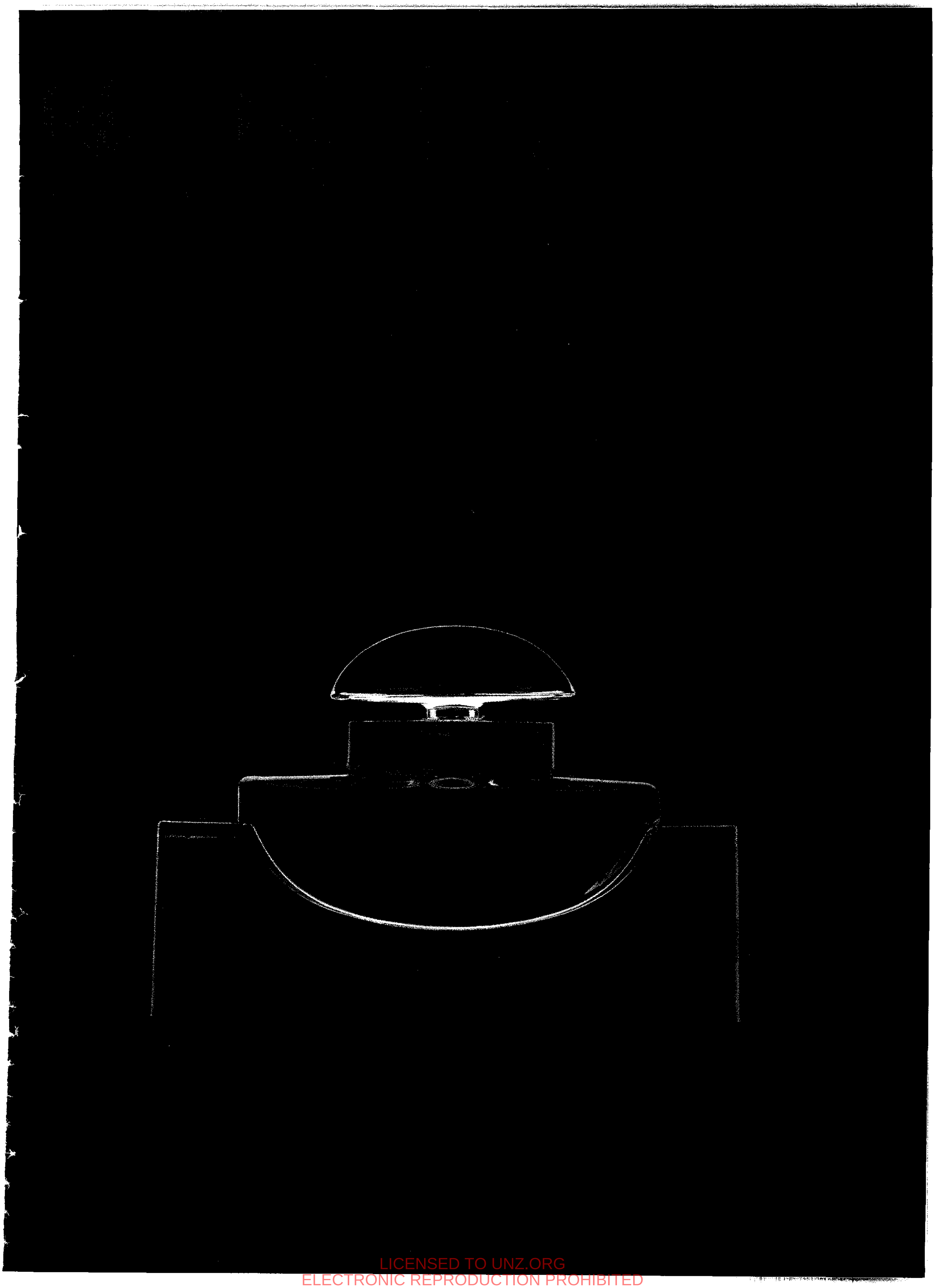
Certainly the interiors of both the Turk and Ajeeb must have made ingenious use of false doors and sliding panels to create spaces far larger than the eye thought possible. One of the Turk's first inspectors came away convinced that the interior could contain no hidden space "of even the size of my hat." Others supposed there might be room enough for a legless man. The available space in Ajeeb appeared much too small for an adult of ordinary size, and Pillsbury found the work quite confining. He later recalled that "it was a pretty tight squeeze and not at all a pleasant duty, for I often played ten to fifteen games a day." Pillsbury's friend Albert Hodges, who also occasionally operated the automaton, attributed Pillsbury's premature death, at thirty-four, to too many hours inside Ajeeb: "I have always felt, from my own experience, that this strenuous work and the unhealthy environment of the chess figure must have to a great extent undermined his health and was the primary cause of his physical breakdown," he wrote in the *American Chess Bulletin.* At the very least, the job was an abject way to earn one's livelihood, and serves to remind us of the penury that even the best chess players could expect to suffer until recent times.

Hoaxes like Ajeeb and the Turk can tell us nothing about the functioning of true chess machines, but they do reveal much about the public's complex feelings toward artificial men. The chess automata enchanted the credulous and the skeptical alike. While some spectators fled the room, or even fainted, when an automaton began to stir, others would dispassionately study its movements in search of some scientific explanation of its powers. Edgar Allan Poe wrote a piece debunking the Turk, in part because it made occasional mistakes; Poe reasoned that a true chess machine would play flawless chess—a fallacy that has since come to be known as "the myth of the perfect machine." And Ambrose Bierce wrote a short story, "Moxon's Master," in which a chess automaton kills its master (etymologically, the perfect checkmate: the word derives from the Persian *shah*, meaning "king" or "master," and *mat*, meaning "helpless" or "defeated"). Chess automata have inspired plays and novels, and a couple of films as well. The allure of the Turk and Ajeeb may best be understood if they are viewed as siblings of Pygmalion's Galatea; of the gold and bronze servants of Hephaestus, the Greek god of craftsmen; of the Jewish golem and the alchemists' homunculi and Frankenstein's monster. Man's fearful but tempting dream of creating an artificial being appears to be timeless and irresistible.

When a genuine chess machine finally did appear, in a demonstration in Paris in 1914, it could hardly hope to kindle the public imagination as those colorful, head-shaking automata continued to do. Its inventor, Leonardo Torres y Quevedo, was no showman, and his machine played an unexciting and limited form of chess. It could handle only rook-and-king endings against an opposing king—an extremely elementary situation. However, Torres y Quevedo's machine accomplished what an army of unautonomous automata had failed to do: once set in motion, it played chess unassisted by any human intelligence. Torres was able to arrange this only by drastically reducing the moves open to the machine's human opponent, so that all possible developments could be provided for in advance. While the play of modern chess machines will often surprise their makers, there were no surprises in Torres' invention. In game after game, with an inevitability like that which Poe envisioned, it would steer the opponent's king into checkmate. Yet, primitive though his machine now looks, Torres was a revolutionary, who, in a 1915 interview in *Scientific American*, advanced a notion that came to dominate the modern world of thinking machines: "The ancient automatons . . . imitate the appearance and movements of living beings, but this has not much practical interest, and what is wanted is a class of apparatus which leaves out the mere visible gestures of man and attempts to accomplish the results which a living person obtains, thus replacing a man by a machine."

THE modern era of chess machines dates from 1949, when Claude Shannon, an English mathematician then doing research for Bell Labs, presented at a meeting of the Institute of Radio Engineers, in New York, a paper entitled "Programming a Computer for Playing Chess." Shannon not only ingeniously foresaw many of the techniques by which today's chess machines operate but also identified a methodological schism that still divides the computer-chess world. He hypothesized that a computer could select its moves according to either of two methods. Machines of both sorts have since been constructed, and in acknowledgment of his achievements are usually called Shannon Type A and Shannon Type B machines. The Shannon Type A machine conducts what is known as a full-width search at some specified depth; that is, the machine will evaluate *all* possible positions that could arise after completion of the stipulated number of moves, or "ply." (Rather than the ambiguous "move," which can signify either a "full move," by both White and Black, or a "half move," by either player, programmers of chess computers use the term "ply;" a ply is always a half move.) To take a simple example of a full-width search, assume that a Shannon Type A computer with a two-ply depth of search is about to open a game. There are twenty possible first moves on the chessboard. This means that there are four hundred different positions (twenty times twenty) that can arise after each player has moved once. A Shannon Type A computer with a depth of two ply would evaluate each of these four hundred positions before settling upon the best opening move.

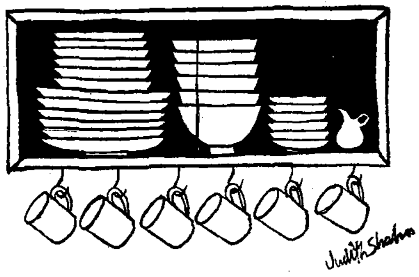
A Shannon Type B machine is designed to be more flexible. Its evaluations are not restricted to a fixed number of ply. If a particular line of play cannot be analyzed intelligently after a



specified number of moves—as is true in "turbulent" positions, where many possible captures still exist—the machine will probe deeper, generating and evaluating the additional positions required for an informed analysis. Ideally, the Type B machine will also demonstrate time-saving powers of discrimination. Instead of analyzing *every* possible move, it will conduct a selective search of those lines of play which seem promising, and will examine them at a depth not possible for a machine conducting a full-width search. In its selectivity, the Shannon Type B is often referred to as an intuitive machine. I have also heard it called a "human machine," and the Shannon Type A a "mechanical machine"—a fair distinction, provided that one never forgets that the Type B machine is operating under mathematical principles no less exacting than those governing the Type A.

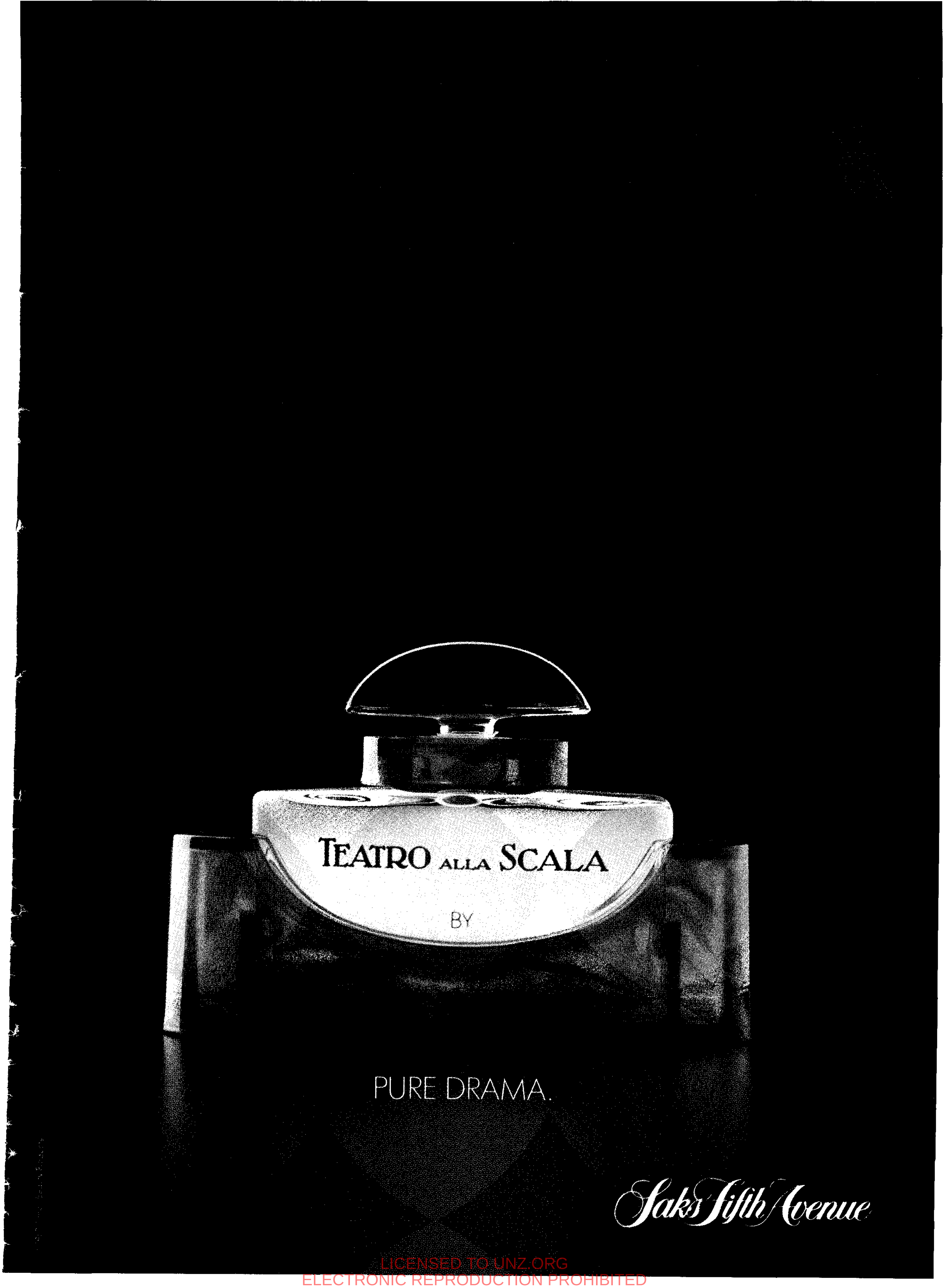
Each sort of machine confronts its own monumental obstacles on the road to skillful chess play. For a machine making a full-width search, as most of the entrants in the Fifth World Computer Chess Championship do, the chief problem is time. Tournament chess is a game performed under rigid time constraints, and a machine that devotes the bulk of its analysis to fruitless lines of play will not be able to analyze viable possibilities in sufficient depth. Given the dazzling speeds attained by computers in recent years, one might suppose that time problems would no longer exist for chess machines. After all, even in the complexities of the middle game, when the players have achieved maximum mobility for their pieces, neither side is apt to have more than thirty-five or forty moves to choose from. One must keep in mind, however, that the number of possible positions increases exponentially as a machine's search deepens. If a machine has thirty-five possible moves, and its opponent has some thirty-five possible replies to each of these, then the number of possible positions to be evaluated after only two ply is roughly twelve hundred. And if the computer then has, say, thirty-five possible second moves to each of its opponent's replies, the number of positions to be evaluated at a depth of only three ply jumps to over forty thousand. Even for HITECH, the fastest machine in the world, the numbers soon become impossibly large. It has been estimated that the number of different games that can be played is of the order of 25×10^{115}. This figure vastly exceeds the number of atoms in the known universe. Even at HITECH's lightning computational speed, aeons would unfold before the machine had evaluated all these possibilities. At its present search speeds, HITECH can conduct a full-width search to a depth of perhaps fifteen or even twenty ply in a simple endgame. While this is a far deeper analysis than most human beings can even dream of, it does not equal that of the top grandmasters, whose looser "selective searches" are apt to run some moves deeper still.

The principle behind a Shannon Type B machine sounds persuasive enough—after all, why should a computer waste so much time analyzing those "garbage moves" that preponderate in any full-width search?—but the programmer soon discovers that the task of instructing a computer to identify promising lines of play is fiendishly complex. Differences are often remarkably subtle in advanced chess, and a sound method of proceeding in one position will often prove disastrous in another that looks quite similar. This ability to distinguish subtle positional differences is one of the skills chess programmers are referring to when they speak of giving their machines more "chess knowledge." A human being's ability to identify and discriminate among such differences ultimately derives from the brain's astonishing powers of pattern recognition, which machines cannot begin to match. It has been estimated that a grandmaster can recognize some fifty thousand basic "building-block" configurations—small groupings of pieces by which the board's more complex structures are erected. Pattern recognition often requires an ability to identify essential similarities while ignoring extraneous differences. Of course, given the game's complexity, to formulate in advance any distinction between the "essential" and the "extraneous" which will cover all possible chess positions is remarkably difficult. Any distinction is necessarily going to be incomplete and imprecise, requiring chess players to rely on the guidance of "feelings" and "intuition," and here the very exactitude that is the computer's primary strength proves a shortcoming. The computer, for which such distinctions must be translated into the precise strings of binary numbers that are its only language, is not easily taught to "feel" or "intuit" accurately. To make the chess programmer's task still more herculean, his computer must operate with a very low margin of error. Advanced chess is not a game for any brain whose calculations are "mostly correct." Where a single misstep can be fatal, one simply cannot afford imprecision.



Twenty years or so ago, when chess computers were still operating at relatively primitive levels, the shortcomings of a selective-search machine were less evident—or, at least, less easily exploited by their maladroit machine opponents. MAC HACK VI, which was not only the first machine to participate in a human tournament but probably the first to play as well as the average U.S.C.F. member, employed a selective search. MAC HACK VI was probably the best chess machine in the late sixties, but by 1974, when the First World Computer Chess Championship was held, in Stockholm, it seemed clear that the future—at least, the immediate future—belonged to the "mechanical machines."

THE deaf insularity of the combatants in the Messe Rhine Halls allows Michael Valvo, the tournament director, to offer on-the-spot analyses of every game. Equipped with a hand-held microphone, Valvo walks among the tables, commenting on the game positions, which are displayed on large magnetic chessboards mounted on the wall at the back of the platform. An international computer-chess tournament poses daunting problems of logistics and scheduling. For those machines—the majority—that are electronically linked to the tournament site, a reliable, unbroken line of communication must be maintained for each tournament round; computer-chess tournaments are often marred by communication problems—especially when overseas telephone lines are required. Many of the best chess programs are run on huge computers that serve a host of academic and business clients, and their programmers must insure that computer time is reserved for the entire, unpredictable length of each game. This time can be frightfully expensive. Although the Cray Research company sponsors CRAY BLITZ without charge to the team of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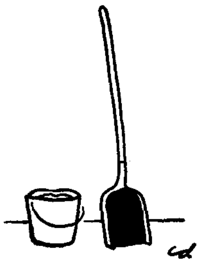
programmers at the University of Southern Mississippi, computer time on each of the four processors of a Cray X-MP/48 like the one that powers CRAY BLITZ is rented out at up to four thousand dollars per hour. At this rate, a chess game that lasted five hours—as many of them do—would run up a bill of eighty thousand dollars.

The site of a computer-chess tournament is perhaps best envisioned as the hub of a network, into and out of which coded information is continually being relayed. The isolation of the computers makes a computer tournament something unique in the chess world. Secrecy is—like silence—no longer necessary. A programmer will freely predict his machine's next move and openly admit disappointment when it falters, and programmers will often pool their wits in an attempt to discern the logic and direction of an evolving game. Although they are, through their machinery, competing with each other, they are psychologically detached from their machines. Once a game has begun, a programmer is prohibited from directing his program; he can only watch as the moves unfold. Chess is a game of violent passions and brutal subjugations (Larry Evans, one of America's top players, says of it, "The chess master today must have courage, a killer instinct, stamina, and arrogance"), and yet when it is played through the mediating presence of machines the sting of defeat is greatly soothed. For the most part, competitors in this tournament take their losses with a handsome, laughing grace.

Michael Valvo's job as an on-the-spot commentator is a taxing one, which demands a gift for making swift, precise evaluations and for juggling mentally the pullulating complexities of nearly a dozen different games—all this before an audience of programmers and chess buffs, who are quick to point out any looseness of thought, any overlooked threat or vulnerability. It is a task for which Valvo, an international master, renowned for his proficiency at both blindfold chess and speed chess, is well suited. Drifting from game to game, he lightens his detailed analyses with anecdotes about earlier tournaments and with occasional jokes. The most difficult judgments he must make arise not in his role as commentator but as tournament director. His is the chief voice in matching opponents for each round and in interpreting tournament rules, which—not surprisingly, given the newness of computer competitions—are often patchy and ambiguous. Valvo's judgment is called into play in the first minutes of the first day of the tournament, when it turns out that one of the operators has recorded an opponent's move incorrectly, resulting in his machine's wasting precious minutes evaluating a nonexistent position. Proceeding under what he calls his guiding principle—"Machines should not be responsible for human error"—Valvo orders the chess clock set back to the moment when the mistake was committed. The principle sounds lucid and fair enough in theory, but it is one that, because of the close and complex relationship between an operator and his machine, can prove extremely thorny in practice.



In his suit and tie, Valvo contributes a formal flair to an event marked by extreme informality; it is Valvo—rather than, say, Harry Nelson, in a pair of moccasins and a T-shirt that says "CRAY BLITZ: World Computer Chess Championship 1983"—who looks slightly incongruous in the exhibition hall. Not that anyone could look very much out of place in a scene of such happy diversity. The hall's energetic babble—English and German and Dutch and Swedish and French and Hungarian—confirms a geographical range that differences of clothing and physiognomy have already suggested.

Significantly absent in all this polyglot chatter is the sound of Russian. At the first world championship, in 1974, a Soviet program, KAISSA, pulled off a narrow victory in a field of thirteen contestants. At that time, it appeared that the Soviet Union, which had dominated human chess since the late forties, might be on its way to establishing a corresponding hegemony in computer competitions. The Soviet government had already shown itself devoted to chess at a level without historical precedent. Over the years, an awesome institutional network had been created to offer promising players supervisory scrutiny, systematic training, financial support, psychological encouragement, and corrective discipline. As George Steiner remarked in this magazine, in a study of the 1972 Fischer-Spassky match, in Reykjavik, "no society, no political system, had ever invested comparable energies in the perfection of a pastime." But KAISSA failed to hold its own at the second world championship, and soon disappeared from the international tournament scene. Apparently, lagging Soviet proficiency in the field of computer technology made it impossible for KAISSA to compete against machines of a rapidly advancing sophistication.

The most technologically sophisticated entrant in Cologne is undoubtedly HITECH, a machine that may represent the first of a new generation of chess computers. HITECH is the offspring of a team of computer scientists led by Hans Berliner, a professor at Carnegie-Mellon University. Berliner brings to the task of designing chess computers a perhaps unmatchable range of assets. To begin with, he is a surpassingly fine chess player who was once world correspondence champion. (A genius for playing chess by mail, in which complicated problems can be cracked by a kind of leisurely tenacity, would seem valuable to the chess programmer.) Although chess expertise is not an essential skill—even a middling player can, in time, program a computer to play excellent chess—it is extremely helpful. The middling player is apt to find that his task grows increasingly knotty as his machine advances; usually, the difficulty of "advising" a computer about situations that the programmer himself only dimly understands becomes insuperable at some point, and a chess expert is called in. This solution is far from ideal, however. It often results in an unbridgeable schism, in which the chess expert fails to understand the programmer's needs and the programmer misses the subtleties the expert brings to the task. In Hans Berliner, the programmer and the chess expert are one. In addition, his position at Carnegie-Mellon provides him with access both to a pool of graduate students eager to work on such a project and to some of the most advanced computer systems in the world. Under the circumstances, one is hardly surprised that HITECH is the overwhelming favorite in the tournament.

In a field of complex machinery, HITECH is an outstandingly complicated device. It runs on a relatively modest Sun computer, which has been outfitted with some special-purpose hardware that Berliner calls "the searcher." The searcher comprises a microprocessor and a number of modules dedicated to tasks such as move generation, move evaluation, and so forth. The move generator is equipped with sixty-four custom-designed microchips, one for each square of the chessboard. Each chip is responsible for following all the moves that can be made to its assigned square within the deepening play of an ongoing analysis. HITECH's most revolutionary aspect is the way in which its parts work separately as well as coöperatively; it represents a breakthrough in what is called parallel processing. The network of commands and comparisons by which millions and millions of calculations are eventually distilled into a single move is, of course, incredibly complex, yet manageably so—as HITECH's meteoric career has demonstrated.

Midway through the championship, I talk with Berliner about his work and his machine. A short, compact man in his late fifties, whose pause-strewn speech sounds at once tentative and assured, Berliner is clearly exhilarated. His machine has won its first three games handily, and the second of these victories—against the No. 8 seed, SCHACH 2.7—was a stunner. HITECH discovered a path to victory that none of the experts in the audience had spotted. "This was a game that will go around the world," he tells me. "I know enough about chess—know enough about what the chess public wants—to say that it will go around the world. If the world champion had played this game—the human world champion—everyone would ooh and ahh. But a *computer* did it, and that's going to get people's attention."

I ask him whether he thinks of his machine as a he, a she, or an it. "An it," he replies, "but it's very near and dear to me, obviously. I think of it sort of as a super-intelligent dog. I have a pretty clever dog at home, and this machine is clever, too, in its own way. When you have clever programs around, you form a kind of close relationship. Over a period of time, you gradually realize that the machine does certain things better than you do, and your definition of what those things are gets sharper and sharper. Two weeks ago, we played in a tournament, and HITECH lost a game to a human—the first time it had ever lost a game to a player rated below it. And it played terribly. Something was wrong, and the only way you could tell that something was wrong was that it seemed to be playing worse than it used to. Well, there were five of us who had worked on it, and we all examined what we had done, and we changed a number of things, and now it seems to be playing fine, but there are some things it did that we still can't explain. So you've got a situation where these machines assume a character of their own, and you're really just a helper. We can no longer say of its thinking, 'This is good, this is bad.' That can happen only when something considerably smarter looks at something considerably dumber. Its thinking begins to become a matter of style, instead of goodness and badness. A long time ago, I worked on a selective-search program, and we have some plans actually to go back to selective search, but I'm certainly no longer driven by the thought of emulating human intelligence. I now believe I see intelligence out there all by itself, independent of what humans can do."

HAVING attained both the upper reaches of chess mastery and a comprehensive understanding of chess computers, Hans Berliner belongs to a very small international fraternity. Its members alone would seem to possess a perfect vantage for simultaneously observing the two irreconcilable sides of the game—its apparently infinite mystery and its ultimate mathematical limitations. For most chess players, whether novices or experts, the game's mystery is continually manifest, and yet its limitations are all but impossible to imagine. How can one see limitations, when the possibilities are so numerous that they might as well be infinite? At the start of any game, both players know that within a few moves—sometimes fewer than ten—they are likely to encounter a position that neither has seen before, and, quite plausibly, one that *nobody* has seen before. That a game of such narrow strictures—thirty-two pieces, sixty-four squares—can generate such freshness, so many novelties at every turn, seems to bespeak an innate inexhaustibility, akin to William Blake's "world in a grain of sand."

The game's mathematical limitations are further concealed by the anthropomorphization of the pieces. Chess has always been a simulation of warfare; the modern rook, knight, bishop, and pawn were originally a chariot, horse, elephant, and foot soldier—the four wings of the ancient Indian army—and these wooden, puppetlike figures still hint at personalities extending well beyond the arithmetic of their simple duties. When assembled on the board, theirs becomes a world as rich as any fairy tale's: horses leaping beside castellated towers; zigzagging bishops; dwarfish, interchangeable pawns; gaunt, commanding queens; and vulnerable, reclusive kings. The mathematical limitations can be obscured even further by the fluctuations of expert analysis. To the student of chess, the game's history, and especially that of opening play, evolves in cycles: first a potentially powerful line of play is discovered, then refinements are added over the years by trial and error, and at length a crushing refutation is uncovered, perhaps rendering the entire line useless—until it is reborn, often more robust than ever, when some refutation of the refutation is arrived at. While this process should rightly be seen as a series of small steps toward the impossible ideal of a full understanding of the game, it can easily induce a sense that there is something loose and fugitive at the core of chess. One may begin to feel that the game offers no durable solutions—only an infinity of responses within responses, a regressive chain of refutations.

And yet the game remains finite. Although that estimate of possible games, 25×10^{115}, is so large as to be ungraspable by the mind even by means of metaphor, it does establish an upper bound no less real for its unimaginableness. To the mathematician specializing in game theory, chess is known as a finite "tree game." And when reduced by the game theorist to its diagrammatic essence chess is shown to share the structure—in vastly more complicated form—of simple tree games like tic-tac-toe. In any finite tree game, all possible lines of play can be charted in a logical fashion, from opening moves to culmination. This chart is usually depicted as a branching tree, rooted, by convention, at the top rather than at the bottom of the page. A sketch of the

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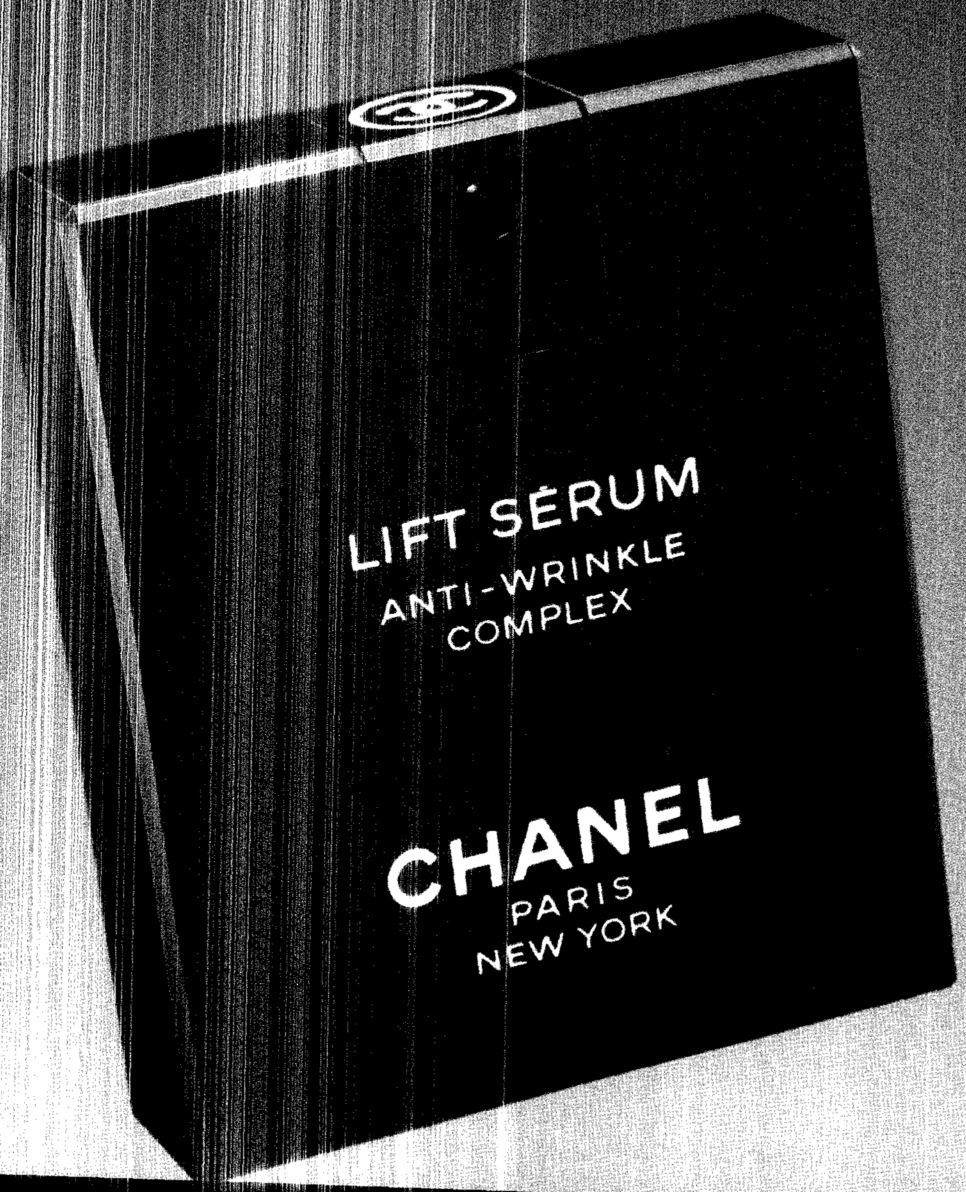

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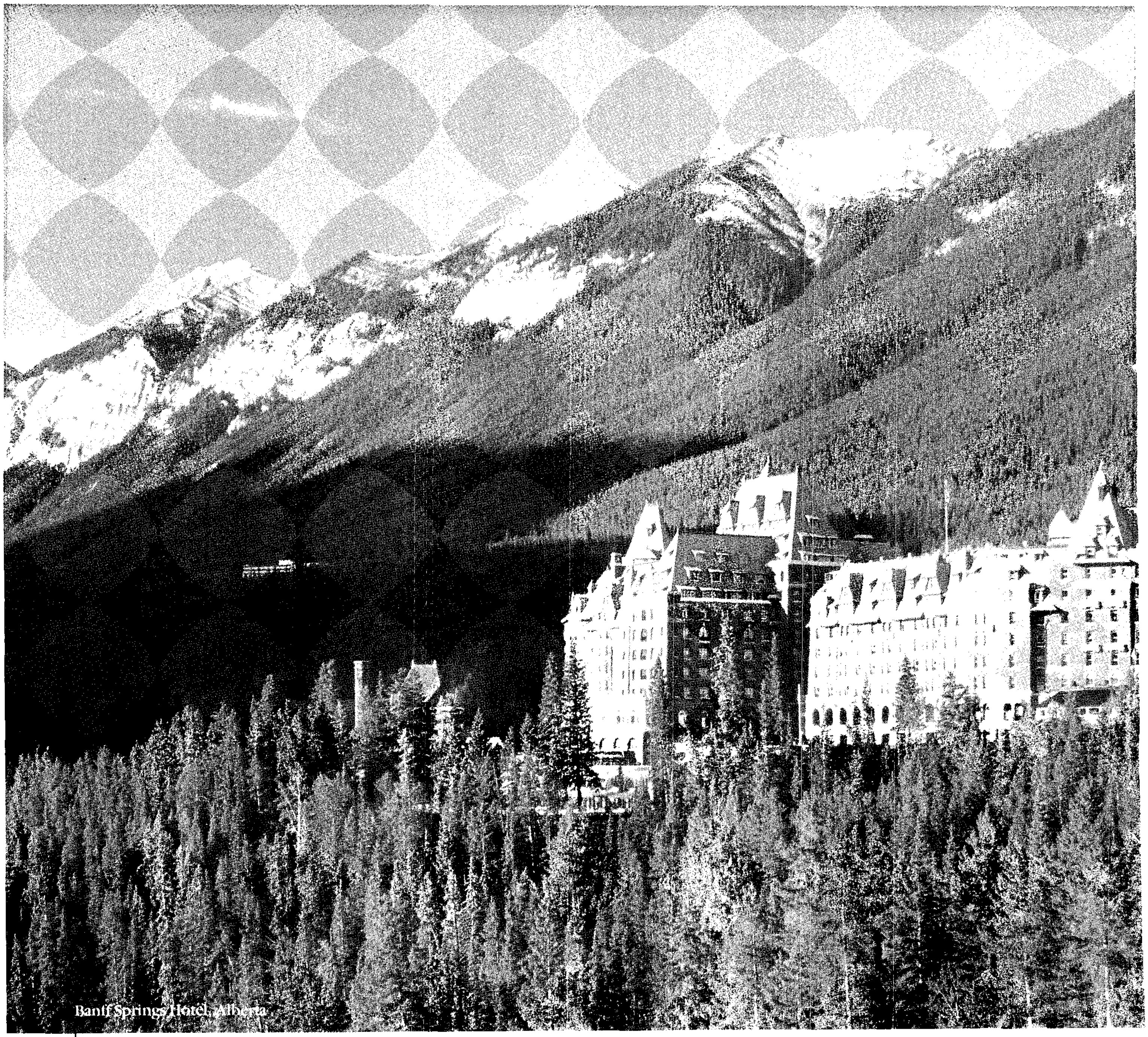

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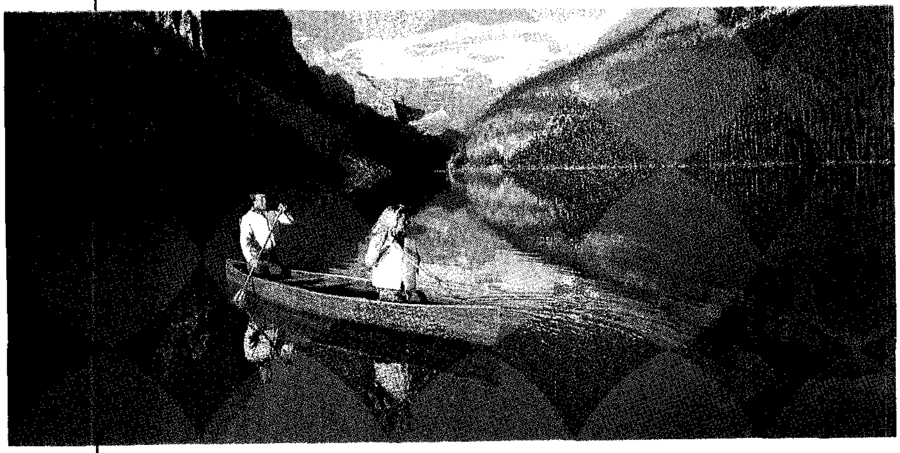

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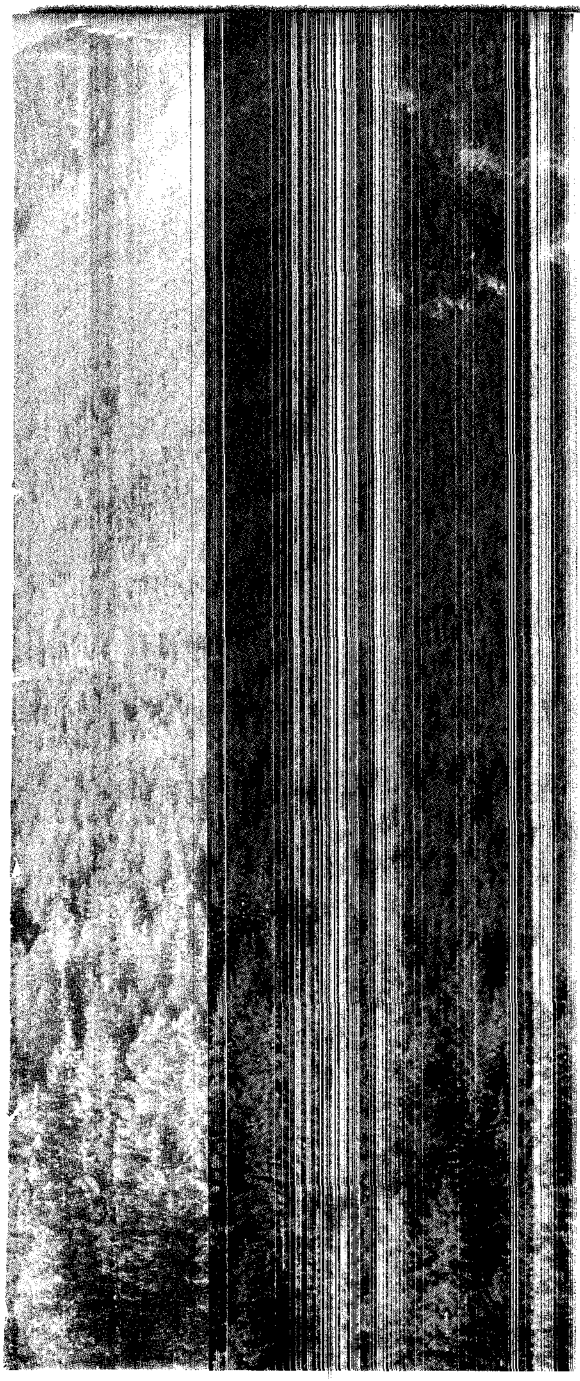

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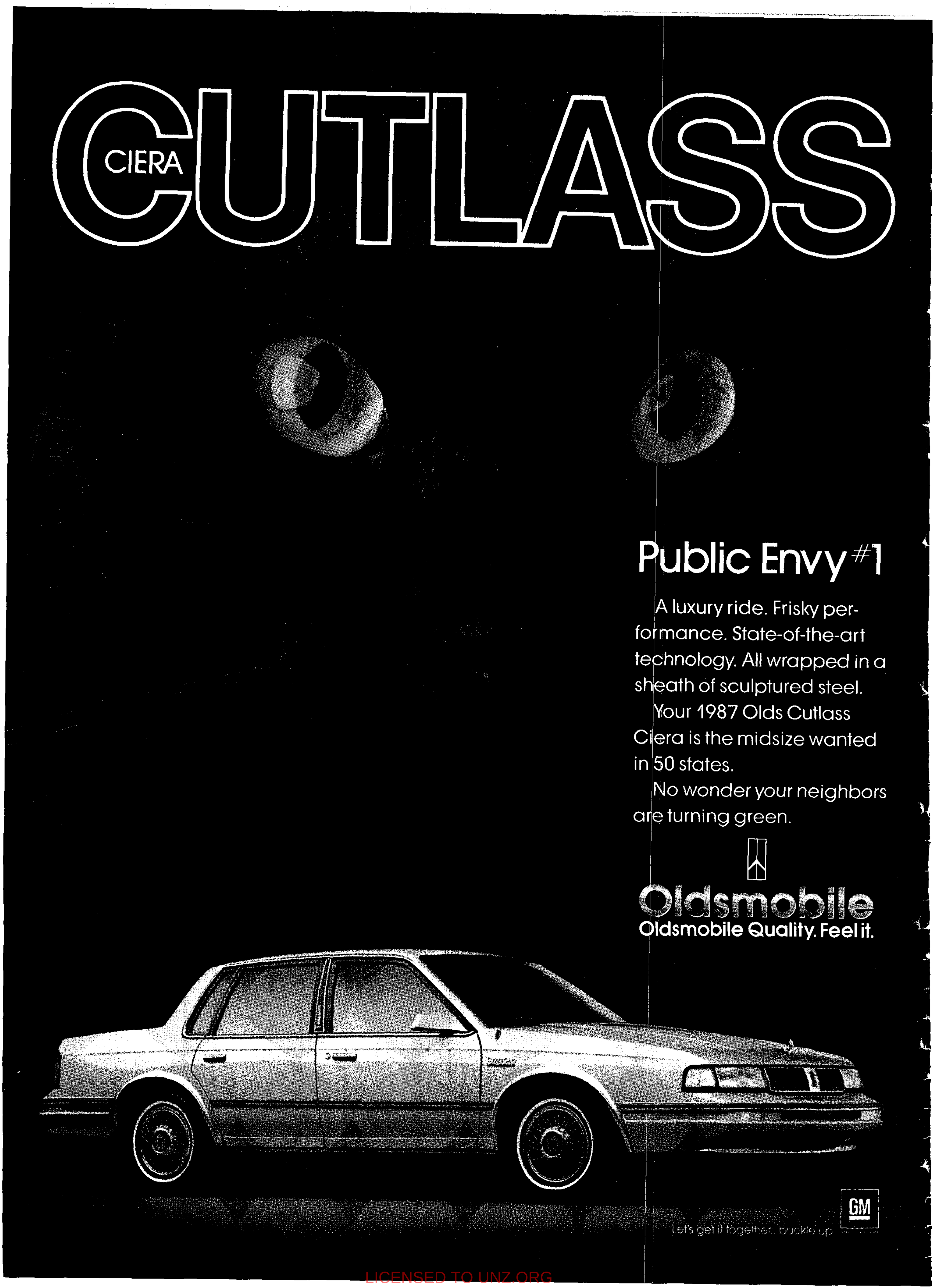

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tree for even a very elementary game like tic-tac-toe will soon outgrow the borders of any page. Nine nodes would be needed to represent the first move (one for each space on the board in which an "X" could be placed), and from each of these nodes eight branches would descend (corresponding to the eight squares left open to an "O"). The completed tree would catalogue more than three hundred and sixty thousand progressions and outcomes, and one begins to perceive that a chess game tree would soon grow astronomically large—like Yggdrasil, the tree in Norse mythology whose fruit was the stars.

The immensity of the game tree for tic-tac-toe would seem to indicate that it is a complicated game—one congenial to devious subtleties. It is no such thing, of course, and this suggests that with a little scrutiny that enormous number of nodes could be drastically reduced. The game tree, after all, charts every possible way, in every possible ordering, in which the nine squares of a tic-tac-toe board could be filled with "X"s and "O"s. But it will often happen that one player will achieve an early victory, which renders all subsequent moves—each of them scrupulously included in the game tree—irrelevant. The tree also contains thousands of positional repetitions—cases where the board reaches identical configurations of "X"s and "O"s through moves taken in different orderings. And by turning the board on its side or flipping it upside down (something that the board's vertical and horizontal symmetry permits; there is no meaningful "top" or "bottom" to a tic-tac-toe board) thousands of additional repetitions are revealed. For the pragmatic player, those three hundred and sixty thousand possible lines of play reduce to a few simple guidelines. With "proper play" on both sides—play that seizes on all opportunities for victory while offering the opponent no unnecessary advantages—the game inevitably ends in a draw. And, because the outcome is never in question, tic-tac-toe soon holds no attraction for anyone except children so young that they cannot grasp its humdrum dynamics.

As a tree game, chess is ultimately subject to the same limitations that make tic-tac-toe so dully predictable. If two players could only know what proper play on the chessboard consisted of, their games would reach the same outcome every time. Either White would always win, the players would always draw, or Black would always win. (The last seems unlikely, given the evidence, amassed over hundreds of years and millions of games, that Black suffers a sizable disadvantage by granting White the first move.) So vast is the number of possible lines of play in chess—or, put another way, so extensive is our human ignorance—that we are unable not only to identify what proper play would consist of but also to determine which of the three outcomes it would unfailingly produce. While the nature of proper play on the chessboard remains a riddle that no human being has yet begun to solve, it is a riddle with a definite answer. Hence, when two grandmasters match wits over a chessboard, their confrontation is analogous to that of two children battling at tic-tac-toe; the activity is pleasurable and challenging only because the players lack the vision to discern the game's limitations.

A little-remarked-upon reason for much of the appeal of chess may be its enchanting blend of simplicity and complexity. An intelligent person can learn in an hour the rules and some of the basic "tricks"—the pin, the discovered check, the knight fork—but the search for mastery over these maneuvers can easily consume a lifetime. For the novice, there is something deeply pleasurable in watching world champions employ the same offensive tricks one learns at the very outset. This rigorous mathematical game offers a heartening sense of comprehensibility—more welcome every year, as other mathematical disciplines become increasingly impenetrable. In Isaac Newton's time, an educated person with only a limited talent for numbers could nonetheless understand all known mathematics, and as late as the beginning of this century it was possible for the specialist to have a grasp of the entire range of mathematical exploration. Since then, discoveries have come at a dizzying rate. In the late nineteen-forties, the mathematician John von Neumann, who is often called the father of the modern computer, estimated that a skilled mathematician might understand ten per cent of what was available. Today, even the most incandescent mind can perceive only a small fraction of that fraction.

In our time, the science of mathematics yearly grows more splendidly imposing and more icily remote. How satisfying, by contrast, is the clement mathematics of chess, where the weekend player can feel that the logic underlying even the most exquisitely subtle match is accessible with some effort! Admittedly, this sense of understanding may be illusory. The weekend player cannot begin to hold in his head all the multiplicities of potential movement, the thoroughly explored and ultimately dismissed cul-de-sacs, the delicate probings and burgeoning contingencies that have occupied a grandmaster during a game, and are as much a part of it as the skeletal record of his actual moves. But at least our weekend player never feels that the very vocabulary has become lost to him. Just as their finest games seem human artifacts, the greatest grandmasters remain human figures—a reassuring humanity, brought home when, as occasionally happens under time pressure, one of them blunders into a trap that even a novice might have spotted. For the weekend player, what pleasure can be more delectable than reading that Paul Morphy (1837-84), thought by many experts to be the greatest chess genius who has ever lived, once lost a game in twelve moves?

The surpassing ferocity of chess, its range of aggressive satisfactions, can almost obscure all sorts of quiet pleasures that would appear to disport themselves in a different sector of the mind entirely. While this side of the game—its joyfully tranquil reflectiveness, its celebratory playfulness—is never wholly lost in the clangor of competition, it perhaps comes to the fore only in that extraordinarily rich sub-world of study focussed on the chess problem. Often dazzlingly ingenious, these problems usually take the form of a search for a winning sequence of moves ("White to mate in two"), although they can also be geared retrospectively, asking the solver to work backward from a given configuration to identify a previous move. For some brilliant minds, the composing or solving of these problems—a discipline whose history goes back at least a millennium—provides the supreme felicity of chess. Vladimir Nabokov was a problem-composer of great finesse, and in the introduction to "Poems and Problems" he portrayed the piquant joys of the problemist:

> Chess problems demand from the composer the same virtues that characterize all worthwhile art: originality, invention, conciseness, harmony, complexity, and splendid insincerity. The composing of those ivory-and-ebony riddles is a comparatively rare gift and an extravagantly ster-

> ile occupation; but then all art is inutile, and divinely so, if compared to a number of more popular human endeavors. Problems are the poetry of chess.

Yet the problemist's accomplishments extend even beyond what Nabokov suggests. Chess problems help to correct and balance our notions of what the game consists of. Just as the problem's remoteness from combat underscores the game's dispassionate beauties, its genius for concealing solutions in implausible places enlarges our conceptions of the board's potentialities. While many grandmasters delight in chess problems, a surprisingly large number view them with indifference, or even with active dislike. Because they are often composed around positions that would never arise in actual games, chess problems are of little use to those bent solely on improving their game skills. José Capablanca (1888-1942), one of the game's greatest champions, once remarked that he was uninterested in positions that did not arise in "real play," and one senses that the oxymoron was unrecognized by him; for Capablanca, chess was play of a sort not to be approached with levity. Like many grandmasters, he did not—or could not afford to—allow the idle, aesthetic side of the game to engross him; chess was a battle first and foremost—albeit a graceful battle, since Capablanca was a player of unparalleled nimbleness. There have been champions who felt otherwise. Wilhelm Steinitz, the world champion from 1866 to 1894, observed, "A win by an unsound combination, however showy, fills me with artistic horror." But Steinitz went briefly mad after an unsuccessful attempt to regain his title; and for most great players the need for a victory, however ragged, has always been paramount. This blinkered hunger for victory helps to explain why the literature of chess, especially that written by its greatest practitioners, proves narrow and unreflecting. When one considers how many hours of brilliant, impacted cerebration have gone into the making of the various world champions and near-champions, one can only be astonished at the barrenness of the literature they have left to the outside, non-chess-playing world. Many of the best players seem to share Bobby Fischer's view that "chess is life"—in which case there is no "outside world" one need worry about. (Ironically, the Soviet defector Viktor Korchnoi and his despised nemesis, Anatoly Karpov, who twice defeated him in the finals of the world championship, have both written books entitled "Chess Is My Life.")

Chess players resent the common portrayal of their champions as men of fervently straitened intellects, but the stereotype grows increasingly valid with every decade. Gone are the days when a world champion could devote little time to chess study and expect to retain his title. One finds, in the nineteenth century, figures like Howard Staunton, who was not only unofficial world champion but also a leading Shakespeare scholar, and in the early years of this century there was Emanuel Lasker, who devoted most of his energies to philosophy, mathematics, and social reform while remaining one of the world's strongest players for nearly fifty years. But in recent decades, as the study of chess has grown into a systematized discipline—has become a science—the contender who devotes less than full time to keeping up with its latest developments is proceeding under a severe handicap. One suspects that an occluded vision of the world has become a prerequisite for top-flight chess. Today's ambitious young players have little time for outside interests. Most of them echo another of Bobby Fischer's celebrated monomaniacal sentiments: "All I want to do, ever, is play chess."

While any cultured person must recoil at such complacent tunnel vision, in fairness one should nevertheless examine the vast range of expression that the chessboard permits. The initiated speak of the existence in chess not only of power and grace but of bluster, trickery, irony, humor. The board even admits of paradox—circumstances in which a greater number of pieces does not aid a player but actually undoes him (when, for example, a player reduced to king and pawn can conceivably be checkmated by an opponent left with king and knight but checkmate is impossible if the first player has only a king on the board). The board offers sequences that can be spoken of in terms of cowardice and courage, of punishment and justice, and an almost Platonic quest for an ideal—invulnerability—that may or may not exist. (We shall not know until, if ever, the game is solved.) This is a microcosm so capacious that there hardly seems to be anything "micro" about it. When chess is glimpsed from within—its beckoning challenges, its manifold riches all on display—any dry attempt to explain the game's hold on the imagination can look either off the point or self-evidently obtuse.

Anne Burgess

ANTHONY SCHERZER meets an unwelcome surprise on the morning of the third round of the Fifth World Computer Chess Championship. Things have gone smoothly for him so far—BE-BE has triumphed with encouraging ease in the first two rounds—but now Scherzer discovers that he has been paired against CRAY BLITZ. And, worse still, BE-BE will be playing Black. According to Scherzer's figuring, BE-BE was not due to face truly stiff competition until the fourth round, and this unexpected turn clearly dismays him.

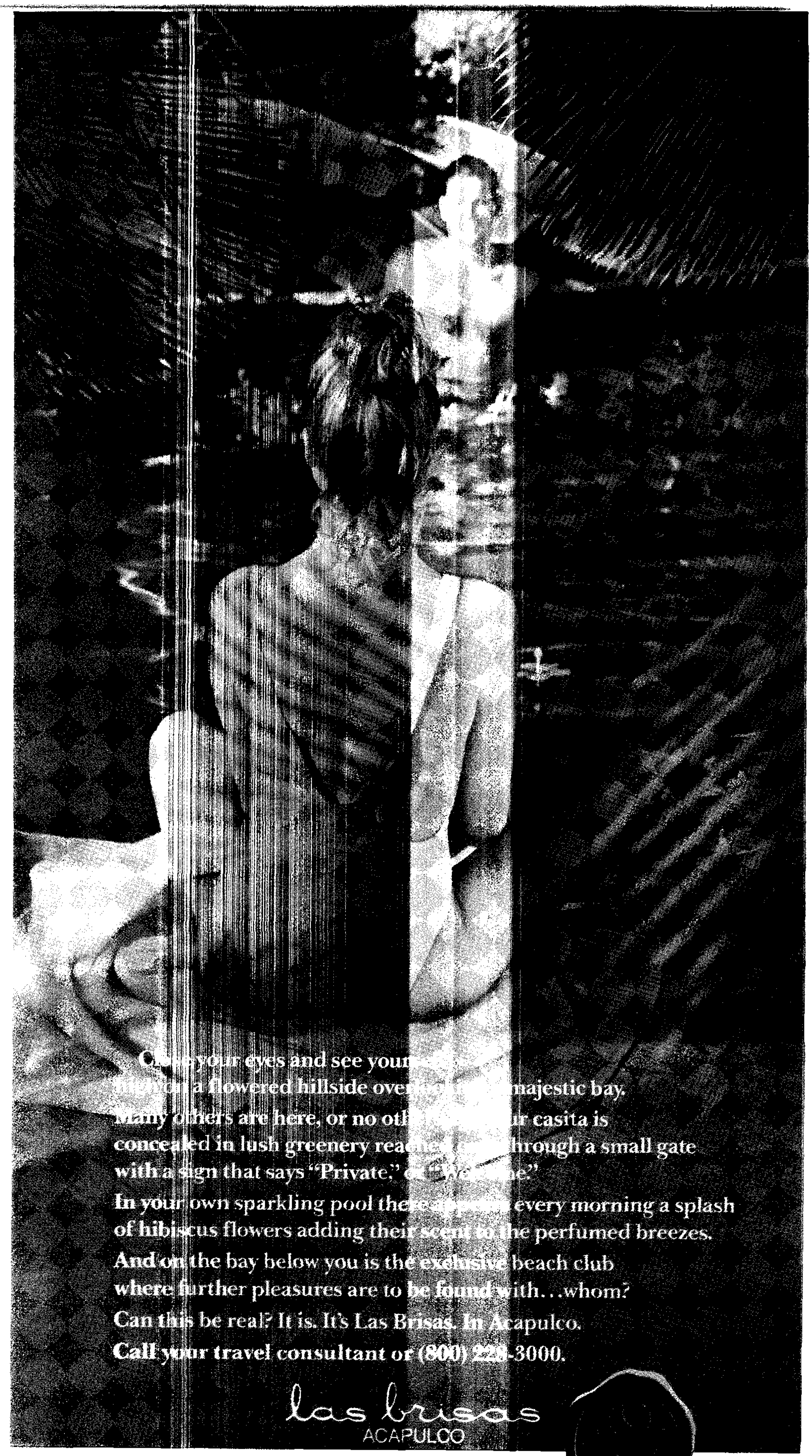
Actually, Scherzer has ample cause for optimism. The last time the two machines met—at the 1985 North American championship—BE-BE, playing Black on that occasion as well, gave CRAY BLITZ a drubbing; moreover, CRAY BLITZ has played unconvincingly in Cologne, amazing everyone by losing to BOBBY, the No. 9 seed, in the second round. Scherzer can take heart, too, at the way his machine begins the game against CRAY BLITZ. BE-BE plays the Dragon Variation of the Sicilian Defense, a line she has employed often in the past, and, according to her own numerical evaluation of the game's progress, she quickly succeeds in overcoming the disadvantage of playing Black. BE-BE's appraisal is echoed by Michael Valvo, who calls the game's opening position "roughly even." He speculates, though, that the defensive structure around BE-BE's king may be unsound.

On the twenty-third move, with CRAY BLITZ holding the slightly better position, Scherzer has an abrupt inkling of disaster. He discovers that he has forgotten to punch his time clock after completing a move, and, as a result, BE-BE has less time remaining than her own internal, unofficial clock would suggest. To minimize the effects of errors of this sort, BE-BE has been programmed to ask periodically for a "time check," which she does again at move twenty-five. Scherzer, tapping at his keyboard, informs his machine of the error, and BE-BE, which has been programmed to adjust to such discrepancies as rapidly as possible, allows herself only a few seconds of calculation time on the next couple of moves. Rather than her usual seven-ply search, BE-BE undertakes a search only to three ply—which, according to Scherzer, is "almost like moving at random." CRAY BLITZ quickly seizes a commanding edge, and although, as Valvo remarks, "there is still some kicking left," the outcome is clear. Scherzer resigns for his machine on the forty-sixth move.

The nature of BE-BE's loss to CRAY BLITZ illuminates some of the difficulties lurking in Valvo's injunction that "machines should not be responsible for human error." On the one hand, it seems unfair to penalize BE-BE for Scherzer's oversight. On the other, BE-BE's method of making up lost time reveals a grave shortcoming in her play. In a better program, as Scherzer ruefully acknowledges, lost minutes would be made up gradually, by reducing slightly the time reserved for the next ten or fifteen or twenty moves. In any case, Scherzer does not present Valvo with an immediate appeal for some saving adjudication, and the loss must stand.

BE-BE's loss also highlights some of the problems found in the distinction—crucial to orthodox chess analysis—between tactics and strategy. Though the two terms tend to overlap, they are in conception cleanly separable. Tactics are defined as short-term plans, usually turning upon perceived opportunities for material advantage. The tactician naturally thrives in complex positions where his opponent may overlook a potential fork or skewer or pin; the strategist focusses on the game's long-term flow, often with an eye toward the uncluttered dynamics of the endgame. Tactical proficiency requires extraordinary meticulousness, an ability to envision in panoptic detail the branchings of all proposed moves and counter-moves; strategy incorporates a degree of imprecision and uncertainty, and it is here that experts will most likely speak of a "feel for the game." BE-BE's unfortunate defensive structure was not so much a tactical error—although material loss finally resulted—as a strategic one: a failure to discern the game's eventual evolution and demands.

Chess machines are by nature tacti-



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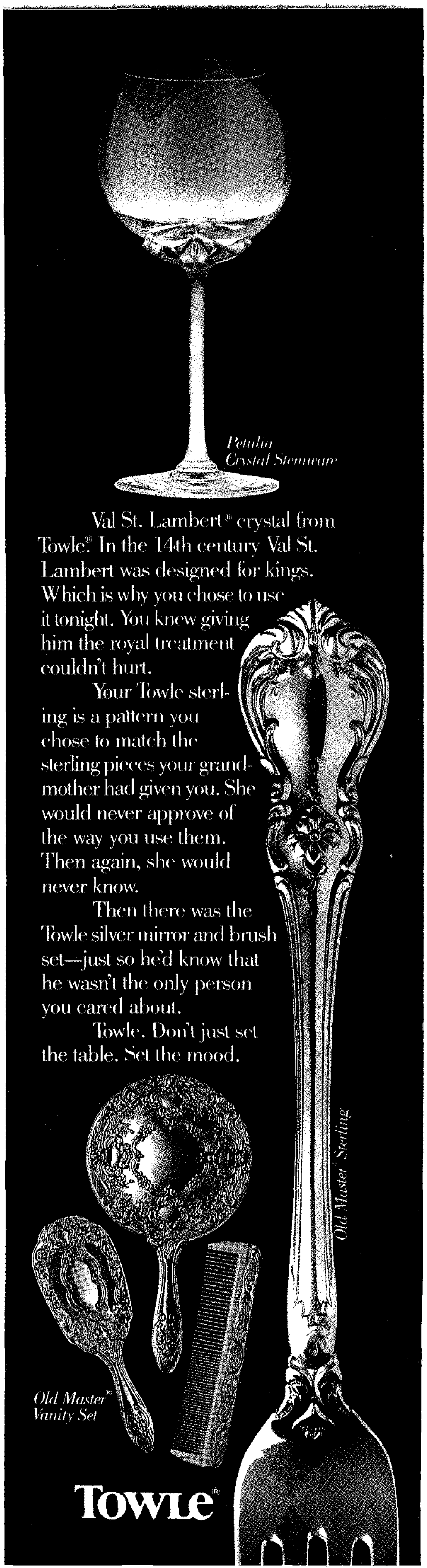
cal players. In Valvo's words, "chess machines don't make plans, they make moves." What they lack in perception or in the ability to formulate long-term strategies they can often compensate for through an astounding ability to sift through short-term complexities. Tactical opportunities usually stem from an oversight—something that chess machines, with their exhaustive analyses, are extremely good at uncovering in an opponent's play and avoiding in their own. Even grandmasters will at times miss obvious threats or opportunities, but except when there is some elementary bug in the system (which in the best machines occurs very rarely) a BE-BE or a CRAY BLITZ or a HITECH is immune to short-term oversights.

Chess machines have become such skillful tacticians that they are forcing a reëvaluation of the intertwined natures and the relative importance of tactics and strategy. When a machine opens a game, it has, strictly speaking, no strategic vision whatever. Its analysis is restricted to the depth of search that time constraints permit—usually a depth of seven ply, in the early and middle stages of the game. Of the potential moves that lie beyond this depth it sees nothing; and, indeed, it has no concept—in any sense of that term—of the game's existence beyond the limits of its search. This blindness, which is known as the "horizon effect," can often produce risibly bad play. When, for example, a piece must inevitably fall but its loss can be delayed beyond the number of moves that there is time to evaluate, some machines will behave with an ostrichlike sense of security. Proceeding under the normally sound assumption that positional disadvantages are less calamitous than material losses, a machine may begin to interpose a variety of structurally disastrous delaying moves, failing to perceive not only that the loss of the piece is inevitable but also that such moves, when coupled with material loss, can prove ruinous. A human player in this situation can "outsee" his computer opponent. He has the discernment—lacking in the nongeneralizing, nonjudgmental machine—to recognize delaying moves for what they are and to penetrate to the essence of a position. Through a wide range of ingenious ad-hoc techniques, chess programmers have alleviated many of the problems associated with the horizon effect, but they have not yet begun to meet the larger challenges involved in teaching machines to think strategically.

The computer's inability to recognize patterns or to make long-range plans was once commonly seen as an insurmountable shortcoming: surely a machine incapable of strategy could never play top-level chess. Tactics have traditionally been regarded as the more pedestrian half of chess mastery, the game's true flights of genius being reserved for that cloudy zone where strategy's intuitions drift and assemble. BE-BE, HITECH, and other "tactical monsters" have shaken this notion. That machines incapable of strategy could be ranked with some of the best players in the country forces us to reappraise the limits of tactical play. Evidently, machines and human beings may follow widely divergent roads to chess mastery. Some programmers have begun to speculate that only minimal improvements in strategic abilities will be necessary to enable the computers of the future to compete successfully with the best players in the world—provided that tactical skills continue to improve through increases in computing speed. Robert Hyatt, the leader of the CRAY BLITZ team, is even more optimistic, believing that strategy may be wholly unnecessary. "We could stop working on CRAY BLITZ, and the program could still beat a human world champion one day, just because of technology," he says. "I mean, it plays well. And technology is coming along that will let it run faster. Now we're promised by the year 2000 another factor of a thousand in computing speed. That's another four ply, at least. We're talking about doing a twelve-ply exhaustive search. I think that's good enough to become world champion plus." On the other hand, the Englishman David Levy, who is an international master and the author of several books about computer chess, insists that without great improvements in strategic capabilities machines will still need well over a century to reach the top. Speed is not enough. Levy says of Hyatt's prediction, "I would happily bet him a million dollars right now that he's wrong." He notes that Hyatt's theory could be tested without waiting for an increase in computing speed, simply by permitting CRAY BLITZ to take an average of three thousand minutes per move, rather than the three minutes normally allowed. According



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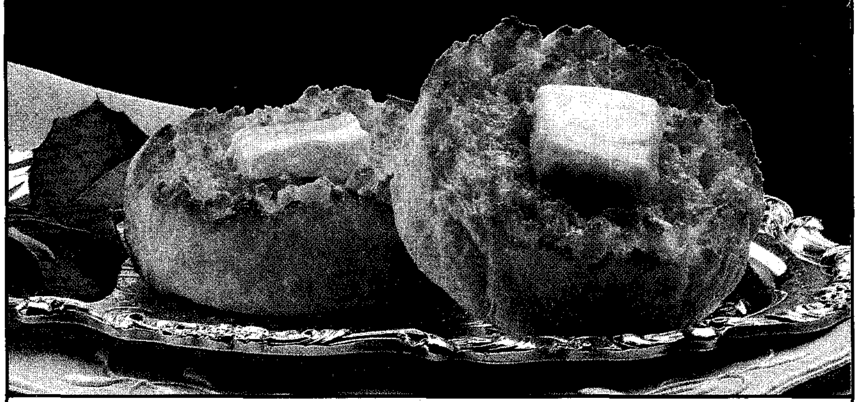

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to Levy, CRAY BLITZ would still be "wiped out" by any human world champion.

Levy emphasizes that the only way to understand the progress chess machines have made in recent years is to look beyond their tournament records and their improved ratings. Chess players throughout the world are given a point rating based on their tournament performances. For example, the mean rating of tournament players in America is approximately 1500. Gary Kasparov, the world champion, has a rating of 2735. The best computers now perform at about the 2300 level. Purely in terms of numbers, HITECH is closer to the world champion than to the average tournament player. But many chess programmers believe that that closeness is illusory. According to this view, it's not just a matter of machines climbing another five hundred points; rather, some sort of quantum leap is necessary. Computers cannot yet match the flexibility that a human being brings to the chessboard, or human powers of strategy, analogical reasoning, and pattern recognition—although, being impervious to fatigue, emotional problems, and lapses of concentration, computers can play unmatchably consistent chess.

Perhaps the greatest potential strength of chess machines lies in their ability (which even grandmasters must regard with longing) to view the pieces on the board not as individuals but as one organic whole. Actually, this is an advantage that the programmer creates by necessity. This enviably unified vision derives from the machine's need to reduce all the combinations of pieces to mathematical sums. Each potential configuration must be translatable into the one language the machine understands—a precise, binary language—before its "evaluation function" can select the best move from the multitudes available. Thus, each of the millions of positions that a machine will weigh before moving is, in the last analysis, nothing more than that position's assigned score. The computer has a promising advantage, too, in what might be termed its open-mindedness. A skilled human player approaches the game armed with various injunctions (e.g., "Do not tamper with your king-side pawns"), and these, while they are useful in most instances, may unconsciously cramp his thinking. Such rules of thumb—or heuristics, to use the chess programmers' term—have been programmed into computers, too. But in recent years programmers have moved toward more flexible play. Ideally, a good machine will often choose the same move that a heuristic would have suggested but will do so "thoughtfully" rather than mechanically. In the next decade or so, as chess programs continue to venture beyond set guidelines and conceptions, we can expect to see machines producing increasingly original, fertile lines of play, whose unfamiliarity will vex human opponents.

Finally, the computer is not subject to fits of egotistical stubbornness—the fear of looking indecisive or foolish. While a human player may be unwilling to return a piece to its former square lest this seem an acknowledgment that the previous advance was ill-conceived, a computer will retreat readily. It is not imprisoned by its previous analyses. Indeed, the computer, to an extent that a human being can scarcely imagine, approaches each move freshly, taking into consideration only the board as it currently stands. With each new move, the machine confronts an original mathematical problem, and there is no compelling link between one move and the next. Hence, when a chess machine encounters a particular position it will come up with a move unaffected by whether *it* brought the game to this state or someone else did (as when Ken Thompson offered BELLE a chance to commit anew Fischer's queen sacrifice in the "game of the century").

A chess machine needs all these advantages if it is to compensate for its inability to recognize what programmers call "garbage moves." HITECH sounds unbeatable when one first learns that it can analyze a hundred and seventy-five thousand positions per second, but all except a tiny fraction of these represent lines of play so ludicrously inept that not even a novice would bother with them for a moment. Garbage moves are so overwhelmingly predominant in any chess game tree that for some time many experts believed that no full-width machine could ever advance above a middling level of play; it was assumed that a machine that could not immediately dismiss such moves would never have time to probe plausible, promising lines of play to a sufficient depth. The surprising success of the full-width machines in the last two decades springs from two technical breakthroughs. The first is sheer speed; the emergence in the nineteen-sixties of the silicon chip as a replacement for the transistor made it theoretically possible for full-width machines to sift with the necessary speed through the millions of garbage moves inevitably encountered in any search running seven or eight ply deep. The second breakthrough—or chain of breakthroughs—has been the evolution of remarkably efficient methods of searching a game tree.

The most important of these, known as the alpha-beta search method, descends from the game-theory analysis of John von Neumann and Oskar Morgenstern in the nineteen-forties—especially their model of a "minimax" procedure, which assumes that each player of a game is continually seeking to compel play along lines that will minimize his opponent's strengths while maximizing his own. This procedure employs a somewhat unrealistic but eminently useful assumption—that one's opponent will make the best move available to him, the "best move" being, in computer chess, the strongest according to the machine's evaluation function. Of course, the machine's opponent may overlook the best possible move, or may discover what might fancifully be termed a "better best possible move"—one based on an evaluation more sophisticated than the machine's. Nonetheless, by assuming that the best possible move will be made, the machine generally insures that if it misjudges its opponent it does so prudently, deeming him more formidable than he is. The alpha-beta search method allows a great many branches of a game tree to be preliminarily dismissed—or "pruned," in programmer vernacular.

d. ehrenberg

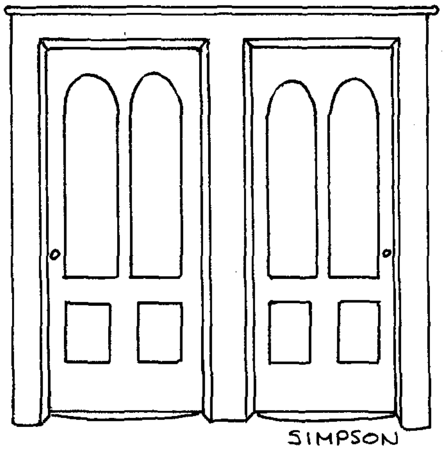
The best way to illustrate how an inanimate object narrows its own field of analysis, thereby effectively simulating the human brain's invaluable talent for selectivity, is by means of a very simple game tree. Let us assume that we have a chess machine named BLAKE, which searches to a depth of only two ply. If BLAKE has four possible moves (A, B, C, D), to each of which its opponent has four possible replies (A^1, A^2, A^3, and A^4 corresponding to move A; B^1, B^2, B^3, and B^4 to move B; etc.), then we have a game tree of sixteen (four times four) terminal nodes. Assume, further, that BLAKE has evaluated the four positions resulting from the replies to move A and has assigned to them scores of +2.0, +1.5, +3.0, and +3.25, when +1.0 would indicate an advantage to BLAKE equal to one pawn. Then if BLAKE makes move A and its opponent replies with move A^4, according to BLAKE's evaluation the resulting position gives BLAKE an advantage equivalent to three and a quarter pawns. The minimax procedure presupposes, however, that the opponent would reply with A^2, thereby minimizing BLAKE's advantage to one and a half pawns. Having evaluated all replies to move A, BLAKE would store these values and investigate move B. Now, if an evaluation of the position resulting from reply B^1 were to result in a score of only +.01, BLAKE could halt its analysis of *all* replies to B. It need not evaluate moves B^2, B^3, and B^4. Even if each of these moves would result in an enormous advantage to BLAKE, move B would still be deemed undesirable, because of the assumption that the opponent would choose the best possible option for himself—avoiding these three moves in favor of B^1, which effectively evens the game. By making move A instead of move B, BLAKE insures that its opponent can do no better than minimize BLAKE's advantage to a score of +1.5. Upon "realizing" that it has analyzed move B sufficiently, BLAKE prunes the three other moves (B^2, B^3, and B^4) and begins its analysis of move C.

By itself, the alpha-beta method could not reduce a chess game tree to a manageable size. Additional streamlining was needed. In the last few years, programmers have found a partial solution in the fact that pruning tends to be far more efficient if an opponent's strongest moves are considered at the outset. If an opponent has even one strong response in a hypothesized line of play, then, according to the best-possible-move assumption, that line is vitiated; and the earlier this strong response is discovered, the sooner the entire line can be pruned. Various programming techniques have been devised to increase the likelihood that the opponent's best moves will be considered first. Once these are tentatively established, the order in which the computer is scheduled to search the game tree can be shifted accordingly. In a complex machine like BELLE or CRAY BLITZ, the ordering of the search is shifted constantly, even within the analysis of a single move. When depicted on paper, a game tree has a static appearance, much like a tree in nature, but the tree that lies encoded inside the machine is something else entirely. If one seeks to envision this thing that Ken Thompson calls a "weird space" (and without some image for the bewildered mind to fix on, the computer's tree search is all but incomprehensible), one is left with a picture of a tree whose branches are forever being lopped from one section of the trunk and grafted to another, all at lightning speeds.

A task at once monumental and unavoidable, the pruning of the game tree has provided programmers with an opportunity to display their keenest ingenuity. In many cases, they have reduced their tree searches by well over ninety-nine per cent. This has, in effect, made their machines well over a hundred times faster. They have further speeded up their machines by programming them to think on the opponent's time. While its human adversary sits weighing his options, a computer may have already predicted his most likely move and begun the search for a powerful rebuttal. Of course, it often happens that this prediction is incorrect (though less often than one might suppose; against expert opponents, CRAY BLITZ can perform such "mind reading" with forty per cent accuracy), and in that case all the machine's analyses are wasted. Nonetheless, the "wasted" efforts of an indefatigable machine are not analogous to those of a human being, who must conserve his mental powers. The computer has nothing to lose, and much to gain, by carrying on an unceasing analysis.

WHEN laymen ask chess programmers about their work, the most frequent question is: Will computers eventually defeat the greatest human players? Over the years, embarrassingly rash predictions have been made. In 1957, Herbert Simon, a colleague of Hans Berliner's at Carnegie-Mellon and a pioneer in the field of artificial intelligence, predicted that "within ten years a digital computer will be the world's chess champion, unless the rules bar it from competition." In fact, the chess machines of 1967, notwithstanding astonishing increases in computing speed, were still playing at a level well below that of a good club player. Still, developments were coming quickly, and there were a number of programs already on the scene which were capable of solid, well-balanced play that incorporated the basic principles of opening, middle game, and endgame. It looked as though the only things lacking were elementary refinements and a mere increase in speed. So it seemed, anyway, to a group of computer scientists in 1968, who wagered David Levy, in a series of bets that ultimately totalled about twenty-five hundred dollars, that a machine would be able to defeat him within ten years. In 1977, a two-game match was arranged between Levy and a machine called CHESS 4.5, and Levy triumphed easily. A year later, with the evolution of an improved program named CHESS 4.7, Levy faced a stiffer challenge. Exercising extreme caution and slow, solid development—a "do-nothing-but-do-it-well strategy," according to Levy—he convincingly routed CHESS 4.7 by the score of 3–1–1. Levy's one loss resulted from a somewhat cocky attempt to overcome the computer by means of the sort of risky tactical play that it excelled at refuting. Nonetheless, he hesitated to make a similar bet on a match to be held in 1988, admitting that he was "not quite confident of my own ability."

Ken Thompson says that only after years of working with chess machines has he begun to appreciate the heights of human chess achievement. The apparent accessibility of grandmaster chess can work to obscure its magnificent and remote genius. Even the novice can perceive some of the dizzying height of human achievement on the chessboard if it takes the form of a flashy demonstration—as when the Hungarian international master Janos Flesch played blindfolded against fifty-two opponents simultaneously and won thirty-one of the games, drawing eighteen and losing only three. But the celestial brilliance that illuminates the very summits of chess—the unbelievably complex analysis of hypothetical positions that lie ten and twenty and thirty moves off—burns at such an elevated altitude that it can hardly be glimpsed or imagined by the average player. Thompson's experience suggests that one result of better machines may be an appreciation, rather than a devaluation, of human achievement in chess—though at present it is very difficult to say exactly how computers will finally affect our view of the game. Expert opinion in both fields—chess and computer science—is divided.



David Levy, who for a time made a scanty living as a chess writer and professional (he is now the chairman of Intelligent Chess Software, Ltd., in London), offers reassurance to those wary of the machine. A remarkably articulate man who has given the matter a good deal of thought, Levy believes that chess machines will benefit almost everyone in the chess world. "The development of the motorcar did nothing to impede our interest in the footrace, did it?" he asks. He feels that, instead of siphoning away prize money, chess machines—through their manufacturers—will contribute to it, and points out that companies in the computer business are already sponsoring various master tournaments. Levy envisions human and mechanical players working together in fruitful and exciting combinations. "You could invent a tournament rule that said that each human being will have his own computer, and perhaps three times during the game the human being could get the computer to make a move for him," he explained in a recent conversation. "The human could choose on which three occasions to use the computer, but once he had used up his three occasions he'd be on his own." Levy views the chess machine as potentially the greatest single tool of instruction in the history of chess, believing that it will free the game from the urban centers where, traditionally, young players have found the dense variety of competition they need in order to grow. He foresees new generations of grandmasters emerging from rural areas, and from countries that have never had a strong chess heritage. What the radio did for music, carrying its richnesses and

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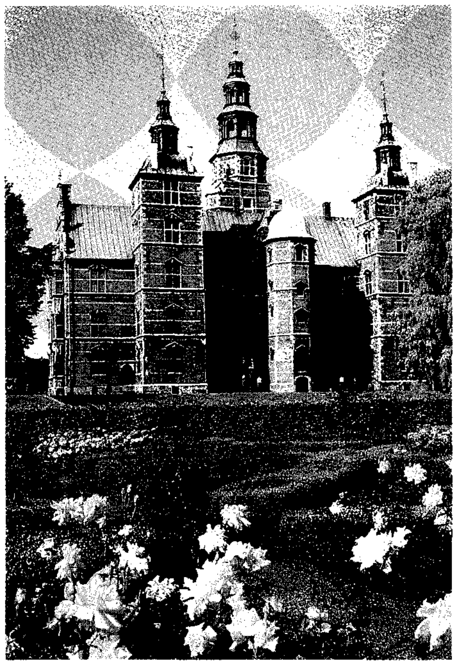

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challenges into the hinterland, the computer will do for chess. "The game," Levy concludes, "is about to undergo a wonderful revolution."

It is a wonderful revolution that all sorts of players, and not merely budding professionals concerned about their careers, are dreading. Among weekend players, the prospect is generally viewed with undiluted anxiety—an anxiety often linked to a pervasive concern over the increasing presence of computers in our lives. Even among chess programmers, who naturally would like to see a machine become the world champion, one sometimes senses what might be called an anticipatory nostalgia for the days when human beings reigned over the board. For the public at large, a confrontation as stark as that of man versus machine on the chessboard could easily take on powerful significance. Man's threatened overthrow on the board might seem emblematic of a more minatory defeat. And one can easily see how psychologically lacerating the encounter might be if it took place between a monomaniac of the "chess is life" variety and a machine that was able to defeat all human opponents. How could such a player escape the conclusion that life is most ably enacted by the lifeless? At the very least, the ascendancy of the chess machine would force us to concede that a field traditionally regarded as artistic and intuitive can be mastered by means of a methodical and "unimaginative" mathematics. As soon as an indefinable "feel for the game" is no longer a prerequisite for a world champion, chess must undoubtedly undergo a demystification—one with implications ranging far beyond the chessboard. The triumph of the chess machine would be strong evidence that mastery of a variety of aesthetic, "humanistic" activities might be open to the computer.

The chessboard's accessibility to the computer's inorganic brain should perhaps be viewed as an extension of its hospitality to the peculiar mind of the child prodigy. In its narrow profundity, the prodigy's intellect suggests, after all, a kind of proto-computer. Even before the advent of chess machines, no one doubted that, for an "art form," the game calls upon an unusually restricted range in the psyche. Chess is one of the few mental disciplines in which the contributions of children have proved not only noteworthy but inseparable in kind from what the best adult minds have accomplished. Steiner wrote that "in only three human pursuits—mathematics, music, chess—have creative results been achieved before puberty." The three fields share obvious affinities. A number of grandmasters have been fine mathematicians (including the former world champions Dr. Max Euwe and Emanuel Lasker, both of whom taught at the university level) or musicians (most impressively, the eighteenth-century Frenchman François-André Danican Philidor, who was not only the most influential chess writer of all time but also a composer of lasting interest). Chess players and musicians alike resist the notion that their creativity may be reducible to "mere numbers," but both fields can reasonably be viewed as branches of mathematics. While it may well be that all creative activities will ultimately prove to have a codifiable, quantifiable basis, music and chess have a mathematical grounding that never lies very far below the surface, and the three disciplines present a range of similar demands and appeals: each requires little emotional maturity or knowledge of the world for its mastery; each employs patterns of a sufficient logical rigor to permit missing terms or sequences to be supplied through deduction; and each seems to exist in a hermetic zone whose independence of the larger world offers the promise of transcendental release.

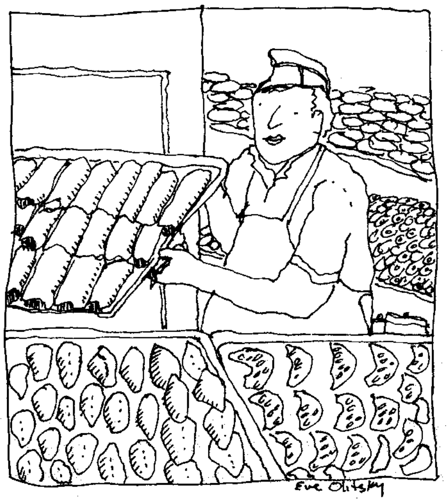
Hermetic and logical, impersonal and transcendent—music, of all the fine arts, might appear to be the most accessible to the internal maneuverings of the computer. At the previous world championship, in New York, I discussed this question with Benjamin Mittman and Monty Newborn, the two co-chairmen of the tournament. Newborn is a professor of computer science at McGill University and the inventor of OSTRICH, one of the competitors. He is also one of only two people in the world who have competed in all five world championships. Mittman, a professor at Northwestern University's Graduate School of Management, was the president of the International Computer Chess Association from its founding, in 1977, until 1983. Their long-standing friendship seems to thrive on a pointed disagreement about the future of computer science; Newborn believes the computer capable of just about anything, whereas Mittman sees it as a wonderful but inherently restricted tool. In our talk, Mittman, in particular, appeared skeptical about a computer's ability ever to compose music that would be anything more than a novelty or a curiosity, while Newborn—with a glint in his eye suggesting that he enjoyed being provocative, but with patent conviction as well—said, "I wouldn't be surprised if computers turned out to be far better composers than human beings ever were." He foresaw a time, not so many years hence, when people would go to the concert hall to hear computer symphonies that "will bring tears to the eyes." He seemed to enjoy Mittman's hoot of disbelief.

"There has always been hostility to things that change man's perspective of the universe," he said. "It's perfectly natural. It's consistent with everything else we've done. That's why computer chess is so interesting—because it's the first place where this relationship is being tested to the limit; it's the testing block for how much intelligence computers can have. The computer is reshaping man's position in the universe. Man started with the universe revolving around him, and then it wasn't revolving around him. He began as a special animal, and now he really isn't such a special animal. But then he figured his brain was special. Well, his brain ain't so special."

JUST how "special" our brains are—which is to say, to what degree they are not duplicable by machines—has emerged as the central issue in the field of artificial intelligence. There is as yet no way of knowing whether any inherent boundaries exist to a machine's capacity for replicating human thought—or how, if such boundaries exist, they might be categorized or defined. Meanwhile, researchers in artificial intelligence tend to feel both vexed and amused at the way the public seems unthinkingly to shift its definition of creativity to exclude machines. In her book "Machines Who Think," Pamela McCorduck observes, "There is superstition about creativity, and for that matter, about thinking in every sense, and it's part of the history of the field of artificial intelligence that every time somebody figured out how to make a computer do something—play good checkers, solve simple but relatively informal problems—there was a chorus of critics to say, but that's not *thinking*." In the next few decades, our society will certainly see machines dramatically extend their range of activities, and "creativity" will doubtless have to submit to a good deal of redefinition. Whether we will be able to keep the term at all—at least in its present guise as a process both mysteriously and uniquely human—is a question that encompasses deep neurological and philosophical issues.

Where an answer to the riddle of creativity might be found remains problematic. It may be encoded in the currently arcane chemical processes of the cortical network—or, indeed, it may lie in some disembodied quintessence that exists in the spirit, outside the laws of chemistry altogether. But if creativity is quantitatively encoded in the human brain, it could in time prove wholly comprehensible. Many in the artificial-intelligence community believe that research will eventually illustrate that there is no irreducible mystery to the mind. Its content will prove not only comprehensible but duplicable by machines. This view denies any fundamental difference between inorganic and organic processes, and also between man's thought and that of the lower animals. Its proponents often make much of the structural similarities between machine and human intelligence: both brain and computer work by on-off switches—neurons and bits, respectively—that fire other on-off switches in elaborate, looping communication networks. These are not people who speak dismissively of the brain's capabilities. Everyone who works in artificial intelligence is daily compelled to marvel at how much more the mind can do than any machine, a superiority all the more remarkable given the severe handicap the brain labors under as a communication system: it works slowly. A single neuron can be "switched" on and off only some hundred times per second, many thousands of times slower than the speed attained by a computer bit. And, of course, machines are getting much faster, year by year, while the brain's speed is neurologically fixed. The genius of the brain as an information-processor system resides in its hardware—that Gordian knot of neural loops and windings, so unbelievably complex that present-day computer scientists cannot begin to see how some apparatus composed of silicon and metal might ever be constructed to match its range and flexibility. Given the present impossibility of understanding the mind's chemical operations, computer scientists interested in exploring the overlap of artificial and human intelligences have naturally focussed not on parallels of internal structure but on external results. The game of chess engages the computer scientist because it provides a zone in which satisfyingly complicated results can be achieved by divergent structures. Man and machine, flesh and metal, here compete as equals.

The ghost of the great British mathematician Alan Turing lingers over this emphasis on duplicating external results rather than internal structures. An enigmatic and often beleaguered figure, whose life ended in apparent suicide in 1954, Turing was a wide-ranging theorist whose fanciful notions had a way of infiltrating and shaping the domain of the practical and workaday. In the thirties, he hypothesized the existence of a forerunner of the modern computer which he called an abstract universal computing machine, and showed how it could be built. His machine could, in principle, duplicate the functions of any far more sophisticated computer. While a specialized machine might be designed to perform one task with formidable efficiency—as has in fact come to pass in the special-purpose hardware of BE-BE and BELLE—Turing's machine could be programmed to match its every operation, provided the storage tape was long enough. In reality, this tape would have to be of stupefying length even for relatively simple operations. Turing's hypothetical apparatus, however, suggests that all modern computers are fundamentally alike. They are universal machines, and each one can, in principle, be reprogrammed to duplicate the operations of every other. Turing's accomplishment encouraged the belief that differences between machines and men might likewise prove superficial. His machine may have been even more universal than he originally conjectured: it could conceivably provide a model for the duplication of the human brain.



In 1950, attempting in characteristically workmanlike fashion to come to grips with the horrific complexities of defining "thought" or "thinking," Turing published a paper entitled "Computing Machinery and Intelligence," in which he began with the simple question "Can machines think?" and proposed an equally simple experiment. A man is to be placed in an isolated room, from which he will conduct two interrogations through a teleprinter—one with another human being, and the other with a computer programmed to feign (by outright lying, if necessary) that it, too, is human. If the isolated interrogator is unable after a sufficient length of time (Turing believed that five minutes might be fair) to distinguish the human being from the machine, then it would be "the solipsist point of view" not to concede that the machine could think. Turing's reasoning was the more persuasive for its commonsensical tone. Surely the existence of thought in others can be determined only through external evidence. While one's own thinking is perceptible directly, through the constant inner tumult of consciousness, that of others is detectable only through their behavior, and chiefly through what they say. So if a machine could produce the very same evidence of thought that we require of human beings, it would be unfair to deny that it has the ability to think. Turing compiled a list of possible refutations to the concept of machine thought, beginning with what he called the Theological Objection ("Thinking is a function of man's immortal soul"), which he dismissed with a predictably terse impatience. (Ironically, this man who in so many ways disdained the vaporous and spiritual believed in extrasensory perception, and considered it the one mental activity that might forever lie outside the abilities of machines.) Turing is perhaps to be criticized for his narrow philosophical materialism, but, having pitched his experiment from the outset in terms of empirical behavior, he is in fairness entitled to be countered on that level.

What Turing sought was learned, scientific opposition—of the sort that has lately come from Joseph Weizenbaum, a professor of computer science at M.I.T., whose book "Computer Power and Human Reason" is a leading text on the possible restrictions, both physical and moral, on computer development. Weizenbaum contends that modern society has gradually been duped into viewing thought as a narrowly rational activity rather than as a range of processes infrangibly linked to a physical anatomy and a social upbringing—to the interactions of an organic body with other such bodies. For Weizenbaum, the concept of thought independent of corporeality is both illogical and, in its distortion of human nature, menacing:

> A theory is, of course, itself a conceptual framework. And so it determines what is and what is not to count as fact. The theories—or, perhaps better said, the root metaphors—that have hypnotized the artificial intelligentsia, and large segments of the general public as well, have long ago determined that life is what is computable and only that. . . .
>
> But, and this is the saving grace of which an insolent and arrogant scientism attempts to rob us, we come to know and understand not only by way of the mechanisms of the conscious. We are capable of listening with the third ear, of sensing living truth that is truth beyond any standards of provability. It is *that* kind of understanding, and the kind of intelligence that is derived from it, which I claim is beyond the abilities of computers to simulate.

Alan Turing expected to see a machine pass his test by the year 2000—a prediction that most experts now regard as grossly unrealistic. It seems, then, that at least in the next few decades we will not need to confront all the issues raised by the Turing test. Yet the questions it poses are profoundly troublesome, and a debate has begun to take shape. The arguments made by both sides—those who, with Turing, perceive no insuperable physical or ethical limitations on the creation of thinking machines, and those who, with Weizenbaum, believe that such machines are inherently limited, and dangerous insofar as the limitations are not recognized—will doubtless undergo considerable refinement as it becomes clearer what computers are capable of. But we may already have before us the core issues of contention. In the next century, this debate could well become the central controversy of philosophers throughout the world; and how our children and grandchildren regard the machine—or how, perhaps, the machine compels them to regard themselves—may well define what it is to be a person in the twenty-first century.

The potential complexity of the debate and some of the bizarre issues it could generate are adumbrated in Geoff Simons' book "Are Computers Alive?" Simons, of the National Computing Centre, in Manchester, England, envisions no limits to what thinking machines will do. He paints a future in which the thought processes of computers will be so complex that we will feel ethically compelled to accord them protection: "Sophisticated computers and robots will be capable of suffering, and if we are concerned with justice we will have to address ourselves to this question." He goes on, "People will have duties to feeling robots, as people have to each other; and robots will have duties not only to other people . . . but also to other robots." One should note, if this seems to smack of comic-book fantasy, that even the conservative Weizenbaum considers it possible to develop robots so advanced in their thinking that we would have to consider them an "organism," a "kind of animal." As such, they would doubtless be entitled to "animal rights" of their own.

Whether computers will ever be regarded as thinking beings, to say nothing of beings entitled to rights, may finally depend on whether programmers can instill into a machine a sense of self-consciousness. This is a daunting task. Merely to formulate a satisfactory definition of self-consciousness is difficult, to say nothing of creating one artificially. How does one go about defining that intangible, essential *something* inside a person which frequently alters and at times seems to disappear altogether—that thing which is subject to comas, psychoses, fugue states, sleep, and daydreams, as well as the myriad modifications imposed by daily existence over the course of a lifetime? Perhaps the most useful definition I've met, charming for its brevity, comes from the philosopher Daniel C. Dennett, of Tufts University: in "The Mind's I," a book he co-edited with Douglas R. Hofstadter, he describes creatures with consciousness as "beings it is like something to be." He writes, "It is not like anything at all to be a brick or a pocket calculator or an apple. These things have insides, but not the right

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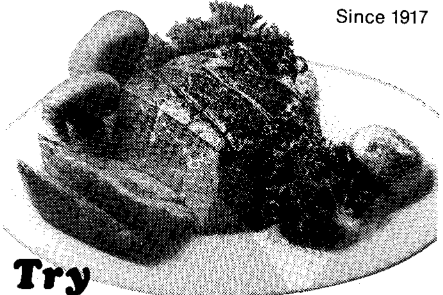

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sort of insides—no *inner life*, no point of view. It is certainly like something to be me (something *I* know 'from the inside') and almost certainly like something to be you (for you have told me, most convincingly, that it is the same with you), and probably like something to be a dog or a dolphin (if only they could tell us!), and maybe even like something to be a spider." But it would not be "like something" to be today's world computer-chess champion—even if its games might rightfully be called creative.

Is it possible, then, to be a kind of "artist" and yet lack the power of self-consciousness? Chess represents the first significant creative field in which even an expert often cannot distinguish human from mechanical activity. In the chess world, anyway, machines have already passed the Turing test. One must conclude from this either that chess players over hundreds of years have been wrong and the game is not inherently creative or that computers have already demonstrated a talent for an aesthetic, "human" discipline. Those tempted toward the former conclusion should be warned of the substantial possibility that they will soon confront increasingly knotty questions; for instance, when computers write jokes that make us laugh, or compose string quartets that leave us weeping, will it be possible to say that neither humor nor music is a creative activity? If time proves that many of the creative arts are accessible to computers, then quite likely Donald Michie's judgment that research into chess machines is "the most important scientific study that is going on in the world at present" will be wholly vindicated. And if, as Turing believed, nearly all human mental activity can be replicated, then the over-all effect of thinking machines on society and on the individual psyche will surely prove so sweeping that Michie's judgment will in the end seem conservative.

Even if all human thought should ultimately prove accessible to the computer's precise, thorough, systematic binary operations, this would not disprove the existence of some mysterious, noncomputable quiddity afloat in the universe. But it might rule out the possibility of our ever coming to perceive or understand that mystery—which by definition would exist outside the bounds of the computerlike processes that regiment our own thinking. And if our minds blind us to whatever rare truths and beauties are hovering around us, we would have to expect that our machines—created in our own image, mirroring our own thought processes—would prove similarly delimited. We could hardly count on our machines to introduce us to some state of widened enlightenment. Whether best described as "organisms" or "mechanical brains," they—poor things—would be circumscribed by (to borrow another phrase from William Blake, that prophet who detested science) "mind-forg'd manacles": the very manacles that imprison their makers. It may be, then, that the ultimate limit on machine creativity and intelligence is the human one.

ON the last day of the Fifth World Computer Chess Championship, BE-BE (3-1) is matched up against REBEL (3-1), and CRAY BLITZ (3-1) against HITECH (4-0). REBEL, the creation of a Dutchman, Ed Schröder, is a lightweight machine capable of evaluating a mere five hundred moves per second—only one per cent of what BE-BE can do. Drastically limited by its lack of speed, REBEL has been programmed to carry out a full-width search to only three ply, after which it must rely on the always chancy probings of a selective search. Although REBEL, the No. 16 seed, has performed creditably so far, having defeated the No. 5, the No. 7, and the No. 9 seeds, it would seem no match for a machine of BE-BE's power and experience. Even the ever-anxious Anthony Scherzer admits this morning to feeling somewhat optimistic.

Scherzer also feels confident that HITECH will defeat CRAY BLITZ, which has just come off a somewhat shaky victory over SCHACH 2.7. Because of time limitations, the game between CRAY BLITZ and SCHACH 2.7 could not be completed, and Michael Valvo was asked to adjudicate. The final position was so evenly balanced, however, that Valvo felt hesitant about making a determination himself. He called in for consultation Vlastimil Hort and Helmut Pfleger, two of the finest chess players in West Germany, and together they concluded that victory should be granted to CRAY BLITZ on the basis of its winning chances—although Valvo continues to feel skeptical that CRAY BLITZ could have capitalized on them. If the fifth round turns out as Scherzer envisions—and his expectations are shared by almost everyone at the tournament—HITECH will win the world championship outright. Standings in this tournament are ultimately determined by a point system—with one point being given for a victory, a half-point for a draw, and nothing for a loss. If HITECH finishes as predicted, it will wind up with a perfect 5-0 record, and five points. BE-BE, with a 4-1 finish, will have four points and a tie for second place—another second!

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But mischief—the upsetting of all expectations—is in the air this morning. REBEL puts up unexpectedly stiff resistance against BE-BE's assaults. On the twenty-first move, BE-BE causes a stir in the audience by daringly advancing her king's rook pawn. This move is difficult to evaluate at once. Although it looks premature, it may turn out to be the leading edge of a potent attack and the beginning of the end for REBEL. On the other hand, if the attack should fail, BE-BE's king will stand unprotected. "No one could ever accuse BE-BE of being a coward" is Valvo's response; "I wish she wouldn't do things like that" is Scherzer's.

By the thirty-fifth move, BE-BE's attack has stalled, and by the fortieth she looks headed for trouble. REBEL, that little David in a field of Goliaths, seems on the road to another upset victory. By the fiftieth move, BE-BE—under attack and behind in material—has arrived at what the experts agree is a hopeless position. Gradually, the eyes of the audience drift elsewhere.

Most of them focus upon the battle between HITECH and CRAY BLITZ, where a complex position prevails well into the middle game. For a time, expert opinion divides as to who stands better. But as the shape of the endgame gradually emerges it grows clear that HITECH's twenty-ninth move, in which a knight was exchanged for a bishop, was a mistake. CRAY BLITZ has come off with a pawn advantage. What remains to be seen is whether it has the vision, and the precision, to convert this small edge into a victory

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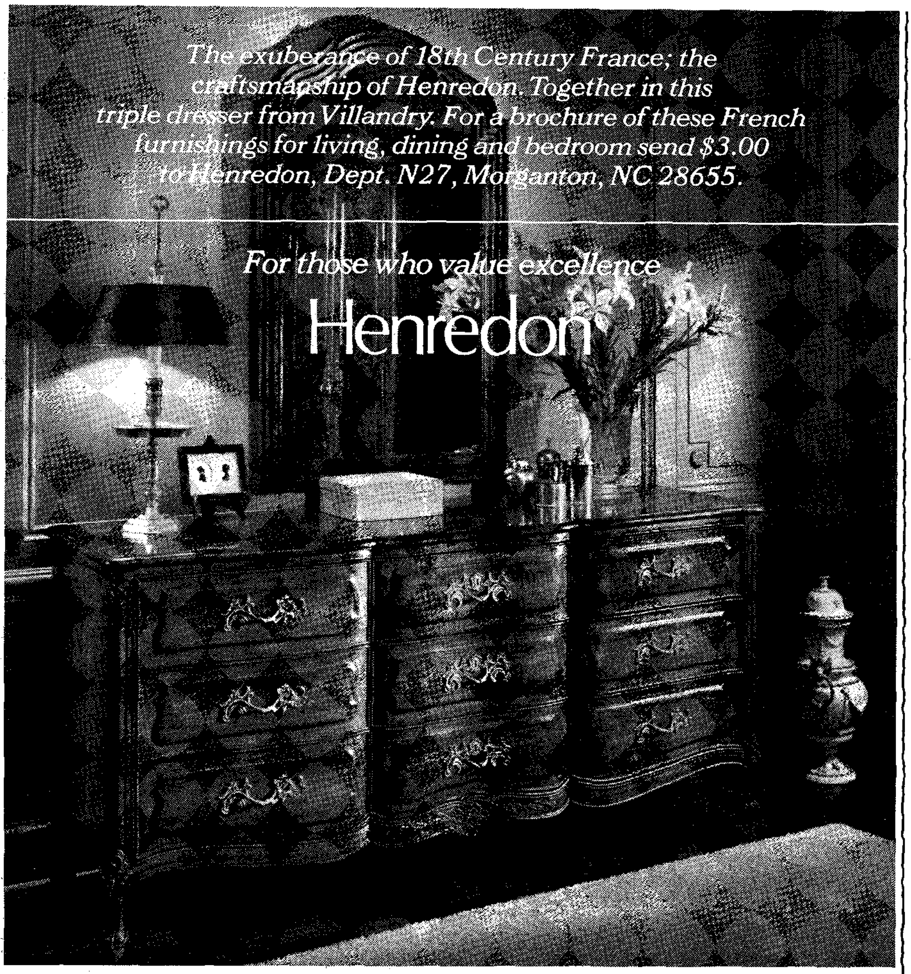
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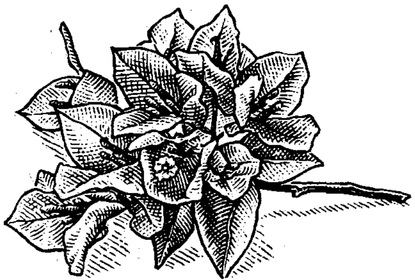

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against the fastest machine in the world.

Meanwhile, having attained its "won position," REBEL displays a curious lassitude. Rather than forcing a few exchanges of pieces that would leave it with a routine and inexorable victory, REBEL devotes a series of crucial moves to retreating its king into a corner—a doubly unwise decision, since this concern about the king's safety is groundless and the corner itself poorly chosen. BE-BE is being granted a reprieve, and although her situation remains desperate, she plays as she must, advancing her central pawns as quickly as possible. After a few more moves, REBEL unexpectedly and wholly avoidably finds itself placed on the defensive. BE-BE may be able to squeeze out a draw—or even, given REBEL's abrupt ineptitude, a victory. An extraordinarily happy outcome for Scherzer floats into view. Steadily, but with tantalizing slowness, BE-BE's position continues to improve. Not a man to keep tension bottled up within, Scherzer at one point can be seen simultaneously tapping his foot, smoking a cigarette, and rapping a pencil on the tabletop. "I've never been so nervous," he confesses. "Except maybe when I got married. And maybe in my first auto race." And yet with each of BE-BE's moves, as this unlikely racing driver must finally admit, he has less and less to worry about. BE-BE has clearly found her game at last. Having gained a solid purchase on the board's center, she is not about to relinquish control until victory has been achieved—any more than CRAY BLITZ, a few tables away, is going to let up against HITECH. In both games, the end is in sight. Berliner resigns for HITECH on the sixtieth move, and Shröder for REBEL on the seventieth. BE-BE has apparently won a share of what Scherzer at the outset of the tournament called "almost too much to dream about": first place.

Four machines—HITECH, CRAY BLITZ, BE-BE, and SUN PHOENIX—end up with four points and identical 4-1 records. According to the tournament rules, deadlocks of this sort are to be resolved by a further numerical comparison: "The order of finish of the participants will be determined by the total number of points earned. If two teams have an equal number of points, the sum of opponents' points will be used as a second factor." Although everyone concedes that a fairer and less arbitrary means of breaking ties would be a series of play-off games, there is no time for additional rounds. Instead, the prescribed comparisons are made, and it turns out that CRAY BLITZ is the actual winner, followed by HITECH, then BE-BE, and then SUN PHOENIX. So, depending on how Scherzer chooses to look at it, BE-BE has placed either first or third—but, in any case, not second.

At least so far as the programmers are concerned, the four-way tie for first place has left the field of computer chess in a happy muddle. At the moment, no single program or methodology is indisputably preëminent. Each programmer can return home with the hope intact that he alone is on the track to what will eventually prove the soundest method of achieving machine mastery over the chessboard. Perhaps the only clear "winner" of the tournament is REBEL, that little machine whose selective searchings carried it so much farther than anyone foresaw. Subsequent calculations reveal that had REBEL beaten BE-BE to finish with four points—as it came so near to doing—the tie-breaking system would have awarded it first place. That a machine of such limited speed could almost win the world championship suggests that there may be a brighter future than supposed for those "human machines" that do a selective search.

Given the pace of technological advance, one is not surprised that the future of computer chess remains unclear. This is a point that Scherzer likes to illustrate with an example drawn from his hometown. "When I was a kid growing up in Chicago," he says, "I liked to go to the Museum of Science and Industry. I remember especially a machine that played tic-tac-toe. It had been designed by Bell Labs, probably in the early fifties. You dialled in your moves on a regular telephone dial. Well, I've heard people say, 'Why don't they put in a microprocessor?' Of course, they were missing the point. This is a museum. As far as I'm concerned, the point is that the machine actually took *time* to make its moves. At tic-tac-toe!" Scherzer shakes his head in wonder. "Back in the early fifties, things like integrated circuits weren't even dreamt about. That machine was a creature of its time—its level of play was what you could expect from a machine when I was a kid. And now it's a dinosaur."

—BRAD LEITHAUSER

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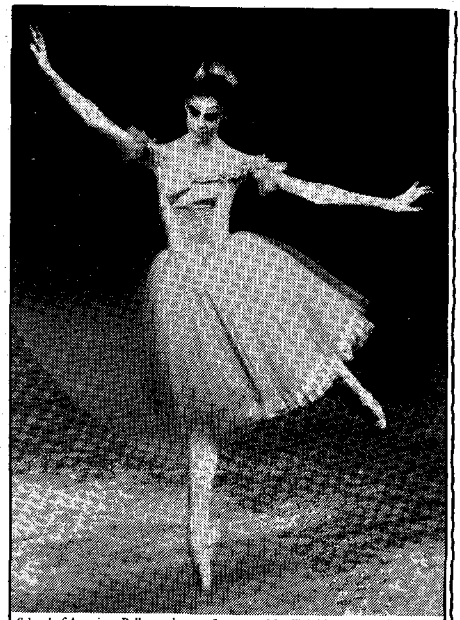

School of American Ballet student performance: Merrill Ashley. Copyright:Martha Swope, 1967.

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WHERE THE FUTURE IS
AN OPEN BOOK

THE THEATRE

An Evening with Kafka

MARTHA CLARKE, who conceived and directed the beautiful and spellbinding "Garden of Earthly Delights" four years ago, and the almost spellbinding "Vienna: Lusthaus" last year, now presents "The Hunger Artist," at St. Clement's. "The Hunger Artist" is no spellbinder. It is based on the life and writings of Franz Kafka (no match—as inspiration, that is—for the painting of Hieronymus Bosch, of "Garden," or the artistic and intellectual ferment of turn-of-the-century Vienna, of "Lusthaus"). The evening opens in absolute stillness, the six actors—two men, a little boy, and three women—living statues on the stage. The first of the stories dramatized is the nightmarish "A Country Doctor," about a doctor who goes off in a blinding snowstorm to tend to a dying child, leaving behind his maid to be pursued and raped by a freakish groom. In "The Metamorphosis," we see Gregor writhing on the floor with what looks like a long tube in his mouth, as his sister tells us, with great pleasure, that her brother has been transformed into a bug; it is only at the end of the story that Gregor speaks for himself, before being swept away. The title story tries, and fails, to establish a grisly carnival mood. The stories are interspersed with, among other things, excerpts from Kafka's journals and letters.

"The Hunger Artist" was "created with the company," as were its two predecessors. The music was composed by the gifted Richard Peaslee; the scenery and costumes were designed by the gifted Robert Israel; the lighting was designed by the gifted Paul Gallo; and the adaptation was by Richard Greenberg (a newcomer to the company), the gifted, sparkling humorist of "The Maderati." (I didn't laugh, nor did I hear any laughter around me.) Unfortunately, these gifts are of very little use here. Although some elements of the piece are admirable—the contortionist dancing of the lanky Rob Besserer, for example—no atmosphere, hallucinatory, bleak, or ironic, is ever created. As it is, the evening is just depressing and endless.

THE Kaufman, a new and pretty little theatre on West Forty-second Street, has opened with a foolish production of "Gay Divorce." Under the misguided direction of Robert Brink, the performances are afflicted with a lethal campiness in almost every instance ("playful" is the word in the publicity release). A number of songs that were excised from the glorious Cole Porter score in the movie version have now been restored, among them "After You, Who?," but the singing, on a stage that is the size of a handkerchief, is amplified and sounds it. This is no fault of the singers, I suppose, but Porter is the victim; demeaning "Gay Divorce" in this fashion is no joke.

—EDITH OLIVER

• •

WILDLIFE

Head smaller than my fist, pin teeth,
the frightened chipmunk clutching the porch screen
frightens me—quick movement not my own
jarring a rainy, eerie afternoon, in a week
of enforced solitude, as though my heart leapt out.

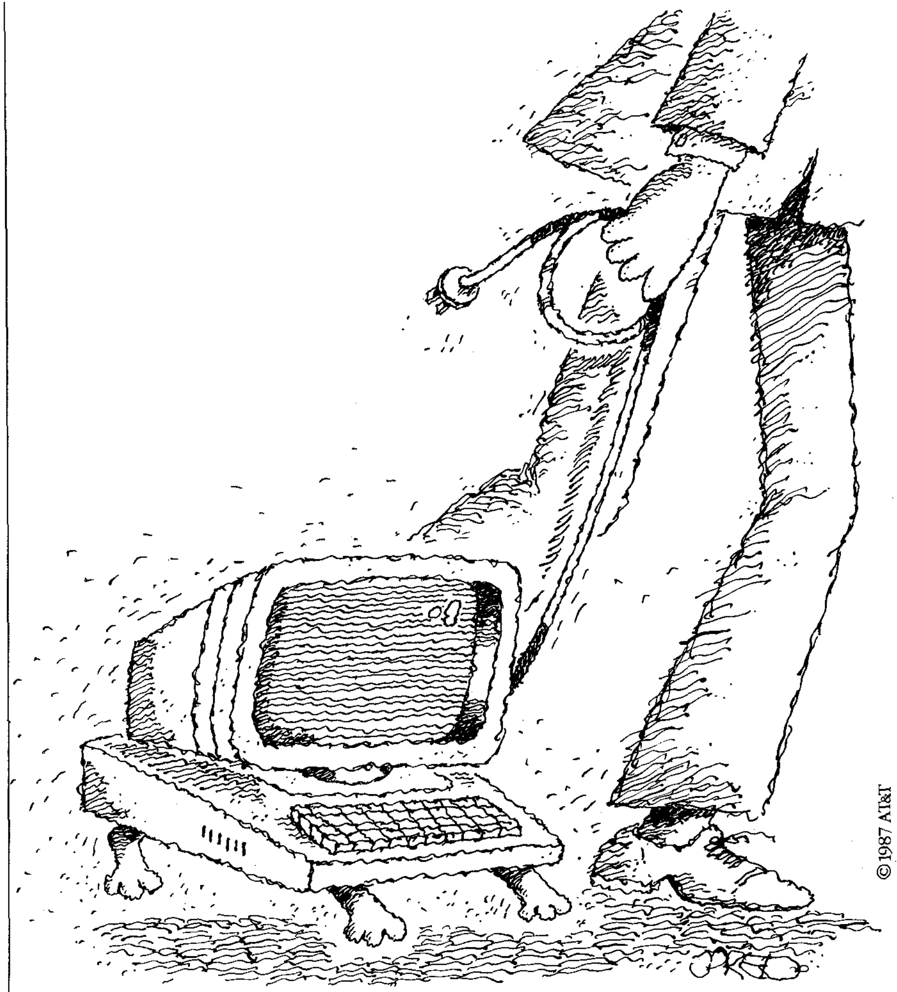
Time inchoate, meaningless. Two birds,
trapped all night inside the porch, arch and din
against the grid. A day equals
a black year—motor of the blood a drill gone mad.
At dawn we found them, wooed them out.

And then, last night, a mole: visitant friar
at the garbage can. Alone, I stamp my foot,
but, bold in company, one guest terrified, become
benign protector of dim habits, earthly
or unearthly scrounging, in or out.

—CYNTHIA ZARIN

Issues of the Information Age:

The paradox of power.



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The Information Age, for all its potential, has brought with it a new kind of problem. Often, the machines that contribute so much to the flood of information do little to help most of us cope with it. They are difficult to use, rigid in their demands, almost arrogant in their inability to work with any but their own kind. They are the muscle-bound tools of specialists.

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REFLECTIONS

THE FOUR PILLARS

As we prepare to enter the twenty-first century, the people of the United States face their five billion neighbors with a view of the world which is almost forty years old. Between 1944 and 1954, four pillars that have undergirded postwar United States foreign policy were put in place:

(1) A war-prevention system known as deterrence, which is based on the threat of nuclear war, the stockpiling of large numbers of nuclear weapons, preparation for the use of nuclear weapons in all sorts of combat, and the commitment to keep ahead of all other nations in lethal technology.

(2) A global coalition whose purpose is to contain Soviet power and Communist ideology, and which is maintained by a network of political and military alliances.

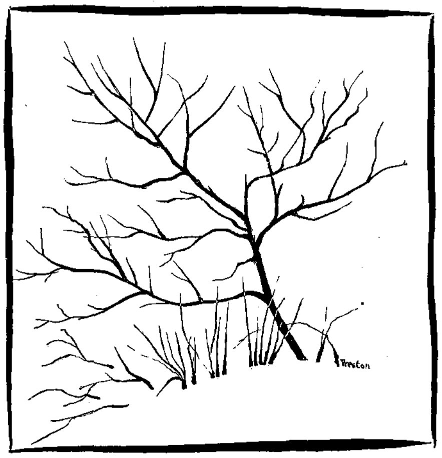
(3) A commitment to intervene—by military means, if necessary—in internal wars and insurgencies, mostly in the Third World, in order to prevent revolutionary political change and "Marxist-Leninist" models of economic development.

(4) A liberal international economic order, born of the wartime conference at Bretton Woods, that reflects a strong preference for free trade, freely convertible currencies, and fixed exchange rates.

Taken together, these four pillars have supported a coherent vision of the world and a strategy for realizing that vision. They are still the basic instruments of American foreign policy, but they are so incongruent with the patterns of international life today that they offer little hope of assuring long-term security for the United States. Yet the American political system has so far produced nothing to take their place.

For almost a generation after the Second World War, each of the pillars had widespread bipartisan support. But ever since the crisis of the nineteen-sixties over the war in Vietnam the foreign-policy consensus has been under attack, and in recent years all four have been wobbling. The mounting attacks on the basic ideas behind United States foreign policy have come from many sources. The President himself has attacked the morality of deterrence and held out the hope of getting rid of the system of mutual threat by putting up a shield over America. The Atlantic Alliance, once as unchallengeable a pillar of the bipartisan consensus as deterrence, is under attack because of its expense and the unwillingness of the European members to bear a greater share of the cost. The economic challenge from America's allies—especially Japan—is formidable, and, increasingly, the industrial democracies differ in their approaches to East-West relations and arms control. The intervention in Central America lurches forward, but the country remains seriously divided over it. From labor unions and, more and more, from corporations, there is considerable concern about the nation's position in the world economy under the present ground rules, and politicians are hearing a rising clamor for protectionism.

Yet the inertia gripping established policies is enormous. Not only do the great national-security bureaucracies have powerful interests in continuing the policies of the past but there is a seductive argument in support of them. It is often said that the investment of trillions of dollars since 1945 in the nuclear arsenal, in the deployment of United States forces around the world, in the maintenance of a huge intelligence-collecting network, and in military aid to "friendly" African, Asian, and Latin-American governments has been worth it, because in these years there has been no nuclear war, and the Soviet Union, far from taking over the world, has lost influence even as its military capabilities have grown. The argument is not rebuttable, because it is impossible to prove or disprove that a nuclear war or any other disaster would have happened if the United States had had a different conception of national security and had spent its resources differently.



But support for the postwar foreign-policy consensus has been steadily eroding for a number of years, and the reasons are not hard to fathom. In 1987, the world of 1947 is barely recognizable. In 1947, the United States was invulnerable to outside attack. Today, the nation is minutes away from annihilation. Only what is inside the heads and hearts of Soviet leaders—their political ideology and moral values, the abhorrence of nuclear war which all rational beings presumably share, the complete lack of good reasons to start a nuclear war, and the fear of the catastrophic consequences to themselves if they did—keeps them from ending American history and possibly all history. There is no military defense in the classic sense, and despite the claims made for the Strategic Defense Initiative it is unlikely that it will ever again be possible to protect the United States from physical attack. In 1947, we produced most of the world's goods and possessed most of its gold reserves. Today, we are increasingly dependent on a world economy that is less and less subject to our control. In 1947, the Soviet Union was war-ravaged, and though it was a Stalinist police state, it enjoyed support, and even some loyalty, from millions in the West; because of widespread doubts about capitalism—an economic system that had finally escaped the Depression only through war—the Soviet Union, about which much less was known in the outside world than is known today, emerged as a formidable ideological rival of the United States. Today, the Soviet system is admired hardly anywhere, and the need for sweeping reform is acknowledged even by its leader. Communist Parties, except in a handful of poor countries dependent on the Soviet Union, such as Cuba, Vietnam, Ethiopia, and South Yemen, either are militantly independent of the Soviet Union or, as in France, have lost their popular base. The Soviet Union itself, no longer the headquarters of "world Communism," is a huge land mass almost entirely surrounded by restive and wary nations run by Communist Parties, of which one (China) is a military rival, and another (Afghanistan) is a battleground for Soviet troops.

In 1947, the American people, accepting the call of their leaders to be, in John F. Kennedy's words, "the watchmen on the walls of world freedom," became committed to a global crusade against Communism on behalf of Western civilization. America's national purpose was defined as the continuation of the moral crusade of the Second World War—a struggle between the forces of light and the forces of darkness. In this country, Stalin was portrayed as another Hitler, but despite his shrill hostility, his secrecy, and his brutal controls at home and in Eastern Europe he was a much more cautious despot, with a quite different agenda. The United States embarked on a long-term policy of containment which required the mobilization of the American economy and the American spirit for a new kind of permanent war for peace.

To arouse the American people from their isolationist complacency and persuade them to accept the bitter fruits of their victory over fascism and militarism—a never-ending cold war—American leaders considered it necessary to make reality, as Secretary of State Dean Acheson once put it, a bit "clearer than truth." Thus, the 1947 decision to aid Greece and Turkey and the decision a few years later to reinforce American troops in Europe were actually made for limited strategic and political reasons—to take over Britain's "responsibilities" in the Mediterranean, to give a sense of confidence to postwar Europe, to keep West Germany tightly tied to an Atlantic Community, and, ultimately, to restore the balance of power on the Continent. But they were sold to the country as desperately needed measures to prevent Soviet world domination. We are still living with the consequences of that hyperbole.

GENIUS AT MIDNIGHT

I'M GOING TO GET A NEW AGENT.
CBarsotti

• •

THE current discussion about national security—the issues are not distinct enough and the choices are too unclear to call it a debate—is about how to shore up deterrence, how to emove the strains in the alliance, how o undertake military interventions in ays that the American public will ccept, and how to dilute the commit- ent to free trade enough to quiet the iblic anger about foreign goods hile holding fast to the principle. tchwork of this sort does not offer a omising approach to national secu- y. A comprehensive look at the rld as it is and a comprehensive itegy for operating in that world are needed no less than they were forty years ago.

A practical strategy requires a more precise understanding of national objectives and priorities. Obviously, the overriding national-security objective is the avoidance of nuclear war. Nuclear deterrence has been the centerpiece of postwar United States foreign policy. The purpose of the acquisition of nuclear weapons is not to fight wars but to educate four or five Soviet leaders—a high per-pupil cost—concerning the awful consequences of starting a nuclear war or of provoking the United States into starting one. (An essential part of the American deterrence posture is the option to use nuclear weapons first.) Until the late nineteen-sixties, United States superiority in nuclear weaponry was real. The two superpowers were in a qualitatively different situation. The United States, with its intercontinental missiles, its bombers situated at bases close to the Soviet Union, and its submarine-launched weapons, could, by striking first, destroy the relatively small number of Soviet nuclear weapons and thereby neutralize most of the Soviets' retaliatory forces. The Soviets, though capable of inflicting great damage, could not count on destroying the nuclear strike forces of the United States. This asymmetry was the sole basis of the so-called superiority that existed at the time of the 1962 confrontation over Soviet missiles in Cuba—a crisis that President Kennedy believed at the time had at least one chance in three of escalating into nuclear war. But by 1969 the Soviets were capable of destroying bomber bases and command centers within minutes by firing missiles from submarines off the Atlantic Coast. The post-Khrushchev military buildup meant that both superpowers had nuclear forces that could survive a first strike and both had increasingly accurate weapons that could destroy some but by no means all of the nuclear missiles of the other. Each side now had enough weapons to eliminate the other's society. Each side knew it. From then on, differences in numbers or capabilities of weapons offered no real political advantage, for neither side could launch a surprise attack on the other without risking the death of its own society.

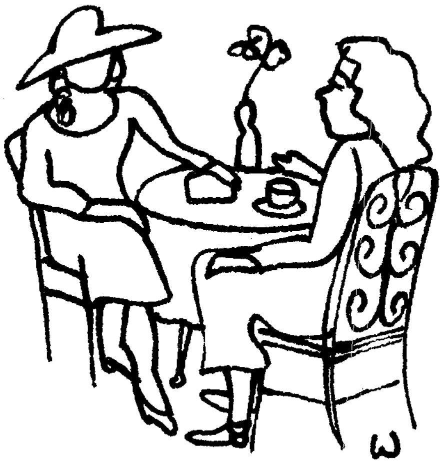
THE attacks on deterrence started on the right. The Committee on the Present Danger and other groups that confuse dollars directed to the Pentagon with strength argued that the United States had fallen behind the Soviet Union in nuclear and conventional arms and that its failure to win the Vietnam War had caused leftist revolutions to occur in Angola, Mozambique, Ethiopia, South Yemen, Nicaragua, and elsewhere. In short, they declared, the Soviet Union, emboldened by its newfound parity, was on the march. Nor could it be stopped until the United States demonstrated that it was prepared to maintain a technological and numerical edge in the arms race and to break the Soviets in a spending race. The result of this argument was a national commitment to spend almost one and a half trillion dollars in six years, to the accompaniment of a burst of alarmist anti-Soviet rhetoric. (Three-hundred-billion-dollar annual military budgets, especially in hard economic times, demand an enemy roughly three times as evil as hundred-billion-dollar budgets.) However, by casting doubt on the credibility of the nuclear deterrent despite the tens of thousands of nuclear weapons in the American arsenal Administration officials raised a fundamental question: Given the fact that the Soviets seemed prepared to match the United States weapon for weapon, and even more, when would the magic mix of weapons ever be big enough to provide real security?

In the early years of the Reagan Administration, the President and his advisers sounded as though threatening nuclear war—a shot across the bow, as Secretary of State Alexander Haig put it—or fighting a "limited" nuclear war or seeking to "prevail" were real policy options. This strange insouciance about nuclear weapons produced a war scare that brought millions into the streets in 1982 and 1983.

The moral contradiction of basing the defense of Western civilization on the threat to destroy all civilization, and even the planet itself, is chilling, and in the last few years it has elicited the critique that nuclear deterrence is an inescapably immoral system. The American Catholic bishops in their pastoral letter of 1983 raised basic moral objections to nuclear deterrence, and last year the United Methodist bishops actually rejected it. In March of 1983, Ronald Reagan joined the attack on deterrence and promised deliverance through technology—the Strategic Defense Initiative. At the same time, everyone else in his Administration was defending S.D.I. on the ground that it would improve deterrence, not replace it. The federal agency in charge of planning for the security of Americans in the event of a nuclear attack has now proposed the construction of shelters for local and state officials, so that they can survive to reinstitute "post-attack government and society." Meanwhile, the rest of the population is encouraged to rely on "self-help." It is not altogether surprising that, as public-opinion polls show, large numbers of Americans, and particularly younger Americans, do not believe that the war-avoidance system will continue to work indefinitely.

According to policymakers like Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger, nuclear deterrence is accomplished not so much by any particular number or variety of weapons as by the dynamism of the weapons-acquisition process. A willingness to spend enough and to deploy enough produces the right sort of perception in the minds of Soviet leaders. Anything less might cause them to become dangerously confused. This emphasis on perceptions makes any independent confirmation impossible. What the Soviet leaders say they perceive, we do not credit. One American official's opinion about Soviet perceptions is as impossible to check as another's. Basing the strategy of war avoidance on the imputed perceptions of the adversary makes it impossible to call a halt to the arms race.

There is no good military or strategic argument for making even one more missile or one more bomb. Indeed, the rush of new weapons (MX, Trident II, SS-24, SS-25)—highly accurate, quick-reaction systems with a "first strike" look—actually increases the danger of preëmptive war. In a world in which there are enough nuclear weapons to annihilate everything, no rational leader chooses nuclear war over peace, whatever his ideology. (Assume irrationality, and the system of deterrence breaks down altogether.) If, however, the real choices should ever be seen to be between war now and inevitable war later under worse conditions, then initiating nuclear war under certain circumstances might look rational—"anticipatory retaliation," to use an Orwellian term. A world in which military planners face the horrendous choice of "using them or losing them" is precisely the world toward which the technology of the arms race is driving us. Ironically, the growing danger of nuclear war is now coming from the increasingly frenetic efforts to deter it.



Obviously, no national objective can be secured by a policy that destroys the nation. A security strategy based on the willingness to condemn to nuclear death the "bystanders"—about ninety per cent of the present generation on earth, who are neither Americans nor Russians—and to deny to all future generations the chance to create the peaceful and livable world that has eluded us demonstrates a monumental failure of imagination and nerve. Planning nuclear war is not really a "policy," though we use the word as if blowing up the world were a defensible option instead of a crime.

A STRATEGY of war avoidance significantly more promising than the one we have would deal with three distinct but interrelated aspects of the problem. Perhaps the most important is to make clear that we regard nuclear weapons themselves as a security threat. We can never reduce the danger of nuclear war if we are ambivalent about them. As long as nations cling to nuclear weapons as the source of their security, the promise to give them up will be pretense. If a national government believes that the more nuclear weapons and nuclear "options" it has the more of a "deterrent" it has, then of course it does not wish to deny itself the right to improve its nuclear weapons, nor does it wish to enter into agreements to restrict their use. Theoretically, it is possibl to stabilize deterrence at lower levels but, as those drawn to the nuclea mind-set see it, it is the very dynamis of the arms race that provides the deterrent.

But if a nuclear-free world shou
become a serious political objecti
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which to locate so-called first steps
partial measures. Steps to what? W
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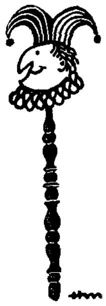
whether a particular political agreement helps or hurts. Are there conditions under which the United States would seek a nuclear-free world as a national objective? What are they? Only by seriously confronting what we would gain and what we would sacrifice in such a world are we in a position to treat disarmament as something other than propaganda or a license to continue the arms race.



Although Dean Acheson, David Lilienthal, and Bernard Baruch, all practical men of affairs, believed in 1946 that the United States could never be secure until nuclear weapons were eliminated from all national arsenals, for forty years the idea of freeing humankind from the shadow of nuclear nothingness has been written off with a topic sentence: Someone could hide a bomb. The knowledge of nuclear weapons is with us for all time. The genie is out of the bottle. These observations define the problem; they do not dispose of it. Until now, complacency about nuclear weapons and lack of imagination have kept nations from even thinking seriously about what a nuclear-free world would be like. The discussions at Reykjavik revealed how little serious thought President Reagan had given to the idea of a nuclear-free world, which he had been hinting at for the last four years. The most critical national-security task is to conceive the political and military changes necessary to create the confidence that such a world would be substantially less dangerous than the one we have and the one we are likely to have if the arms race goes on.

Nuclear disarmament cannot take place by itself. It implies far-reaching changes in the composition and deployment of non-nuclear forces and new understandings of the role of force in international politics. The decision to make war or to commit aggression is affected by a range of incentives and disincentives, political, economic, and military. There are better ways to strengthen deterrence than by stockpiling unusable weapons. Some of them would involve new political institutions, others a rethinking of the legitimate role of a nation-state. (The rights, duties, and self-image of nations are essentially what they were a hundred years ago, but what nations really are and can really do is very different.) What laws, what international institutions, what changes in our daily lives would be necessary? Some substantial changes in the political and military environment are needed before we can even see the road ahead.

Once national policy rests on the conviction—now held by an increasing number of high-ranking military men—that nuclear "weapons" are not weapons and that they cannot be used to "deter" conventional wars, revolutions, or oil boycotts, then and only then does the present arms-control agenda begin to make sense: radical reductions in nuclear stockpiles; a complete test ban; declarations against the use of nuclear weapons; restrictions on flight testing of missiles; strategies for mutual reassurance to reduce the fear of preëmptive strikes. Only when American leaders come to accept that the arms race is no more winnable than nuclear war itself will the search for alternative security systems become real. Stockpiles are now so high that even slashing them by half will not make the world much safer. Disarmament has a different purpose. It is to communicate the desire for a changed relationship with the adversary—one based on the belief that peace can be maintained in other ways than by the daily communication of homicidal threat. The last nuclear weapon will disappear, if it ever does, long after it has come to be seen as useless for any purpose whatever, and probably long after its very existence has been forgotten.

Nuclear weapons would still be a problem just by virtue of their existence, even if relations between the United States and the Soviet Union were radically improved. But such improvement is essential if the risk of nuclear war is to be reduced. This cannot be done by occasional summit meetings, which in the present climate are mostly photo opportunities or propaganda duels; it requires a continuing dialogue about new ground rules. It is in the interest of the United States to treat the Soviet Union as an equal superpower in its responsibilities, and that means our being willing to be bound—in Grenada, Nicaragua, Libya, and El Salvador, for example—by the same rules relating to the use of force which we expect the Soviet Union to observe in Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and Afghanistan.

In the past, agreements on avoiding provocative naval maneuvers—the settlement on Berlin and Germany, and

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the Austrian State Treaty, for example—have led to improvements in relations between the superpowers. In the short run, tacit understandings and unilateral steps to reduce tension may be more useful than complex agreements that take a long time to negotiate. Nothing can be done to improve superpower relations, however, until both sides make doing so their priority. We do not know for certain what the Soviet goals are—or, more important, what they would be if ours were clearer and more consistent. Before we can engage intelligently with the Soviets in a common effort to build a system of common security, however, we should be much clearer about what we want and expect from them. Would we ever be prepared to deal with them as a legitimate nation with equal responsibilities as a superpower? Is it in our interest to exclude them from participation in negotiations for major settlements that ultimately require their support, as in the Middle East? Is the Soviets' domestic system, inefficient and dreary as it is, a national-security threat? Would we feel better about them if that great land mass, with its formidable military forces, adopted a vigorous capitalist economy, like Japan's?

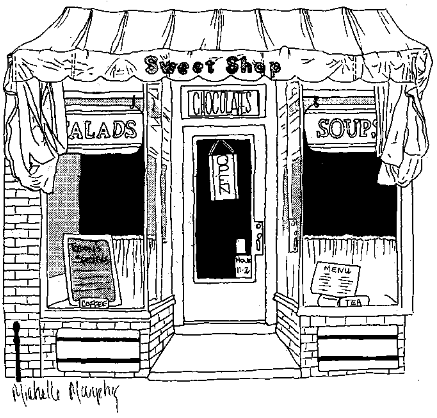
In our domestic politics, we use the Soviet Union as a symbol of all manner of evil, as a simplifier of world events, and as a mobilizer of our energies. To a great extent, the Cold War has defined our national purpose. Could we do without the Soviet Union as an enemy? President Reagan said he told Mikhail Gorbachev at the Geneva summit that the Cold War would end when the two superpowers joined forces against some extraterrestrial threat. Do we lack the imagination to see that we already face a common threat, much closer at hand? Until we decide what our war aims for the Cold War are—short of an unconditional surrender that we cannot even imagine—both the Cold War and the nuclear-arms race will go on.

THE second pillar of American foreign policy is the system of collective security based primarily on the NATO alliance and the defense arrangements with Japan and other allies. The primary purpose of the NATO alliance when it was created, in 1949, was political. The military alliance was intended, first, to support the economic effort that the United States was making under the Marshall Plan to shore up the economies of Western Europe; second, to prevent the spread of chaos; and, third, to defeat leftist political forces, which were strong at the time, particularly in France and Italy. The "modest shield" of United States troops, as George Kennan called it, was designed to instill confidence in pro-American leaders in Europe that the United States would not abandon their nations to Stalin.

The NATO treaty was just a promise. The United States was making clear to Europe that it would never again hang back, as it had in two world wars, until the democracies on the Continent were almost defeated, and only then come to their defense. But in 1951, months after the outbreak of the Korean War, six United States divisions were stationed in the Federal Republic of Germany to put the Soviets on notice that any aggression aimed at the West would be met by American forces. The troops were the "trip wire" to insure that America would use the atomic bomb on behalf of Europe.

Another concern also helped bring NATO into being. Germany was divided at the Elbe. The Soviet Union held the key to reunification. Unless the new Federal Republic of Germany were to be tied to the West economically, politically, and militarily, it could swing toward neutralism and eventually end up in the Soviet camp. The new alliance was designed to prevent any such shift in the European balance of power. In United States thinking, NATO was an instrument to contain Germany as well as the Soviet Union.

The situation in Europe now is very different from that of 1949. At that time, Western Europe was politically and economically vulnerable. Today, the nations of Western Europe, though plagued by unemployment and other economic problems, are politically stable, and are not at all vulnerable to pro-Soviet elements within their borders, because they are insignificant. The Soviet Union is isolated politically. The United States is no longer perceived in Europe as the savior and guarantor of Europe's societies; the allies have become powerful commercial rivals. The American threat to destroy the Soviet Union to protect Europe is no longer credible, for the Soviets can now destroy the United States. European distrust of the Soviet Union continues, but after forty years of peace the atmosphere of panic which gave birth to NATO is long gone. A top American commander in Europe told me what most military men believe: a Soviet attack on Europe would not occur except as an unintended consequence or miscalculation —most probably as an escalation of a conflict somewhere else. A possible motivation for the Soviets to invade Western Europe when they have not in forty years been able to stabilize their control of Eastern Europe is difficult to discern. Nor is there any historical evidence that they ever did contemplate a blitzkrieg against Europe.



Oddly, while the economic and political relations between the two halves of Europe have continued to improve as a result of the détente of the nineteen-seventies, the military environment has become more threatening. Both sides have deployed new missiles and adopted additional offensive strategies. There seems to be little connection between the political temperature and the state of mobilization. This leads to severe strains. With an economy almost as large as that of the United States and a considerably bigger population, the NATO members in Western Europe have the means to field more formidable forces and to assume more of the collective security burden. But because tensions are low in Europe, and economies sluggish, taxpayers on the Continent are not enthusiastic about supporting larger defense budgets or more conscription. For years, American leaders have been demanding that the NATO partners make more of a contribution, and periodically Congress threatens to cut American forces in Europe. Today, particularly on the right of the Republican Party, anti-NATO sentiment is rising. The Europeans, it is said, are unreliable allies; America's future is in the Pacific. What is the justification for continuing to spend fifty-six per cent of the annual United States military budget on NATO if the Europeans do not take the security threat on their doorstep seriously? As the military issues of the alliance are posed at present, they are insoluble, and the preoccupation with them seriously diverts attention and energies from common problems of the member nations—such as environmental hazards, unemployment, debt, hunger, development—which are more urgent. To address these effectively requires an extraordinary degree of common effort in Europe, North America, and Japan.

The United States can no longer play the dominant role it has been playing for almost forty years in either security or economic affairs. Its resources are not sufficient. The growing resistance in other nations will not permit it. A community of independent nations sharing responsibility for maintaining peace is a far more effective partner than the string of United States–dominated alliances around the globe—left over from the John Foster Dulles era—which are made up largely of frustrated allies in Europe and, elsewhere, of surrogates, clients, and sullen dependents. The issue is not isolationism. There are many ways to relate to the outside world besides the one selected forty years ago, under very different circumstances.

The relationship of the industrial nations can be strengthened only if the present system of disintegrating alliances develops into more stable regional-security arrangements in which the nations of the region play the major role. Thus, the Europeans should bear the primary responsibility for their own defense. The United States should use its power to make the military environment in Europe less dangerous by negotiating the denuclearization of the military forces facing one another in Europe and by taking substantial steps toward the demilitarization of the Continent. The goal of American policy should be to use the power of the United States to help make the military environment reflect the real political situation in Europe. The Continent is scarcely ready for an undefended border at the Elbe, like that between the United States and Canada, but the superpowers need not deploy their forces as if the war no one believes is coming were about to break out.

For years, the NATO alliance has been torn apart because the military strategy does not offer security. An implausible threat—a Soviet invasion—is met by an equally implausible defense. The futile dialogue about whether the United States would sacrifice Chicago for the "defense" of Frankfurt cannot lead to improved relations between America and Europe, whatever answer one gives to that absurd question. The thousands of "tactical" nuclear weapons in Europe, which are intended to deter a Soviet attack, would, if they were used, destroy what they are supposed to defend. A conventional defense is also implausible as long as nuclear weapons are thoroughly integrated into the forces, for it is inconceivable that if a full-scale attack were launched the losing side would not use them—and, indeed, the delegation of command authority over nuclear weapons in time of war virtually assures that they would be used. A conventional defense could become plausible under two circumstances: a radical denuclearization of the military forces of the two superpowers; and a lower state of readiness and mobilization on both sides, to reduce the prospect of a successful surprise attack. It is strongly in the interest of the United States to help create such conditions.

THE first step would be to develop a common strategy aimed at reducing the most likely military threat instead of the unrealistic scenarios that now preoccupy our military planners. War in Europe might possibly be triggered by a political revolt in East Germany but more likely by events outside the Continent—say, a confrontation between the United States and the Soviet Union in the Third World or at sea. Paul Bracken, a professor of public policy at Yale, observes in his study "The Command and Control of Nuclear Forces," "The likelihood of nuclear Munichs has been exaggerated, but the possibility of nuclear Sarajevos has been understated." He is not alone in seeing the First World War rather than the Second World War as the more relevant historical parallel. (Former West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt is one who agrees.) As in 1914, the very institutions that have been developed to provide security pose the threat of unintended war. In 1914, the spiral of mobilizations designed to bluff the opponent produced the war no one wanted. Today, the dispersion of nuclear weapons, the delegation of authority over their use in time of crisis, the increasing possibility of a misreading of signals as communications become more complex, and the pressures to act fast or lose the chance to act at all make war by miscalculation a problem to be

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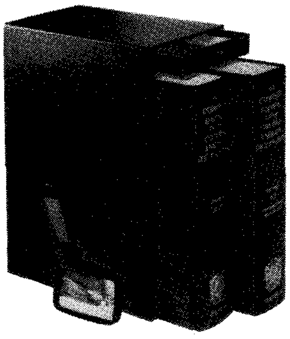

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taken seriously. What one side sees as a precautionary move in a crisis the other side may see as a mortal threat. In the event of a superpower confrontation—anywhere in the world—in which nuclear forces are put on higher-alert status, the greatest danger is that political leaders will lose control over the process.

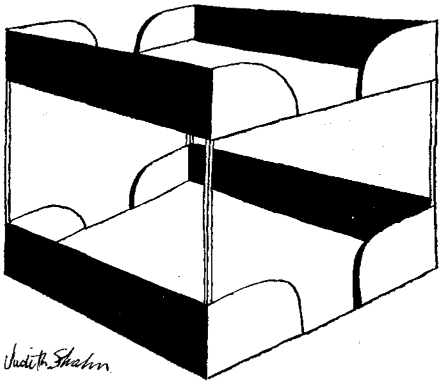
If that is the greatest danger, then the sensible strategy is not to "enhance" deterrence by making it appear that the use of nuclear weapons is inevitable but, rather, to build into the military environment as much mutual reassurance as possible that no aggression is intended. Military planners now work on the assumption that if a war should break out in Europe the United States and the Soviet Union would have adverse interests. (The Soviets would wish to conquer. The West would wish to prevent the conquest.) A more reasonable premise is that the United States and the Soviet Union would have a common interest in containing such a war, not expanding it. Strategy, deployments, and military tactics should be designed to favor the containment of an unintended war, since that is the most plausible threat. Security, it is often said, requires being prepared for anything, however implausible. But the very strategies that are designed to deter a deliberate attack—the threat of a first use of nuclear weapons; preëmptive "deep strikes" into the rear forces of the enemy; the integration of nuclear weapons into low-level units—would make the unintended escalation of unintended war harder to stop.

Neither half of Europe can be secure without assuring the security of the other; the military forces need to be redesigned and redeployed to make that point. Once there is a strategic concept within which to fit them, many ideas, some of which have been talked about for years, make sense: crisis-management centers staffed by American and Soviet officers; a demilitarized zone in the middle of Europe. The "confidence-building measures" that were agreed upon recently by the NATO and Warsaw Pact powers at the Stockholm Conference are a small step in the right direction. But the major goals should be a substantial reduction in the numbers of forces on both sides, less threatening deployments, and lower states of mobilization. Years of fruitless negotiation on these matters mean not that the objective is unattainable but only that the effort to change the military environment must be a priority security objective rather than a sideshow.

The original purpose of the NATO military effort was to make a political statement: Europe has the will and the means to keep itself free and to preserve the institutions it wishes to preserve. That statement remains important. But forty years later the statement sounds hollow if European security still depends upon a "nuclear umbrella" that frightens large numbers of Europeans and cannot protect them. Over a period of years, United States forces on the Continent should be withdrawn, not out of pique, and not before the United States has made use of its considerable weight in Europe to negotiate, in close association with its allies, a new East-West security arrangement for the Continent. The principal argument for the presence of American troops in Europe is that it poses a threat of an automatic American nuclear response. But neither such a response nor the increasingly implausible threat of such a response is in American interests. The reality is that Europe can be defended only by nonnuclear means, and the appropriate men and women to undertake that defense are Europeans.

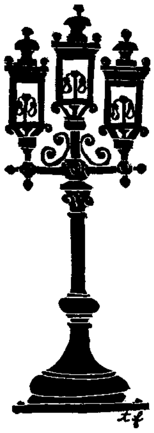
A commitment by the United States to reduce its dominant security role in Western Europe would generate considerable pressure on the Soviets to pull back and demobilize, at least in part, their combat forces in Germany that are now poised to strike west. Once military capabilities are reduced and less aggressively deployed, the Soviet Union and other Warsaw Pact nations will be more likely to speed up the painfully slow process of liberalization and political evolution now under way in Eastern Europe.

THE third pillar of the postwar foreign-policy consensus has been the commitment to continuous engagement in the Third World, the establishment of a military presence in forty countries and territories, and the use of American military forces in domestic conflicts in Asia, Africa, and Latin America. By 1947, it was evident that the United Nations could not serve as a world policeman, as Franklin Roosevelt had hoped, for that possibility died when the Cold War began. The alternative, as the Truman Administration saw it, was for the United States to take over Britain's and France's responsibilities for maintaining peace in the former colonial world. Under this theory, the world's most powerful nation would protect friendly governments in Asia, Africa, and Latin America against domestic insurgencies and guide their internal political development—intervening, if necessary, to prevent them from falling under the sway of Communism. The policy of aiding "free peoples" everywhere—the promise proclaimed in the Truman Doctrine at the time of the 1947 Greek civil war—was an essential element of the strategy to contain Soviet power.



In the nineteen-fifties and the early nineteen-sixties, the United States used its military or paramilitary power on an average of once every eighteen months either to prevent a government deemed undesirable from coming to power or to overthrow a revolutionary or reformist government considered inimical to America's interests. The C.I.A. helped overthrow the government of Iran in 1953 and put the Shah back on the throne. In 1954, it bombed the capital of Guatemala and installed a colonel in place of the elected President, who had dared to redistribute the land. Military or paramilitary interventions occurred in British Guiana, Lebanon, and the Dominican Republic. An invasion of Cuba was attempted. In the early nineteen-seventies, destabilization efforts were conducted against the elected Popular Unity government of Chile. Today, under the so-called Reagan Doctrine, which ascribes virtually all revolutionary impulses in the Third World to the Soviet Union, the United States is giving military support to insurgent forces fighting leftist governments in such places as Angola and Nicaragua and is also supporting insurgents fighting Soviet troops in Afghanistan. Threats to use military force have been made against Iran and Syria, and force has actually been used in Nicaragua, Lebanon, Libya, and Grenada.

This approach to the Third World has been explained and defended as a requirement of national security. In the American political system over the last forty years, politicians have habitually hurled charges at one another about "losing" countries, and the result is that it has become almost impossible to talk about real interests and practical options. It is clearly a threat to peace when the Soviet Union invades another country, such as Afghanistan, not because Soviet power is necessarily expanded—it is not at all clear that the Afghanistan adventure has been a net gain for the Soviets—but because the attack breaks the fragile ground rules governing superpower behavior, violates the basic rights of the victims in Afghanistan, and risks wider war. But what is the national interest of the United States in opposing *indigenous* revolutions, even when they call themselves "Communist" or appear to be "Communist"? What is the overriding concern that makes it wise to toss aside the very legal and moral commitments against overthrowing or setting up governments in sovereign nations which we rightly insist that the Soviet Union observe?



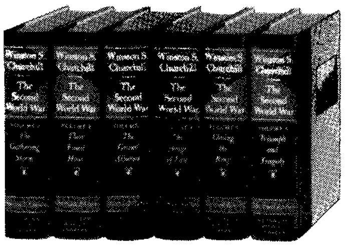
Of course, people in the United States have preferences and opinions about how other governments and economies ought to be managed. As an ideological matter, most Americans would like to see democracy flourish in other countries. As a practical matter, rigid, highly centralized dictatorial systems do not produce prosperity, and gains in meeting basic health, housing, and educational needs of the people in revolutionary societies have too often been accompanied by violations of human rights.

But the world is made up of more than a hundred and sixty countries, most of them non-Communist, even anti-Communist, and few indeed have either a political system that resembles American democracy or an economic system that works like the American economy. The United States lacks the military power, the economic resources, and the commitment to shape the government in most of them. Why, then, devote major efforts to shaping the government and economy in some? The usual answer is to keep the Soviet Union out. Soviet influence and commitment are greatest in the two countries that have been major military targets of the United States—Cuba and Vietnam—and are growing in Nicaragua. Elsewhere, the Soviet record has been mixed at best. No country in the Third World today takes the Soviet Union as an economic or a political model, though a number of countries are appreciative of Soviet political support, economic aid, or military hardware. But Soviet influence has waxed and waned in the Third World. The Soviets were tossed out of Egypt and Indonesia despite major investments in military and economic aid, and today their influence in the Third World, except for the few countries they underwrite, is modest. Because of domestic economic problems and their mixed experience in those regions, at this point they do not seem enthusiastic about underwriting more.

Yet the Reagan Administration identifies as a national-security threat any government that it considers "Marxist" in its approach to domestic policy, whatever the Soviet connection. It is not the first Administration to do so. In the Western Hemisphere, particularly, the United States has taken the position that revolutionary ideas must be fought with military power. Such an analysis of American interests requires an ever-expanding commitment to the use of force, for in a world as unstable, as beset by misery, corruption, and injustice, as this one, revolutions and revolutionary violence will occur.

Since Marxism-Leninism is the only popular ideology with a theory of revolution, it is widely embraced in the Third World as a strategy for gaining power, but neither the works of Marx, Lenin, or Mao nor twenty-eight years of Castro offer recipes for remaking underdeveloped societies or running impoverished economies. Whatever obeisance revolutionary leaders may make to revolutionary writings and experience, they must improvise. They all make mistakes, and some of these mistakes are also crimes. Despite the effort of the Reagan Administration to develop its own revolutionary doctrine, based on subsidies from the American taxpayer for mercenary armies of "freedom fighters," the United States is not widely seen in the world as a friend of revolutions, and so it has little influence over them. Nor has the United States succeeded in preventing by military means revolutions or leftist military coups in such places as Ethiopia, Mozambique, Nicaragua, and Afghanistan. In none of these countries

triumph with Churchill.



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was the revolution created in Moscow, though all have received Soviet aid.

THE "successful" United States covert operations against revolutionary nationalism, such as Iran (1953), Guatemala (1954), and Chile (1973), are not proud chapters in our history. They have resulted in bloodbaths, political instability, and economic disaster. The vast shipments of arms to the Third World, in which the Soviet Union now heavily competes, have led to the increasing militarization of underdeveloped societies and to the sacrifice of basic human needs—food production, housing, literacy, and health care. Much of the weapons traffic in the Third World has been financed with loans from United States banks, which destitute countries are unable to repay. The trillion-dollar world debt of Third World countries constitutes a major vulnerability of the American banking system, for a heavy default could topple some of the largest United States financial institutions. An approach to revolutionary nationalism less dangerous and self-defeating than the present one requires asking questions like the ones we have asked about nuclear deterrence and the system of alliances: What is the United States trying to achieve? Is the policy in our long-term interest? Is it within our power? Will the benefits outweigh the costs?

The United States strategy for dealing with the Nicaraguan revolution exemplifies the same confusion with respect to revolutionary nationalism which led to tragedy in Vietnam. Unexamined premises are exerting a pull on United States policy which threatens to involve the nation in more unnecessary confrontation with nationalist movements around the world, and, quite possibly, confrontation with the Soviet Union. The threat that a revolutionary regime might become a Soviet military base is a legitimate concern. But the reasons for the American war against Nicaragua are ideological, not military. The Nicaraguans have agreed over and over that they will not have Soviet bases; nor do the Soviets show any interest in confronting the United States in this way. The United States is fighting Nicaragua over its social system under the pretense of fighting the Soviet Union and "world Communism." We have had virtually no debate on why this is in the national interest. Unwise, ill-considered, or repressive domestic policies carried out by the Nicaraguan government hurt Nicaraguans. There is nothing that a country of three million people can do to shake the foundations of democracy or capitalism in the United States. On the other hand, as the Iran-Contra scandal makes clear, the covert, unlawful, and inept efforts of American leaders to punish small countries do great damage to our own system. Sometimes we talk about the campaign of economic warfare and military operations against Nicaragua as if it were a crusade for good government. But if that were the motive, and this nation had a mandate to remake other nations, there are at least forty or fifty countries that should be considered for our attentions ahead of Nicaragua.

Why have the President and Congress become so embroiled with this little country? The very idea that a small nation that has been dominated by the United States for years—the Somoza dynasty was an American creation—could grope on its own toward independence is considered a threat, for it is feared that other small countries might follow. The very legitimacy of the revolution—it was broadly based, innovative, religious, and independent of the Soviet Union and Cuba—made it more of a threat, because, like the electoral victory of Salvador Allende in Chile in 1970, it seemed to offer other underdeveloped countries a plausible, relatively attractive route to radical social change. Thus, it became a United States national-security objective to cause the revolution to lose its positive image—in short, to self-destruct. Domestic political considerations might make it impossible for the Administration to send an army to Nicaragua to overthrow the revolution. But low-intensity warfare, as it is called, with minimal American casualties and slowly escalating cost, was designed to squeeze the revolutionary regime into austerity and frighten it into becoming repressive, so that it would lose its popular support and its international appeal. Yet there is nothing to suggest that the United States can by inflicting pain produce in such countries as Nicaragua a better society than exists today. The lesson that future revolutionaries will learn from the experience is that revolutions cannot survive with democratic freedoms of any sort or without explicit Soviet protection. Since revolutionary nationalism, whatever its outside support, is primarily a political phenomenon arising out of domestic political and economic problems, foreign military intervention, though it may delay revolutionary change—as it did for twenty-seven years in Iran—never produces stability or peace.

Anne Burgess

The intervention by the United States in Nicaragua is now bitterly resented throughout Latin America—even by the leaders of Mexico and Venezuela, who worry about insurgent movements in their own countries but do not see a war in Central America as the answer to their problems. Destroying the economy of Nicaragua undermines the United States effort to build up the economies of El Salvador and Honduras; the adverse effects in one country are felt in the others. Financing and training mercenaries in indiscriminate killing—by the use of land mines, for example—is a more eloquent statement about regard for human rights than Presidential speeches are. By ignoring the undertakings in numerous treaties not to engage in military intervention in Latin America, and by dismissing the World Court decision in favor of Nicaragua, the United States weakens the very instruments of law and order needed for real security in a dangerous world. The prolonged war of attrition against the government of a tiny country which we have sworn to overthrow makes the United States appear a pitiful, helpless bully.

The United States should be much less ideological in relating to revolutionary nationalist regimes. America's long-term interests are peace, economic development, and stability, not the acquisition of bases and clients. By its economic policies, particularly, the United States can have a moderating influence on revolutionary governments, but only if it does not seek to destroy them or attempt to dominate and control them. Such regimes need not be clients of the Soviet Union or enemies of the United States. Cuban troops guard the Gulf Oil Company's facilities at Cabinda in Angola. Vietnam wishes to develop its oil with the

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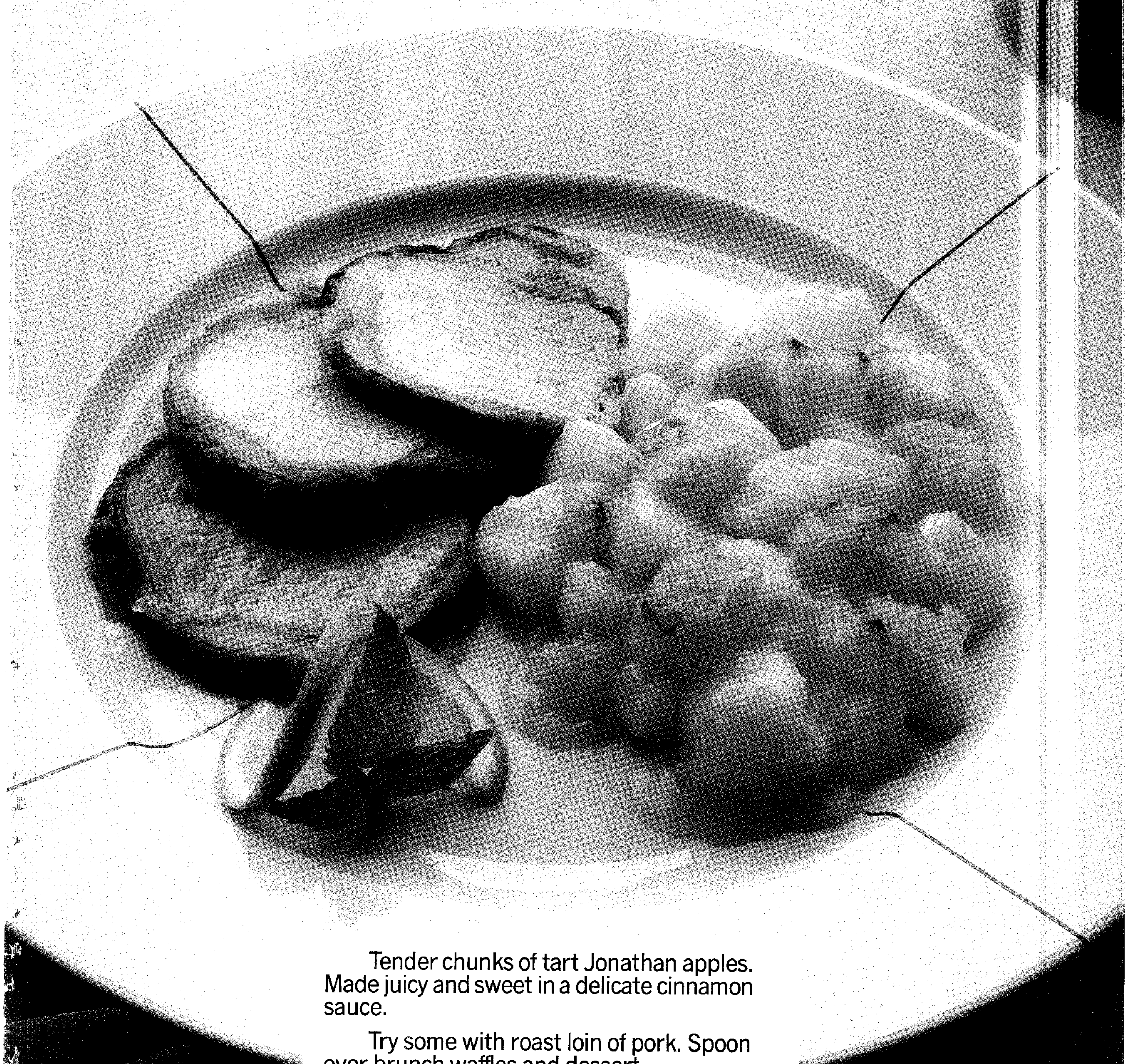

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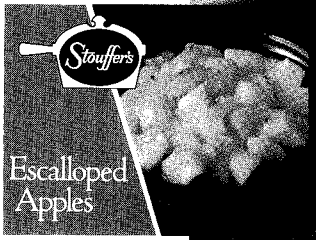

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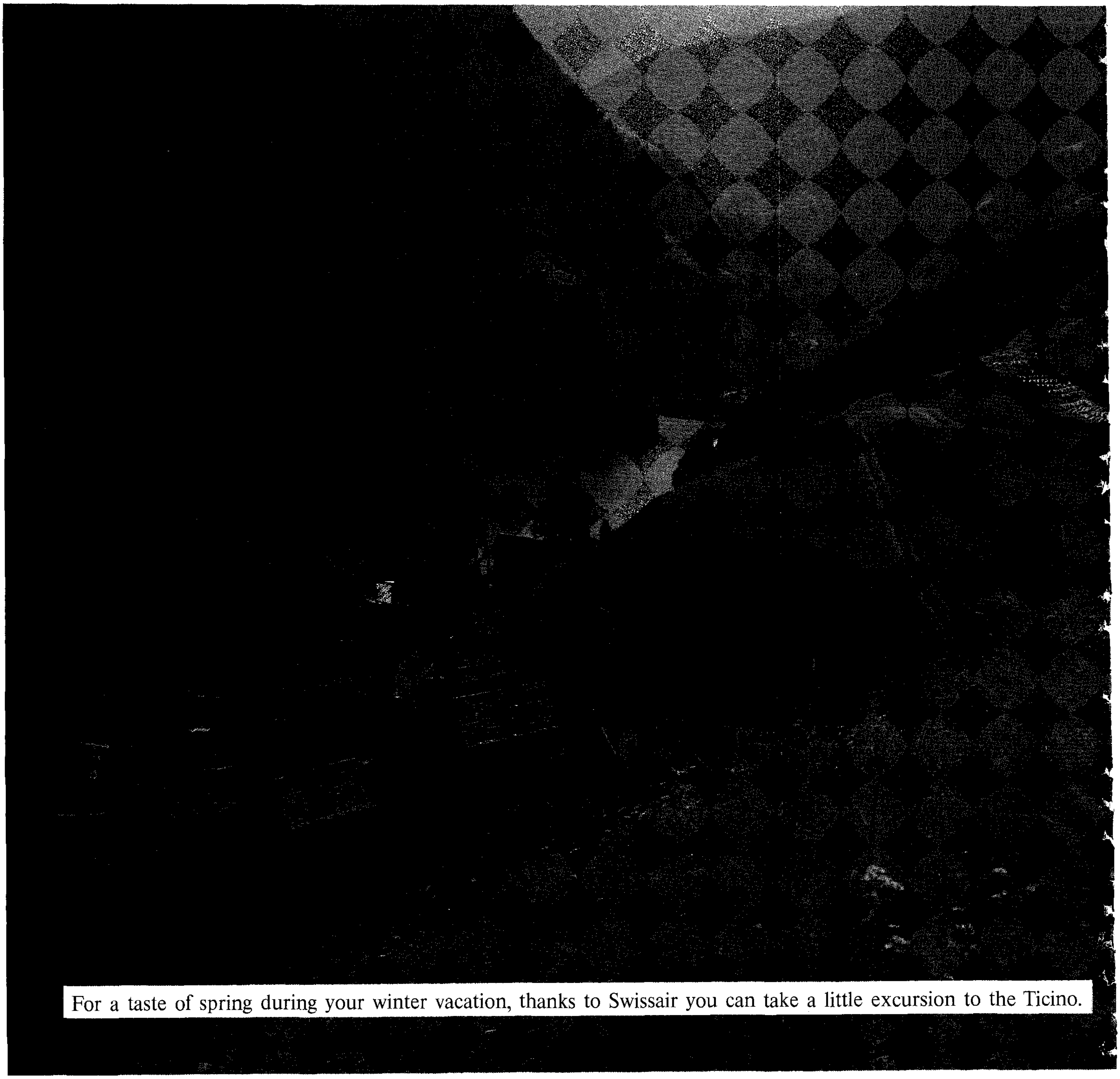
In Switzerland, right after you enjoy the thrills of winter, you can enjoy the rites of spring.



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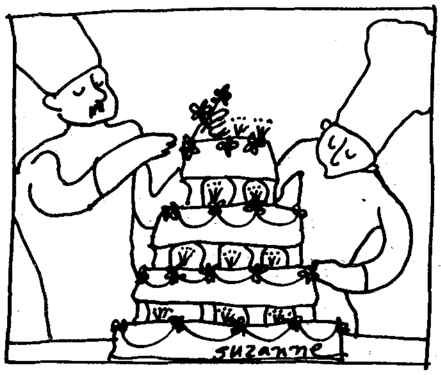
help of United States companies. Nicaragua would be glad to sell whatever it could in the United States. Indeed, the poorer the country the more dependent it is on the world market.

Greater tolerance of diversity in the Third World is also important for reducing the risk of nuclear war. The greatest danger of such a war is the escalation of an American-Soviet confrontation over a Third World country, quite possibly a confrontation at sea. One of the most dynamic aspects of the arms race is the naval buildup by both superpowers in the Pacific. The Soviets are steadily building a capacity designed to counter United States military intervention in Asia and Africa. True, in the last few years the Soviet Union has been careful not to challenge the United States militarily, even when, as in Lebanon, the United States moved close to the Soviet Union with small, vulnerable forces. But if the arms race goes on and political relations between the superpowers do not improve, the risks of serious confrontation will undoubtedly increase.

In the Third World, as in Europe, the political conflicts and the military competition that feed one another need to be addressed together. The United States should, as the President has suggested, propose new ground rules for superpower behavior in the Third World, and challenge the Soviet Union to a competition in non-intervention. But each side would have to respect ideological diversity and self-determination, and stop using poor countries as pawns in a global struggle against the other. The United States should propose that the superpowers avoid acquiring new bases in other countries and begin dismantling the ones they have. Many of the existing bases are not needed for the defense of either homeland, and their acquisition increases the danger of local confrontations. Bases are often hostages to the local government and, for the population, are hated symbols of foreign penetration. The superpowers could agree to cut back radically on military aid and military sales. Most of these agreements could be carried out more effectively by tacit understandings and mutual example—deeds, not words, as John Foster Dulles put it—than by prolonged negotiation amid a propaganda war.

In many parts of the Third World, the transition to anything resembling democracy is bound to be painful. The United States can help in three ways: (1) It can seek to create the most favorable international economic climate for the development of democracy in poor countries by changing some of the ground rules of the world economy which keep poor countries poor. (2) It can promote moderation, not by advancing its own, handpicked "moderates," something our leaders do not do very well, as the Iran debacle has shown, but by making our neutrality clear to all. When the United States enlists local newspapers, politicians, and businessmen as agents in destabilization campaigns, it gives beleaguered governments cause or an excuse to repress them. (3) The United States should favor rather than punish regimes with genuine development goals: mass literacy, labor rights, health care, agricultural development, environmental protection. By taking a supportive instead of a hostile position, it would have greater influence with respect to human rights. In short, as a people with a reputation for being practical, we should be looking at results instead of at ideology and rhetoric.

THE fourth pillar of our foreign policy is the liberal international economic order established at the end of the Second World War. Often called the world of Bretton Woods, because the ideas on which it rested were put together at the Bretton Woods Conference, in 1944, this system of free trade, fixed exchange rates, and freely convertible currencies substantially collapsed in 1971, when the United States, faced with a huge loss of gold reserves, refused to convert dollars to gold. The assumption that free trade would continue to benefit the United States because it was the strongest economy is no longer valid; a huge number of manufacturing jobs have left the country since other countries have begun to compete successfully with the United States in exports. Protectionism is on the rise. The assumption that basing the world economy on the dollar would be of indefinite benefit to the United States is also being questioned. The trillion or so dollars held outside the United States —so-called Eurodollars—are claims on the United States economy which could threaten the economic health of the nation if the holders lost confidence in the dollar.



The connections between economic policy and national security are obviously fundamental. The economy, and the people who compose it, is what the defense effort is supposed to protect. At the same time, the defense effort depends upon the economy. Increasingly, the economy of the United States is a branch of the world economy, while the world economy is less and less under American control. This nation is now much more dependent on foreign trade than it was ten years ago, but its share of world trade has fallen steeply.

The United States economy is noncompetitive for many reasons. One is that the higher standard of living of American workers is no longer a reflection of higher productivity. Another is that United States industry has lost its competitive edge in the application of high technology to the civilian-goods market. The chief commercial rivals of the United States direct a much smaller share of their scientific and engineering talent to the military market, and since their military investment is relatively low, these nations, notably Japan, have been able to compete successfully in the world market by devising and developing better, cheaper civilian products. A new United States dependence on the world economy has created greater pressure to export American agricultural products, and the rush to produce so much so fast has led to serious soil depletion, environmental damage from the excessive use of pesticides, and a farm sector dependent on uncertain foreign markets, which are drying up.

At the moment, the American political system is responding to the radical changes in the world economy not with innovative approaches but with knee-jerk protectionism. Yet the current arguments in favor of free trade have a musty smell about them, as if they had been transplanted intact from the nineteen-twenties and thirties. For the free-trade model to work the way it is supposed to work, there cannot be sharp differences in the economic condition of the trading partners. But in reality wages and standards of living vary radically. When the world

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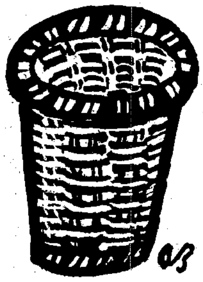
of Bretton Woods was created, its philosophical father, John Maynard Keynes, assumed that all countries would pursue full-employment policies. And, indeed, until the early nineteen-seventies the international economic order functioned tolerably well, at least in the industrial world, because growth was sustained for an unprecedented period and employment was high. Such a period of long-term growth is unlikely to recur soon. Of course, trade wars eventually hurt everyone. But there is less and less free trade. The employment problem cannot be solved by changes in trade or monetary policy alone, or even by an industrial policy that encouraged greater competitiveness on the part of United States industry. The United States employment problem is part of a world problem, because American workers must now compete with astonishing advances in educational levels, skills, and productivity in the world labor market. A substantial part of the "foreign competition" against which trade barriers are being erected consists of United States multinational corporations, which now produce television sets and many other consumer goods in Asia rather than in the United States. But United States multinationals are losing ground in the competition with non-United States multinationals for many reasons that ought to be the main concerns of a comprehensive national-security policy: poor education, training, and motivation of workers; job insecurity; top-heavy, overpaid bureaucracy in corporate management; and a slowness to adapt to a variety of new social and economic conditions.



The present global trend, in which all nations are becoming more dependent on exports and are fiercely competing with one another to sell the same goods to the same people, presents an unprecedented problem for the United States. In contrast to the state of affairs in the nineteen-sixties, the population of potential consumers of export products is not growing rapidly. Low-wage policies are in force almost everywhere—even in the United States, where the average real wage has declined since the mid-nineteen-seventies. Thus, while dependence on exports is going up, purchasing power for the mass of consumers is going down. Incentives inherent in the American economy now work against the buildup of the domestic market, and encourage excessive dependence on foreign trade. It is self-defeating for the United States through the International Monetary Fund and other lending agencies to encourage other countries to adopt measures that keep wages low. Newly industrialized countries should be encouraged to adopt wage scales that enable their workers to buy some of what they produce. But the problem of the noncompetitiveness of American workers cannot be solved by changes in other countries alone. Nothing would do more to improve the national security of the United States than a redirecting of resources from excessive military spending to education, technological innovation, and the creation of an economic environment in which management has more incentive to produce high-quality goods and furnish needed services, and less to make quick fortunes through speculation, mergers, and other features of what Keynes once called the "casino" economy.

The rise of a vast supranational "private" economy—multinational corporations, banks, the huge, unregulated Eurodollar market—has caused every nation-state, even the most powerful, to lose control over its economic affairs. No nation-state can on its own regain control. The effective management of economic affairs requires international action and concerted planning. The anarchy of the marketplace has produced in the world of finance, as a report by one congressional committee put it, "an integrated world financial/monetary market system" but one with "no world monetary or financial authority capable of managing that system." Unregulated financial flows in 1984, according to the *Economist*, were somewhere between twenty trillion and fifty trillion dollars. The debt of poor countries to banks and government agencies in rich countries has passed a trillion dollars. Most of it cannot be paid. Public international institutions and arrangements are desperately needed to enable publicly accountable authorities in every country to deal effectively with global corporations and banks, which are private supranational institutions, often operating outside the law, because there is no law. The incentives to engage in speculation which are now offered by the laws of the United States and other countries need to be

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examined and the incentive system restructured to make speculation less attractive. In short, the world needs a new supranational economic order no less—indeed, much more—than it needed one in 1944, at the time of the Bretton Woods agreements. But it needs, of course, a different set of agreements, to accommodate the global transformation that has taken place.

The strength of the nation now depends more and more upon economic health and political resilience. It cannot be calculated by counting weapons or by keeping book on the small victories and setbacks that are the lot of a great power in a world too dangerous for war. The very way national security is defined creates problems, for it is almost always defined in military terms, and the assumption usually is that there is some military answer. But for great powers with much to lose, democracies especially, victories are becoming increasingly elusive. More than ever, the strength of a nation rests on the morale of its people, on their capacity for innovating, for producing, and for adapting to new circumstances. The influence of the United States in the world will depend less on the state of the nuclear stockpile and more on the strength of the commitment to regenerate American society and to help build a more secure and peaceful world. Security is achieved not by posturing but by understanding the real forces at work in the world and taking intelligent action in respect to them. (It was energy conservation, not aircraft carriers, that ended OPEC's power to milk the industrial world.) Indeed, Clausewitz pointed out that the use of military power is "against common sense" when force becomes an end in itself. The great danger is that our nation will miss the real threats and the real opportunities that face us as we aimlessly pursue the shadows of our fears.

—RICHARD J. BARNET

•

Berbick came in with hooded black robe, and all his cornermen wore black jackets. It looked like a Halloween party. Or a coven of witches straight out of Hamlet, Act 1, Scene 1.—*Dick Young in the Post.*

Hamlet, Thane of Denmark.

•

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[*From the Times*]

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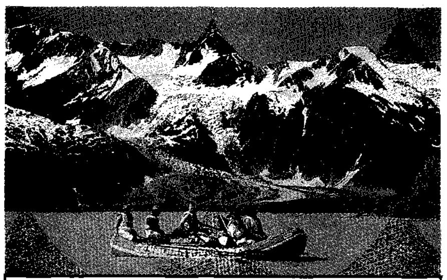

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Visions

IN John Schaefer's book "New Sounds" (due soon from Harper & Row), Hildegard of Bingen, the twelfth-century abbess, mystic, and musician, appears in a chapter along with John Adams, David Bowie, and the Penguin Cafe Orchestra. It's a roundup, miscellany chapter of new-sound composers not readily classified; no parallels are drawn between Hildegard and her companions. But her presence there indicates that music of the twelfth century—through its modern interpreters—is speaking to a wider audience than that of medieval-music enthusiasts. Mr. Schaefer recommends two Hildegard recordings: the Hyperion disk "A Feather on the Breath of God," made by Emma Kirkby and the Gothic Voices, and the Harmonia Mundi album "Ordo Virtutum," made by Sequentia. Sequentia is a Cologne-based group founded ten years ago by two American singers, Barbara Thornton and Benjamin Bagby, and the Dutch string player Margriet Tindemans. The three of them came to Corpus Christi Church last month, in the Music Before 1800 series, to present "A Vision of Medieval English Music." The music was from the thirteenth century, composed by "Anon.," with the exception of one group of visionary songs: three songs dictated to the hermit St. Godric, in the twelfth century, by the Blessed Virgin, Godric's dead sister, and St. Nicholas; and a "hypothetical musical setting" of Caedmon's hymn "Nu sculon herian heofon-rices Weard" ("Now we must praise the heavenly kingdom's Creator"), which was taught to the seventh-century Northumbrian shepherd by an angel. The text that he was given, but not the music, survives.

Much about any performances of medieval music remains speculative. Anyone who in classes sang Godric's "Crist and Sainte Marie" or "Man mei longe him lives wene" or "Jesu Cristes milde moder" from the firmly barred triple-time transcriptions in Gustave Reese's "Music in the Middle Ages" would hardly have recognized the songs in the boldly lilting Sequentia renderings, in rhythms responsive to the text. Not all approve. An *Early Music* reviewer of a recent Sequentia record of thirteenth-century German songs remarked, "There are some upon whom the Sequentia sound works magically, and they will not be disappointed by these offerings. Those who have an antipathy to the mixing of musicology and make-believe in such proportions will remain sceptical." This drew a spirited reply, "Musicology and Make-Believe?," from Mr. Bagby, in last November's *Early Music*. He champions interpreters who, after careful study of the scanty, often contradictory surviving evidence, "achieve an aesthetically coherent point of view," and bring their research to life by "endless experimentation, repetition and fantasy." On me—and on all the Corpus Christi audience, it seemed—the Sequentia sound does work magically. Unaccompanied, or underpinned by the sounds of medieval fiddle, harp, sometimes hurdy-gurdy, Miss Thornton and Mr. Bagby sang as if from open throats, out into the spaces of the church. (I'm not essaying pharyngeal accuracy but trying to describe a sound.) There is nothing closed, covered, or artificially darkened in the timbre. On the one hand, there is none of the rasp, the fierce shouting, that—often with undeniably exciting effect—is practiced by some medieval singers; on the other hand, none of the dainty prissiness, the small-voiced, mouselike exquisiteness, that makes some medieval singers seem precious. Miss Thornton and Mr. Bagby sing in full, brave tones and perfectly in tune. Moreover, they sing Middle English, Old French, Old German, Latin in various national accents as languages understood and enjoyed.

Gahan Wilson

"It's perfectly all right. I used to do the same sort of thing when I was a little boy."

The only disappointment at the Corpus Christi recital was a lack of text sheets for the audience. Sung Middle English is not the easiest language to follow. "Miri it is while summer ilast" may present few problems; the prisoner's lament "Ar ne kuth ich sorghe non" ("Once I knew no sorrow") is harder. The Norton anthology "Middle English Lyrics" provided seven glossed texts for those who came armed with it. The handout for Lawrence Rosenwald's lecture "The Poetical World of Early English Song," which preceded the concert, provided Middle English texts (unglossed) for four songs. That still

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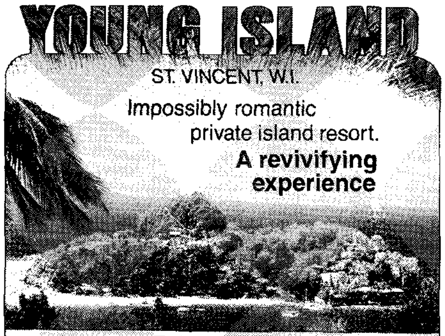

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left many songs to be followed in a vaguer way than the verbally focussed Sequentia performances deserve. The poetry matters. Edmund Gosse, in the Britannica essay on verse, traced the metres of modern English poetry back to the song St. Nicholas taught to Godric.

The recital did, indeed, offer a "vision": of an age when things that matter in life—birdsong, the annual miracle of spring, the acceptance of personal transitoriness, awe before mysteries—were captured with a directness and freshness that Sequentia recaptures for a modern age. It was inspiring—not just a nostalgic dip into history. In "Jesu Cristes milde moder," the sound of voices in thirds rang out as if never heard before. The finale was "Sumer is icumen in," that medieval marvel of bright natural observation and intricate musical organization. Miss Tindemans added her voice to the round, in the most buoyant, joyful performance of it I have heard. I must own that I heard it some days later, by way of a modern marvel, tape recording. Before summer could come in at Corpus Christi, I'd gone century-hopping.

THE same afternoon, in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Julianne Baird was singing seventeenth-century cantatas: two by Giovanni Felice Sances and one by Alessandro Melani. Holy Trinity, on East Eighty-eighth Street, is Episcopal. Its architecture, like that of Grace Chapel, now Immaculate Conception Church, on East Fourteenth Street, is French Renaissance; both buildings, dating from the eighteen-nineties, are by Barney & Chapman. The content of the cantatas was frankly erotic: in Sances, the ardent sighs of a lover displaced by a rival and of a lover being punished, it seems, for too violent an assault on his mistress; and in Melani a declaration of war on a bosom of adamant. Sances's "Usurpator tiranno" and "Accenti queruli" flow over a passacaglia bass. Melani's "All'armi, pensieri" uses soprano and trumpet in friendly competition. The church has big resonant spaces beneath a high hammer-beam roof. Miss Baird's voice, pure, true, and unstrained, blossomed here, seemed to take wing. The trumpeter was Edward Carroll, who also played sonatas for trumpet and organ (Mary Jane Newman) by Albinoni and Giovanni Bonaventura Viviani; brass in a large, resonant church is always a noble

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sound. Soprano and trumpeter joined again in the bravura second-act finale, Melissa's "Desterò dall'empia Dite," of Handel's "Amadigi"—another thoroughly secular piece, the angry outburst of a woman scorned.

THREE days later, in Weill Recital Hall, Miss Baird sang a program of, mainly, seventeenth- and eighteenth-century pops: by Giulio Caccini, Purcell, Monteverdi, Handel. The little room, with its accurate but unflattering acoustics, added no extra bloom to her timbre. Miss Baird delights, fascinates, and bothers me. Sometimes without reservation I surrender to tone at once limpid and firmly defined, to her grace of phrasing, her fleetness, the skill and appropriateness of her ornaments. There are notes that shine like bright stars. But sometimes I think the tone too nearly instrumental, like that of a sweet-voiced organ stop. She pronounces words clearly but does not always bring them to life. Handel's "Lucrezia," the final piece on her program, ends on a recitative marked *furioso:* though on earth Lucrezia may be unable to punish Tarquin, "in Hell, furious and cruel, I shall wreak my vengeance." But the menace sounded mild in this performance—"furibonda," "cruda," and "vendetta" seemed curiously tame words. The singing was admirable but the emotions were understated. Miss Baird did not move the audience to tears with the lamentations of Monteverdi's Ariadne. Colin Tilney accompanied, on the harpsichord. Solo, he played Frescobaldi's Hundred Variations over a Passacaglia (they seemed too many in his thoughtful but severely plain performance) and, with spirit and wit, a C. P. E. Bach sonata.

IN January, the Mannes Camerata, directed by Paul Echols, put on seven performances of the twelfth-century music dramas "Herod" and "The Massacre of the Innocents" (from the Fleury Playbook), in Christ Church on Park Avenue, a richly theatrical Methodist church by Ralph Adams Cram. Mr. Echols is a master of music drama: a stage director who commands space, a music director with a sure feeling for timbres and timing. The church was candlelit, not simply but theatrically: starting in darkness, brightening around the shepherds at the manger, with great floats of lights borne on to invest Herod's court with glitter. The costumes, by Susan Doug-

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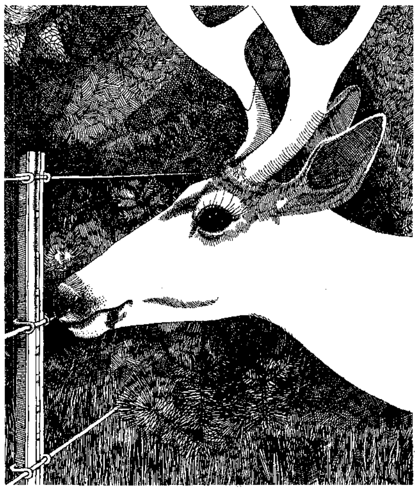

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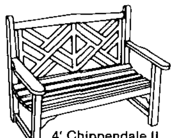

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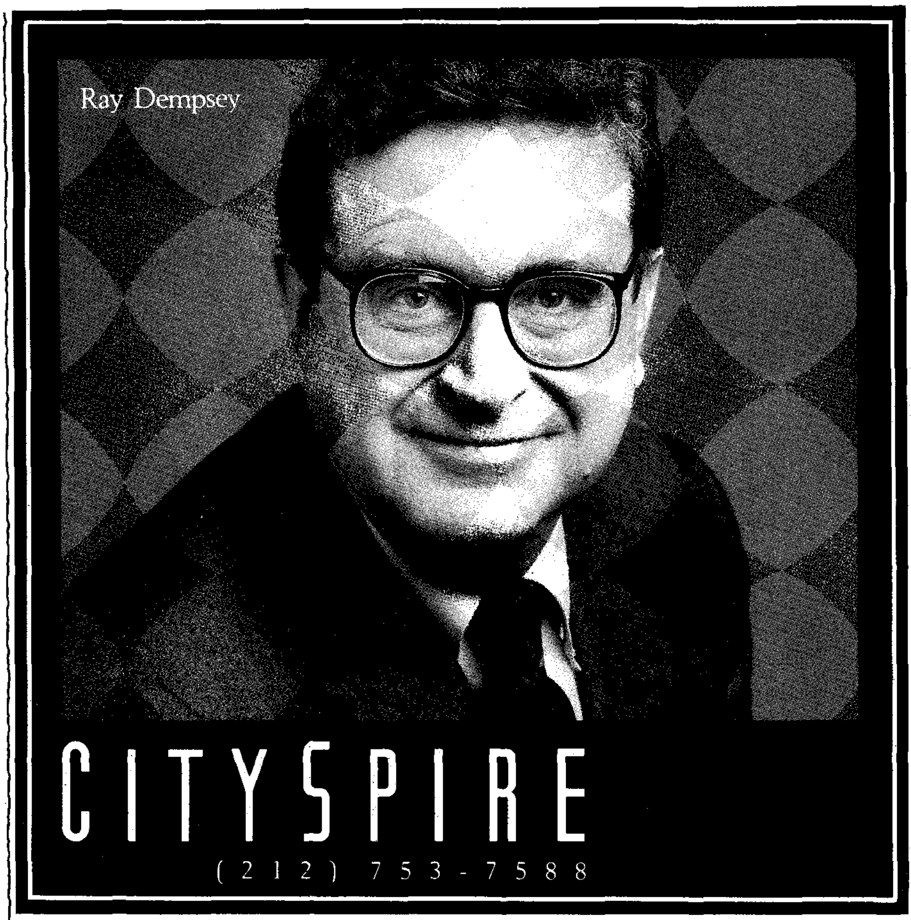
las, were after the Book of Kells. The action moved through the church, and the actors moved with simple, unaffected dignity. Mr. Echols seems able to produce voice after voice that sings truly, eloquently, effortlessly. Outstanding, in a large and excellent cast, were Johnson Flucker, the Herod, a male soprano of powerful timbre and imposing presence, and Alexandra Montano, the Rachel, who was heartrending in her great lament for the slaughtered innocents. (I don't know whether Miss Baird has ever worked with Mr. Echols. Five centuries divide the Fleury Rachel and Monteverdi's Ariadne, so comparisons are not really apposite. But by Rachel's lament I was profoundly moved, as I had not been by Miss Baird's account of Ariadne's.) I have no competence to comment in scholarly fashion on Mr. Echols' choice of metres—or, more often, unmeasured lyrical declamation—of instruments, of vocal tessitura. (Replacing the children's choir with a chorus of mothers meant putting realism in place of a miracle—in the original, the little corpses revive at an angelic summons and sing a processional hymn in praise of Christ—but the practical reason for doing this was plain.) The result was high drama, beside which—again I jump centuries and genres—most of what I've seen and heard at the Met recently seems trivial.

Miss Thornton and Mr. Bagby were back again three weeks after the Corpus Christi concert, this time in Merkin Hall, with a concert of French music from the twelfth century—"the age of Thomas Becket, Eleanor of Aquitaine, Abelard and Heloise," as Mr. Bagby wrote in his program note. The music came about half from Paris, half from Aquitaine. All the songs but one were sacred. Peter Abe-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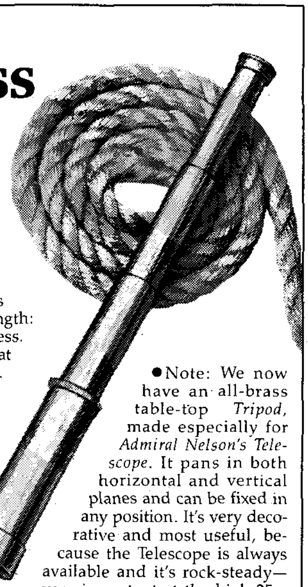
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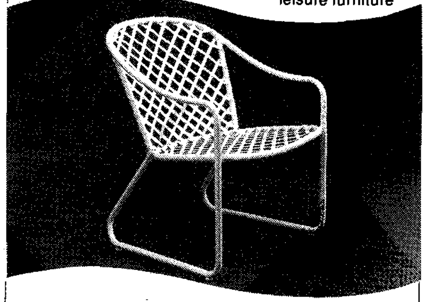
lard's moving Lament of David over the Deaths of Saul and Jonathan was included. It was a Boston Camerata concert: while the Camerata's regular director, Joel Cohen, is on leave Miss Thornton and Mr. Bagby have been serving as guest directors. There were, including the directors, ten singers—five women and five men, used at various strengths, often just two or three—and two players of medieval fiddles. The group had imbibed Sequentia virtues: the play of line against line and of sudden decorative flights against steadier melodies, in subtle balances; naturalness and openness of timbre; clear vowel colors; purity of intonation. The music was more courtly, more evidently composed, than that of the English program—a music of castle and chapel, as opposed to the vernacular songs evoking a countryside of cuckoo calls, sheep, bounding bullocks. The performers were listed en bloc, without further identification. The two tenors who sang Philip the Chancellor's "Regis decus et regine" (an interior-decorator inventory, after Exodus 26, given allegorical import) won special praise for the fine detail of their virtuoso collaboration. But all deserve mention: Roberta Anderson, Janice Felty, William Hite, Frank Kelley, Sharon Kelley, William Sharp, Sanford Sylvan, Karen Clarke Young, and the fiddlers Jane Hershey and Laura Jeppeson. The singers would have sounded better still in a hall (or church) of warmer, fuller acoustics than those of Merkin; but they sounded very good. On the debit side: only the absence of Latin texts (and even of complete translations), and hellish overheating of the hall.

BEL CANTO OPERA, for two performances—one in January, one last month—revived William Henry Fry's "Leonora," the first American grand opera. It had its première in Philadelphia's Chestnut Street Theatre in 1845 and reached New York—in Italian translation—in 1858, when it was done at the Academy of Music. Thereafter, silence—until this Bel Canto production in the bleak auditorium of the Fashion Institute of Technology. In the eighteen-fifties, Fry was an important and influential critic on the *Tribune;* in the New Grove Dictionary of American Music he rates, besides his individual entry, nearly a page of Edward Downes' essay "Criticism." Fry championed American music (including his own),



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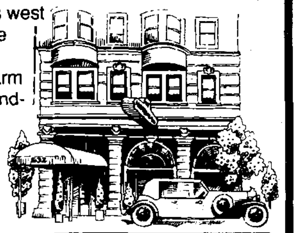

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and championed performances in English, but he believed that opera had been in decline since Bellini's "Norma."(He deplored both "Faust" and "Tannhäuser.") His "Leonora" has a libretto, by his brother, based on Bulwer-Lytton's "The Lady of Lyons" (1838), a play that Macready had put on with great success at Covent Garden. Number by number, "Leonora" is not an incompetent work, but as a drama it's ridiculous—its incidents like a parody of grand opera, inviting the explicatory comments of some nineteenth-century Mr. Puff. It lacks long musical organization, as of Bellini's "I Puritani," that can turn a ramshackle plot into an engrossing musical drama. Many of Fry's numbers are modelled on numbers in "I Puritani," "La Sonnambula," and "Norma"—good models, to be sure, but so closely followed that a listener wonders why the singers are bothering with the counterfeit when they might be singing the original, over pretty well the same accompaniments. "Leonora" was absurd, but, in a low way, it wasn't unenjoyable. When an orchestra strums out a polacca rhythm (as if for "Son vergin vezzosa") or embarks on "Moonlight" Sonata triplets (as if for "Casta Diva"), familiar responses are stirred. June Anderson could be the star of an entertaining disk of glittering highlights from "Leonora." Fry wrote for virtuoso singers. The singers I heard—the two performances were differently cast—were not virtuosos, but they got through the notes, more or less, in a plucky way. The staging was primitive, and the accompaniment rough, but one saluted Bel Canto's enterprise in exploring a byway of American musical history.

The company's next production, in June, is of Schumann's "Genoveva," in its American première. It's a theatrically insecure opera but one by a great composer, with at least two scenes in which effective declamation, uncommon orchestral colors, and telling harmony conspire to striking effect.

—ANDREW PORTER

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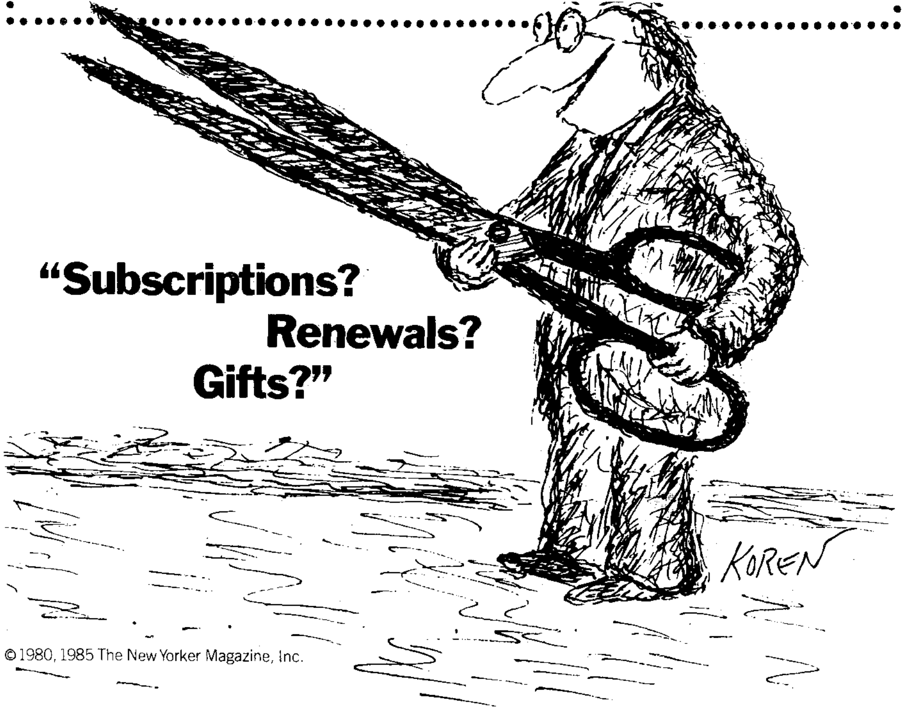
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

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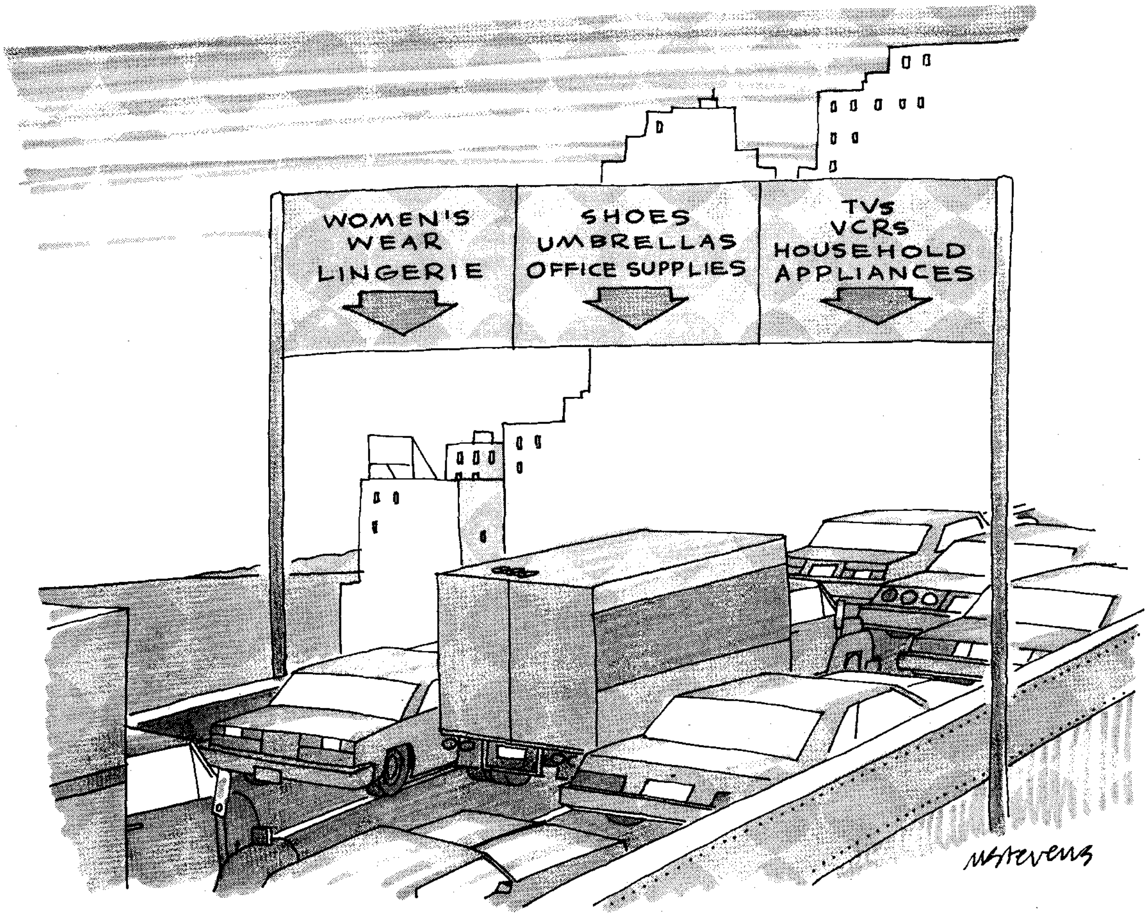
WOODY ALLEN's "Radio Days" starts high and, with its warm, amber colors (soft-toned reds and yellows and browns), it casts a spell. The picture is so likable and lulling that it may be a half hour or more before you say to yourself, "Is this smooth, anecdotal texture all there is? Is the whole thing just going to be Woody Allen looking back fondly?" It's based on Allen's recollections of his childhood (as well as on radio stories he's heard or dreamed up), but it's as if he had distanced himself from himself, because the childhood he shows us here isn't the genesis of his early choppy, fitfully funny movies. The protagonist of those comedies was fuelled by hostility and neurosis, and he had a boyish affection for dirt. Now Allen is like a radio narrator summing up the images. Speaking in a strong, confident voice-over while a slight, eleven-year-old redhead, Joe (Seth Green), acts things out, Allen makes his childhood innocuous. He seems to be saying, "I've grown past all that angry immaturity," and in this account his memories of what radio meant to him and his family at the start of the Second World War are converted into nostalgic "poetry."

Allen has learned how to work with a large cast and get the texture he wants. The performers who make up Joe's lower-middle-class Jewish family in Rockaway Beach are presented as comic-strip homelies, but they're wonderfully affable. His parents are said to squabble, but it's not about anything vital, and they do it in a familiar, comfortable way. His father (Michael Tucker) is a low-key, smiley joker, and Julie Kavner, youthful and bouncy, is near-miraculous as the practical-minded, dreamy, goofy mother—at least, she is at first. Allen doesn't do enough with her, and by the end you've forgotten her. In one way or another, that happens to just about everyone in the movie, and you become aware that that's how Allen wants it. It happens to Joe's big-bellied uncle, played by Josh Mostel, a whiz at naturalistic timing (and the screen actor his father, Zero, never was), and to his stocky wife, played by twinkle-eyed Renee Lippin—she pumps her elbows as she bustles about. Their teen-age daughter (Joy Newman), who loves to mug, has only one full scene, but it's a beauty: miming a Carmen Miranda song that's on the radio—"South American Way"—she's joined by Tucker and Mostel, who perform as backup singers. Dianne Wiest is an unmarried aunt, a bespectacled bookkeeper eager to find a husband—she's Joe's special pal. Yet the role has no edge, and she always seems to be across a room, never up close, at the center of our attention. This is part of our disappointment: the strategy of the movie is that nothing is up close. Allen has everything receding into the past.

The characters only come half awake, half alive. They go back to being "little people." And this may be the big weakness of "Radio Days." Feeling that he's outgrown the early tensions and can now see his family's funny side, Allen has reduced everyone to harmlessness. It's pure nostalgia—the past sweetened and trivialized. We in the audience want to see the actors show more of what they can do; there are real comedians here, and it's a turn-on. Allen cares about the total artistic effect. Yet he can't compensate us for the loss of the performers, because most of the moviemaking skills he has acquired have nothing to do with comedy. His total artistic effect is studied. Commenting on the old neighborhood, he's like the curator of Woody's childhood.

Toward the end, Allen serves up poignant thoughts about the transience of popular culture: Wallace Shawn, as the actor who plays radio's Masked Avenger, says, "I wonder if future generations will even know about us." This might be touching if it were played for a hack actor's fatuousness—and there has been nothing to make the radio celebrities look impressive—yet Allen directs it straight. As he spells it out, the public's memories of the stars of radio become dimmer each year. The question the film asks—its theme—is "Will our fame last?" Implicitly, Allen's saying that we movie stars (and TV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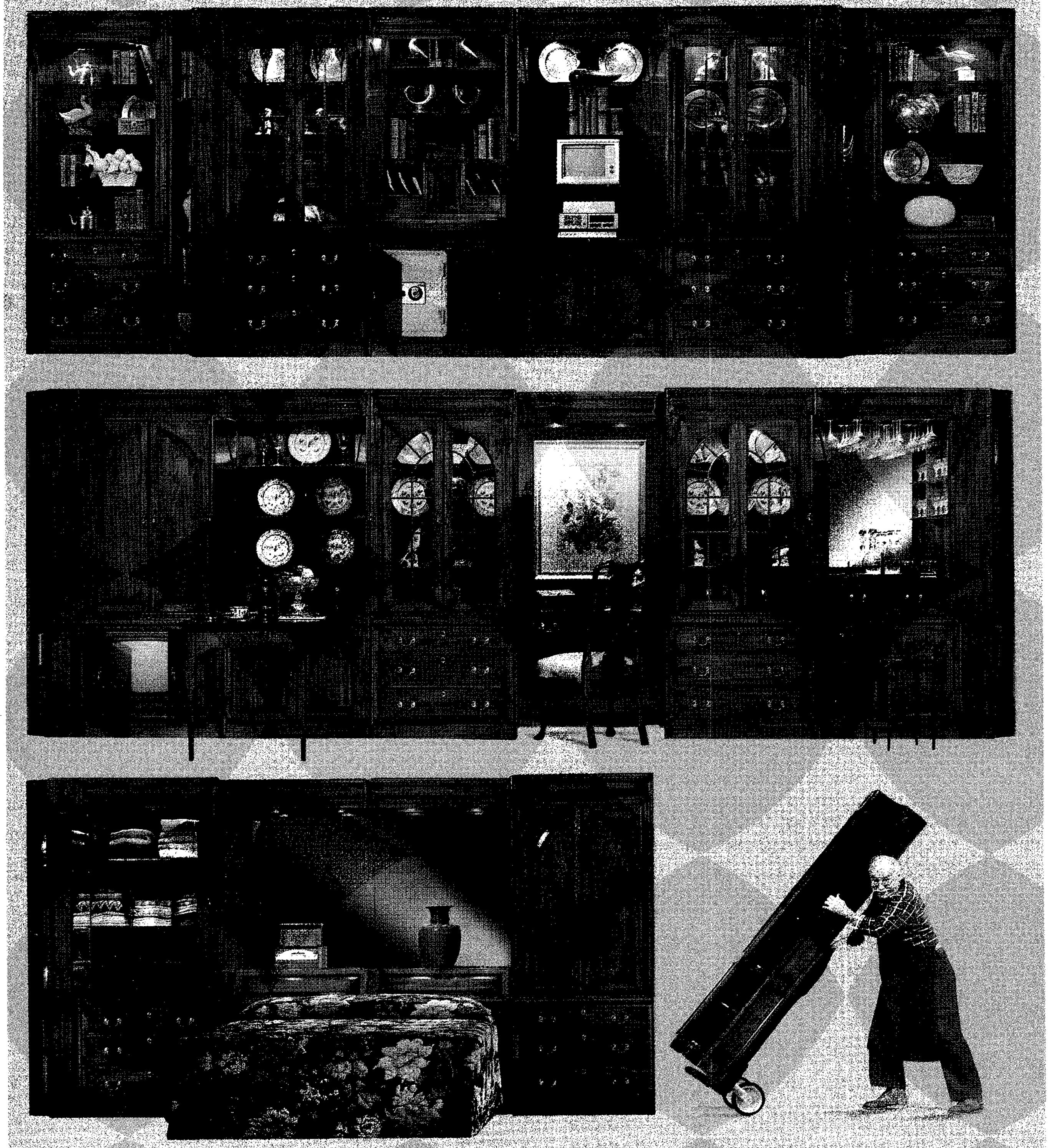

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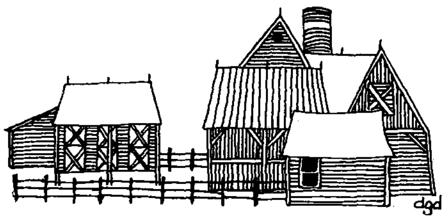
stars) must learn humility. But the fleetingness of fame doesn't sadden the audience as it saddens him; the audience isn't distressed about his slim chances for immortality. And so at the climax the aching melancholy seems to be misty eyes in a void.

The picture goes soft on itself. It's a celebration of what Allen was addicted to when he was a boy. But then he treats his boyish tastes in popular culture as the good things in life, and as a stick to hit contemporary pop culture with. He described the period to a *Times* interviewer in these terms: "It was a simpler age, and the music one heard on the radio was not earsplitting, pretentious rock music. It was very lovely." (Big-band music not pretentious?) Woody Allen is an aesthetic conservative—a fogy. It's understandable that he might prefer the more inhibited, romantic pop of his early years to contemporary pop, but by the fifties it had gone stale, and the fun of pop culture is that it's disposable. Why all this regret? Allen treats the old songs (the film incorporates a generous assortment of hits) as a value that we've lost. That's a way of killing the pleasures of pop. Too bad he can't feel what we've gained, because it correlates with everything that's missing from "Radio Days": immediacy, exhilaration. (He wants life to back off.)

The character most affected is doll-like Sally White (Mia Farrow), the pert little bimbo from Canarsie—the one character whom we follow over a period of years, as she rises from cigarette girl to jewel-decked radio star. Mia Farrow is presented as the essence of prettiness, and it's perfect casting. But she's also supposed to be the subject of a million dirty jokes, and Woody Allen can't bring himself to tell even one. He's so protective of the actress (and the picture) that Sally may be a first: a sexless bimbo. And though she's meant to be a nincompoop who obliges any man who asks, Allen denies her even the little bit of consciousness she'd need to boost herself up. So she has no satirical kick. (The movie is centered on a preadolescent boy, and there are places where you think he directed it.)

It's a relief whenever somebody seems to go all out. In one scene, Danny Aiello, as a Mafia hit man who means to kill Sally, has her in tow when he stops by his house. His rip-snorting, gnarled old mother tempts the cutie to eat great heaps of pasta and, delighted by her face and her appetite, tells the son that it would be a waste to kill her. Gina DeAngelis, who plays the mother as if she'd trained Anjelica Huston in witchcraft, gives the audience a lift. So does a Latin singer (Denise Dummont) who wiggles and sways. And so does Diane Keaton, appearing at the finish as a sophisticated song stylist with a band on New Year's Eve, 1944. The movie features skyscraper rooftops and the lighted signs of Times Square in the forties, but the art design has no streamlined playfulness, no sense of caricature. And such men-about-town as Tony Roberts and Jeff Daniels don't seem intended to have much comic dash; they're just there, for no particular purpose. Keaton, though, with her glittering snood, her demure naughty smile, and the subtle languor of her rhythm as she sings Cole Porter's "You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To," momentarily makes you feel the radiance of old Manhattan. And Farrow's Sally, pulling her sequinned cape around her, makes you feel the satisfaction that she takes in being a celeb.

"Radio Days" has its moments, but it's a museum piece. It has charm but no revelations, no excitement; the jokes don't go anywhere. It's like an analysand's nightmare of what his shrink might do to him: level his emotions and make him accept everything banal in the society. ("It was very lovely.") This is Woody Allen, the sexually obsessed upstart hero of the sixties and seventies, looking back to a golden age of niceness. (Young audiences may not find much in the movie to plug in to.) The film's sentimentality comes through fairly overpoweringly in a set-piece episode in which a little girl has fallen into a well and the American public is glued to its radios, hoping for word that she has been rescued. The sequence is presented without irony, as an indication of how radio used to bring us all together. As Allen tells it, people's feelings came out at a time like that. I'm not sure that I can pinpoint exactly why this sequence is slightly sickening, but it just about cancels out the best crazy-comedy routine in the movie, in which the rabbi (Kenneth Mars) and Joe's father and mother argue about who has the right to discipline the boy while they take turns smacking him. With just a twist—say, the nation coming to a standstill while a broadcaster describes the frantic efforts of firemen to get a cat down from a very short tree—the movie would gain some tartness, some perspective.



Woody Allen has fought hard to keep his individuality as a moviemaker (this is the fifteenth film he has written and directed), and he takes chances: this picture probably won't succeed with a wide audience, because it's a reminiscence rather than a conventional story. Yet while you're watching it you feel that he wants too much for you to like it. What the country unified by the plight of the little girl suggests is that Woody Allen has found in himself the heartfelt coyness of Louis B. Mayer—without the (often redeeming) vulgar joyfulness. Allen goes for the lump in the collective throat, carefully, tastefully.

THE English political thriller "Defense of the Realm" is hushed and complicated; events go by very fast. I was intent, my face resting on my left fist, as I concentrated on what all those low-voiced Britishers were up to. Suddenly I became aware of a loud, percussive sound, and, wondering what new element was being introduced, I strained to make it out. It was my Swatch ticking. Directed by the talented David Drury, from a script by Martin Stellman that's just about all plot, the picture demands too much close attention; you don't have time to think about what's going on—you're locked into just finding out what it is. And there's no fun in putting the puzzle together. Yet the movie leaves you with something—a sci-fi vision of an octopus state.

In subject, it's probably the closest English equivalent of "All the President's Men," but the atmosphere is much darker and more oppressive. It deals with a rising young Fleet Street journalist, devious, amoral Nick (Gabriel Byrne), who goes after a scoop, gets some hot tips, and writes stories that destroy the career of an Opposition leader, a Labour M.P. (Ian Bannen)—he's exposed as the patron of a call girl, and as possibly a Communist passing information to the K.G.B. An elderly journalist (Denholm Elliott) at the paper tries to persuade Nick to wait and check further before publishing the data, but this rumpled old duffer with his conscien-

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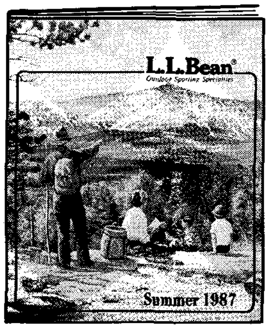

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tiousness is a bit of a joke in the newsroom, and it isn't until his sudden death that Nick discovers that the tips he acted on were phonies, engineered by the Tory government. That's when he begins, with the help of the M.P.'s assistant (Greta Scacchi), to penetrate the conspiracy, and to discover how the paper itself is implicated, and how little he can do about it. (The fluke that sets things off is an attempt by a couple of juvenile delinquents to break out of a Borstal institution; one of them blunders into an American military base where nuclear weapons are stored and, in the middle of a nuclear alert, is killed—but all this is, of course, concealed. The M.P. learned these secrets, which the government considers vital to the "defense of the realm," and was framed to silence him.)

Shot by Roger Deakins (who also shot "1984"), "Defense of the Realm" suggests a color version of the dark-night-of-the-soul baroque of "The Third Man," and it's a measure of the director's skill that you accept the overcast skies as a spiritual condition. The movie is about pervasive bureaucratic rot. It's a new-style acrid thriller, an Orwellian coffee jag rather than a Graham Greene entertainment. Even the dawns are gray.

The initial focus is on the journalists—on Nick, who knows how to get a story but hasn't had the intellectual reach to form a clear picture of how the society works, and on the rival newsmen (Robbie Coltrane is among them) and the editors (Bill Paterson shines) and the mighty owner (Fulton Mackay). The picture gets weaker as it goes wider and takes in the whole power structure. And it doesn't go far enough into the characters—into Nick, especially. But it's restless and adventurous in its camera moods. An example of paranoiac realism, it infuses *cinéma vérité* shooting with a spirit of grim fantasy. The whole production has an alert intelligence. It has everything but the basic storytelling astuteness to give you a good time; after a while, you feel charred.

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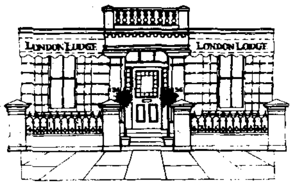

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BOOKS

The Last of James

IN "The Complete Notebooks of Henry James," edited by Leon Edel and Lyall H. Powers (Oxford; $30), we have the workshop diaries of someone ruminating, bumbling his way about, teasing this or that germ of an idea into existence. Once the idea has arrived, it is most often framed into something larger than it first appeared to be. Invention and expansion occupy the note-taker; the finished work is a matter of formal placement, discarded possibilities, compression, and polish. The notebooks are both architectural and musical. The blueprint for a finished structure—say, "What Maisie Knew"—unfolds. At the same time, in an odd echoing back and forth between the plan and the achievement, what almost amounts to an opposing voice—a voice full of hesitations, possibilities, and second guesses—is heard. Considering James's vast accomplishment, so overwhelmingly assured, the note of doubt comes as a surprise. Yet these notebooks make it clear that a great writer is proof against anything: his worst excesses, unintended revelation, repetition, obsession, and the elaborately mandarin style that came to be James's characteristic mode once writer's cramp had forced him to abandon pen and paper for dictation.

James's notebooks, dating from 1878 through 1911, present a problem to any editor trying to put them in order. Should the nine copybooks housed in Harvard's Houghton Library be reproduced exactly as they exist even though their chronology is scrambled, because James often reached for the one nearest at hand? Or should the contents be rearranged chronologically, as logic would suggest? In an earlier, 1947 version, edited by F. O. Matthiessen and Kenneth Murdock, the material was rearranged year by year. But logic also suggests another method: an arrangement by subject. The present editors, steering a course between time and theme, pay homage to chronology through chapter headings and a running commentary connecting the notebooks. Still, in the pursuit of reproducing the notebooks exactly as they exist at Harvard, the scheme is somewhat odd, because two series of "American Journals" and one called "London Town"—jottings for a planned but never realized book—are accorded chapters of their own, though their actual texts are excerpted from the notebooks. Invaluable as they may be, the informed editorial remarks interlarded throughout the present edition risk repetition by anticipating what James is about to say.

What makes these notebooks "complete" is the addition of new material: notes James wrote his publishers (including the scenario for "The Ambassadors"), early sketches of other work, an unfinished short story ("Hugh Merrow"), his address lists and cash accounts, and, most important, his pocket diaries from 1909 through 1915—datebooks that widen out to more than engagement books usually imply: an emotional outburst or two, confessions, thumbnail scenic sketches, weather reports, a medical history. Because every last scrap James unwittingly left behind is reproduced here, the Edel-Powers book is more comprehensive than its predecessor.

In this volume of endless mental revision, James's intelligence is so great that we are alarmed at its ability to sustain itself. But there is a large sense of mystery, too: that mystery of genius James believed in when he invokes his muse—his "Good Angel" or "*mon bon*"—for inspiration and for patience. Playing with an idea, he divides the form of a projected work into so-and-so many chapters, into exactly this many pages or that, or tells himself the precise number of words needed to bring an action into focus, a section to completion. Of great interest in matters of technique, the notebooks are mainly fascinating on two other grounds: as a psychological por-

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trait never meant to be unveiled, and as a commentary on literary methodology—the ground bass to the critical prefaces of the New York Edition of the collected novels and tales, perhaps the most all-encompassing example of critical self-awareness in literature. Yet everywhere other facets of James peep through: the old bachelor with a social calendar that would floor a racehorse, the son, brother, and uncle—a steadfast member of the James family—and the writer calling upon the depths of his being to summon courage, beseeching his "Good Angel" for help, or thanking it for the blessed and healing powers of creation. The nakedness of the need, the gratitude for the gift are nowhere else so sharply revealed.

James's social life was sometimes doubly nourishing—at a dinner table he might hear the "germ" of an idea that would be "fructifying." And it was also counter-productive:

> August 6th, 1884. Infinitely oppressed and depressed by the sense of being behind-*hand with the novel* ["The Bostonians"]. I go today for 36 hours to Waddesdon [a manor built in the style of a French château by Baron Ferdinand James Rothschild] and on the 9th for the same stay to the Rallis'. These are old engagements, which I keep very *à contre coeur:* I would so far rather stick to my table and scribble . . . Only *one* engagement, a Sunday at Basset, the 16th . . . and a clear stretch of work to look forward to. Then I shall possess my soul, my faculties, my imagination again, then I shall feel that life is worth living.

The demands James made on himself are staggering, the works produced astounding, but nothing is more stirring than the sense of his being engaged in a great enterprise to which the word "writing" provides the merest clue. He was more like some emperor of the imagination presiding over the still unfinished outline of an ultimate hegemony—states yet to be conquered, networks waiting to be finished and connected, huge outlying structures remaining to be built. One gets the impression, in spite of each individual work's formal challenge and triumph, of a master plan at the back of the Master's mind. In 1882, at the age of thirty-nine, James could confide to these secret pages, "I shall have been a failure unless I do something *great!*" The insistence on greatness, and the ability to achieve it in a *Comédie Humaine* of masterpiece after masterpiece, links the thoughts—and the style—of these notebooks. Pitched to a common goal, they share a unity of reference. They tell a story, or

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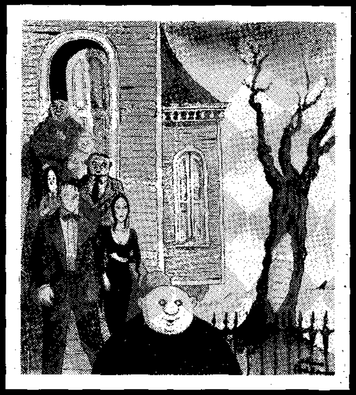

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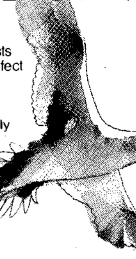

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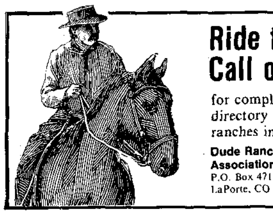

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many connected ones, and no matter how complicated the outline of a tale may be, no matter how fleshed-out in action, landscape, and interior in the completed work, each is firmly rooted in the actual. Inventiveness is displayed less in the original idea than in the working out of it, though a waiting consciousness knew what was congenial to it. Notions proliferated, concepts were turned over and reëxamined from diverse viewpoints—each world widened out. The notebooks make it clear that character is at the heart of James's fiction, and that "dramatization" is its key word—what he called "the divine principle of the Scenario."

James's subjects were innocence and corruption, America and Europe, but they were not the big theme. Exploring the connection between sex and money to its depths, he saw that any value that threatens that connection—ethical or aesthetic—sends shock waves through society, and reverberations (the word seems to belong to James) through the individual psyche. The big question was whether power was the fruit of civilization or the canker eating at it from within. In James, behind every stratagem, every subtlety of conscience, looms the question of what civilization really is. Seen so often as effete or special, James seems to me more like a Biblical prophet recast, telling stories, poetic and moral—stories whose point, if we could read them right, might tell us everything about ourselves we need to know. The notion that he is dated is quaint. The portrait of the feminist in "The Bostonians" could have been sketched today, the anarchist-terrorist plot of "The Princess Casamassima" hatched tomorrow.

In the notebooks, there is the shock—and thrill—of seeing "The Golden Bowl" suddenly appear as a mere seedling, "The Spoils of Poynton" expand from first glimmer to finished conception. The main thing was to give each idea its fullest treatment, its profoundest sounding. James went to startling lengths to accomplish this, and sometimes overreached the puny object he had fastened on, as in the notes on "The Chaperon," of 1907, a projected three-act play whose premise is inane (and surprisingly Wildean), and where the ultimate effect is one of a lion pursuing a gnat. Yet, over all, what extraordinary ideas manage to tumble out of the many perorations, the endlessly manipulated categories these notebooks take up! As in Leonardo's sketchbooks, the promise, in

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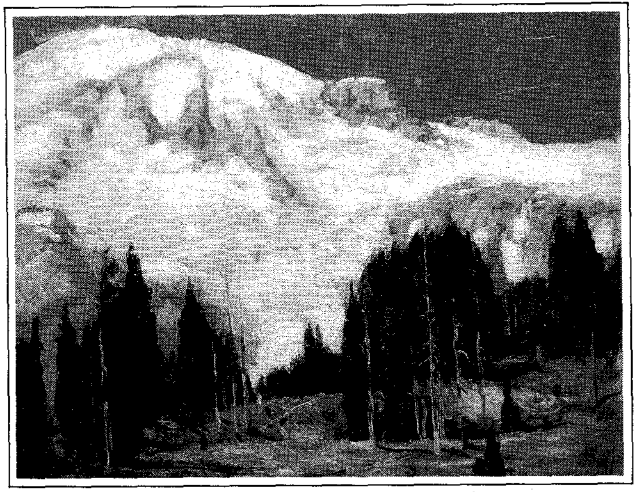

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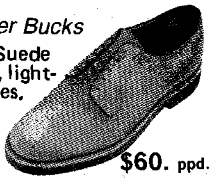

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embryo, is sometimes as fascinating as the executed work. Phrases tumble out that arrest the reader, in context and out:

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> For the fabrication [of] a dramatic piece . . . action which is never dialogue and dialogue which is always action.

> Ah, the terrible law of the artist . . . the law by which everything is grist to the mill . . . the acceptance of all experience, of all suffering, of *all* life, of all suggestion and sensation and illumination.

> The deluge of cultivated mediocrity.

> Only to find that everywhere his particular grief is a false note.

> The more intensely it comes home to me that solidity of subject, importance, emotional capacity of subject, is the only thing on which, henceforth, it is of the slightest use for me to expend myself . . . Only the fine, the large, the human, the natural, the fundamental, the passionate things.

> The primary interest is . . . in the experience of some creature that sees it and knows and judges and feels it all, that has a part to play in the episode, that is . . . exhibited by it and that forms the glass, as it were, through which we look at the diorama.

> I remember how Mrs. Procter once said to me that, having had a long life of many troubles, sufferings, encumbrances, and devastations, it was, in the evening of that life, a singular pleasure, a deeply-*felt* luxury to her, to be able to *sit and read a book.*

> They give each other rope and yet at the same time remain tied.

Describing London in 1881, he seems to be speaking, a century in advance, of everyone's version of present-day New York:

> It is not a pleasant place; it is not agreeable, or cheerful, or easy, or exempt from reproach. It is only magnificent. You can draw up a tremendous list of reasons why it should be insupportable. The fogs, the smoke, the dirt, the darkness, the wet, the distances, the ugliness, the brutal size of the place, the horrible numerosity of society, the manner in which this senseless bigness is fatal to amenity, to convenience, to conversation, to good manners . . . dreary, heavy, stupid, dull, inhuman, vulgar at heart and tiresome in form. [But it] is on the whole the most possible form of life.

These notes become personal in their singleness of purpose, in the man they inevitably reveal, their exactness of tone, the key signature of a writer we couldn't mistake for anyone else if we tried—or if he tried, as he often did. James couldn't turn a silk purse into a sow's ear even for good old (and much needed) American cash. Because these notes were truly meant for no one's eyes but James's, a palpable sense of the human being is consistently present. How generous, how discerning, how good he really was! He was elated by nature, stirred by the physical to a degree all the more moving because there is so little evidence of passion in the life of a man so passionate. His was a life lived through art and oddly parallels Whitman's at the end. Both became obsessed by a war, worked with the wounded and dying young ("They kill me," James writes after having tea with a one-armed soldier returned from the trenches), and were stunned by the horror and helplessness of slaughter. Each was the victim of depression and strokes.

There was this difference: the world Whitman discovered among the maimed and dying of the Civil War, horrible as it was, at last made real the far-flung America he had only partly imagined, allowed him to help—and to touch—the young men so often evoked in "Leaves of Grass." Whitman suffered, but his suffering at least confirmed some earlier fantasy, now distorted. That confirmation was denied the far more worldly and subtle James. What was the point of making fine distinctions about a civilization you saw smashed before your very eyes? He worked at a soldiers' hospital, served on war committees, attended parties to help the wounded. He had lunch with the American Ambassador and Franklin Delano Roosevelt, then assistant Secretary of the Navy, on June 13, 1914; spent an hour with the Cabot Lodges on the 29th; had lunch with Rupert Brooke on July 10th. His pocket diaries and his address lists add a special interest. James gave the bride away at Kipling's wedding, and was a friend or acquaintance of Henry Adams, Hugh Walpole, Stevenson, Whistler, Ruth Draper, Flaubert ("a powerful, serious, melancholy, manly, deeply corrupted, yet not corrupting, nature"), Sir Edward Elgar, Turgenev ("most delightful and lovable of men"), Daudet, George Eliot, Howells, Stephen Crane, Conrad. The Darwins and the Sargents appear. It takes a lonely man to know everyone.

—HOWARD MOSS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

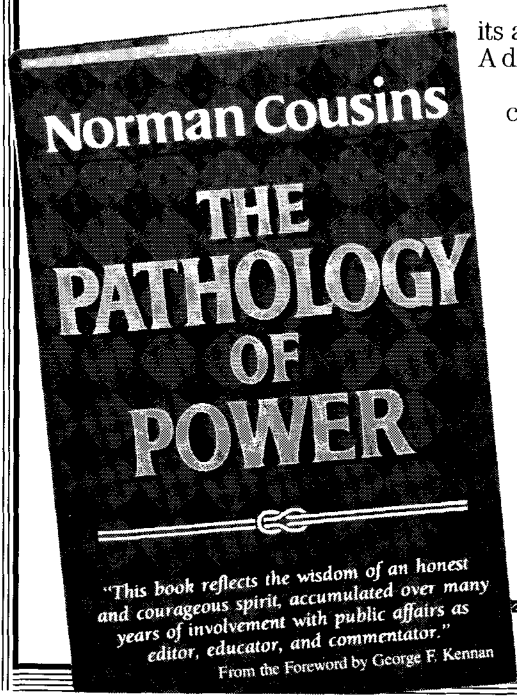
ANAGRAMS, by Lorrie Moore (Knopf; $15.95). There are more near-anagrams ("gutless" and "guilts," say) than real ones ("bedroom" and "boredom") in this oddly playful tragicomedy about originality and compromise. Lorrie Moore's narrator—an untenured poetry instructor at a community college, who is the next-door neighbor of a part-time lounge lizard, the best friend of an imaginary colleague who calls babies anagrams of their mothers, and the mother of an irresistible imaginary first-grader—makes the case that "meaning, if it existed at all, was unstable and could not survive the slightest reshuffling of letters." Much of the dialogue might have been scribbled between sets in a cocktail lounge, which is when and where some of the dialogue does, in fact, take place; but if the first-grader is given to singing such lyrics as "The ants are my friends / They're blowing in the wind" and "When you walk through a store, hold your head up high," her mother learns, by the end, the difference between Santa and Satan.

ONLY YESTERDAY, by Julian Gloag (Holt; $15.95). This drawing-room melodrama in three acts—Friday, Saturday, and Sunday—is set in a symbolically seedy Surrey cottage in a symbolically gloomy season, sometime between winter and spring. The cast consists of a more or less invalid, superficially devoted old couple; their schoolteacher son, who has just quit his wife and his job; his medical-student daughter, who arrives in an off-duty ambulance and toting "Elements of Psychiatry for Medical Students" and the textbook of her chosen specialty, "Accidents;" and a handful of walk-on roles, from a few of the local gentry to the crew of an on-duty ambulance. As Julian Gloag ("Our Mother's House," "Sleeping Dogs Lie," etc.) bares his sinister props—a coffin-board bookcase, a razor, several bottles of pills, and several potentially deadly dishes, including a cauliflower cheese—one prepares for a more predictable plot than, as it turns out, one gets.

GENERAL

THE LEWIS MUMFORD READER, edited by Donald L. Miller (Pantheon; $23.95 cloth, $14.95 paper). A compendium of Lewis Mumford's life's work—a sort of guidebook to his thinking on architecture as a home for human beings; on the history of the city in civilization; and on technology and its impact on culture. "The Culture of Cities," "Technics and Civilization," "The Myth of the Machine" are tapped for their

"A thoughtful and chilling look at Fortress America,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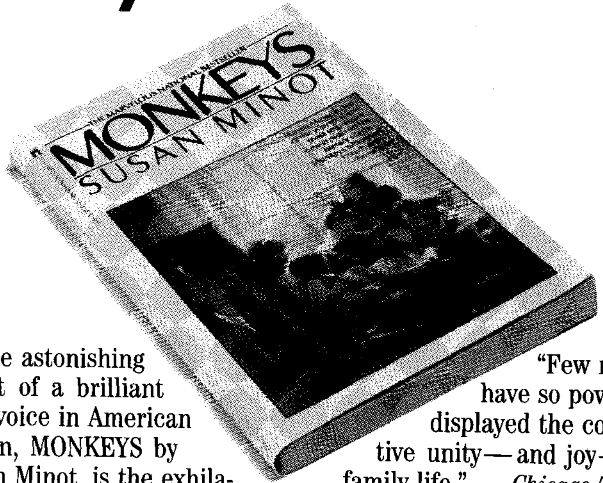

The astonishing debut of a brilliant new voice in American fiction, MONKEYS by Susan Minot, is the exhilarating, heart-rending tale of an unforgettable New England family. In a front page rave, *The New York Times Book Review* hailed MONKEYS as "a subtle, funny and often extremely moving first novel."

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essentials, and there are substantial excerpts from the autobiographical writings. There are passages that remind us that Mumford has been a prophet of dire things to come, although he has usually tempered his pessimism with humor and with a warning against "the prophet who confuses his own voice with the voice of the Lord and who thinks he knows in advance what God has up his sleeve." The "Reader," a few parts of which were first published in this magazine, is a fitting monument in little to a man, now in his ninety-third year, who shares Ruskin's belief that "there is no wealth but life."

YEARS OF WRATH: A CARTOON HISTORY, 1932-1945, by David Low (Gollancz / David & Charles; $13.95 paper). Sir David Low (he was knighted in 1962, the year before his death) compiled this book of his masterly cartoons in 1949, and wrote extended captions for them. Here one can follow the rise to power of the Axis dictators, and the course of the Second World War. In a few pages of sketches at the end, which Low made from life at the Nuremberg trials, the supermen of the Third Reich are reduced in the dock to a shifty little gang of nobodies.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

AN OLD SCHOOL TIE, by Andrew Taylor (Dodd, Mead; $15.95). A tale of murder for profit (followed, as it so often happens, by others for security) in and around a small English cathedral town distinguished by the presence of a public school. This is familiar territory. But Mr. Taylor has his own manner of telling—a manner as unusual as the colors of the Old Rosingtonian necktie: stripes of pink and silver. He circles around his characters, examines their person and their place in the structure of the town, and confuses the very fact of murder until a rush of ordinary events intervenes. It should be added that the cast of vigorous characters includes an eccentric old dog named Sophie. The human beings are less plainly named—Stride, Cumblesham, Pantry, Carrot, Dougal, Hanbury.

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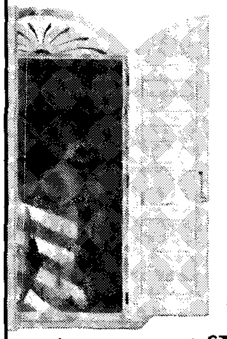

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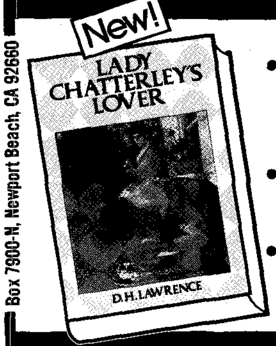

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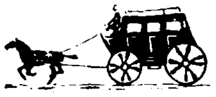

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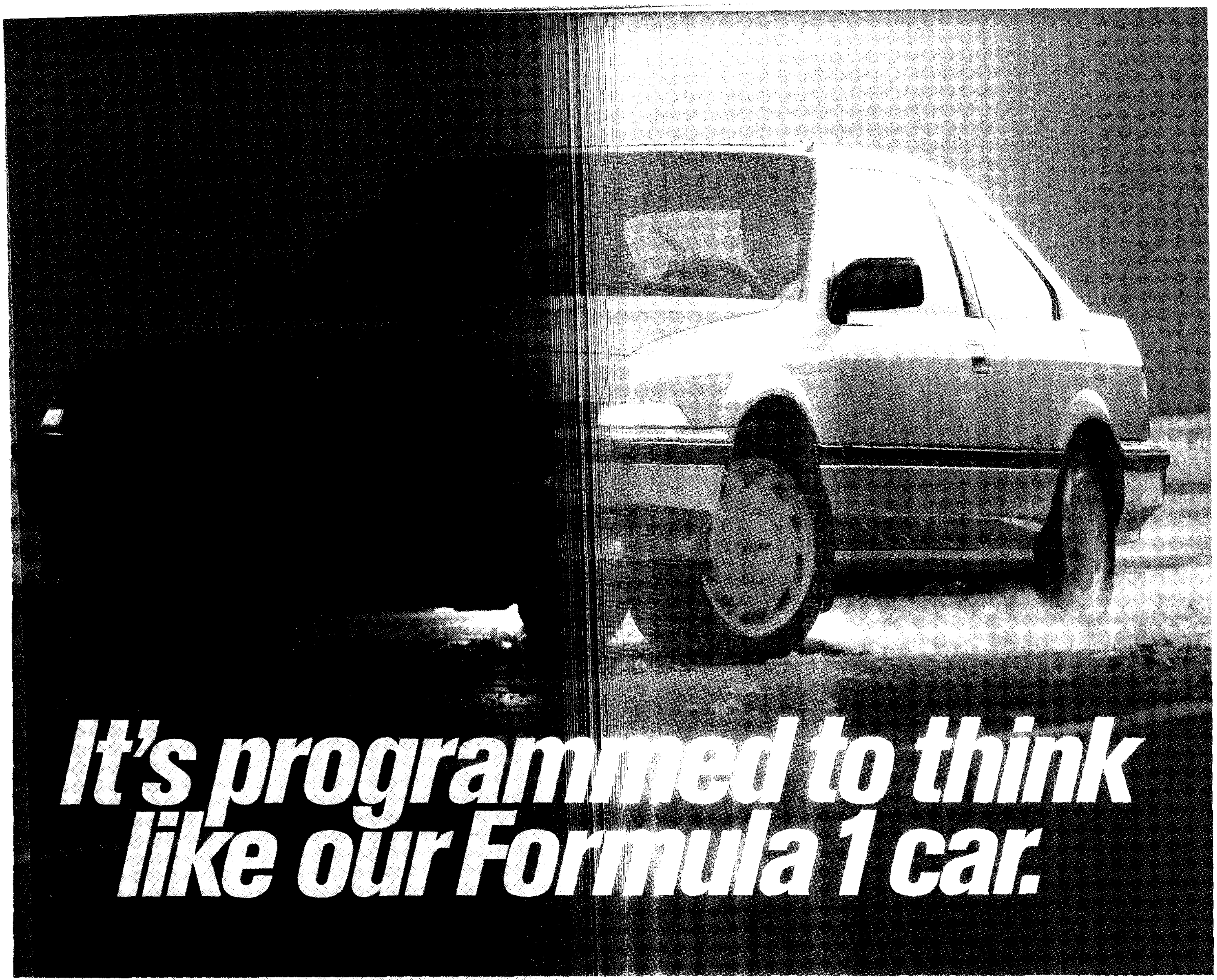

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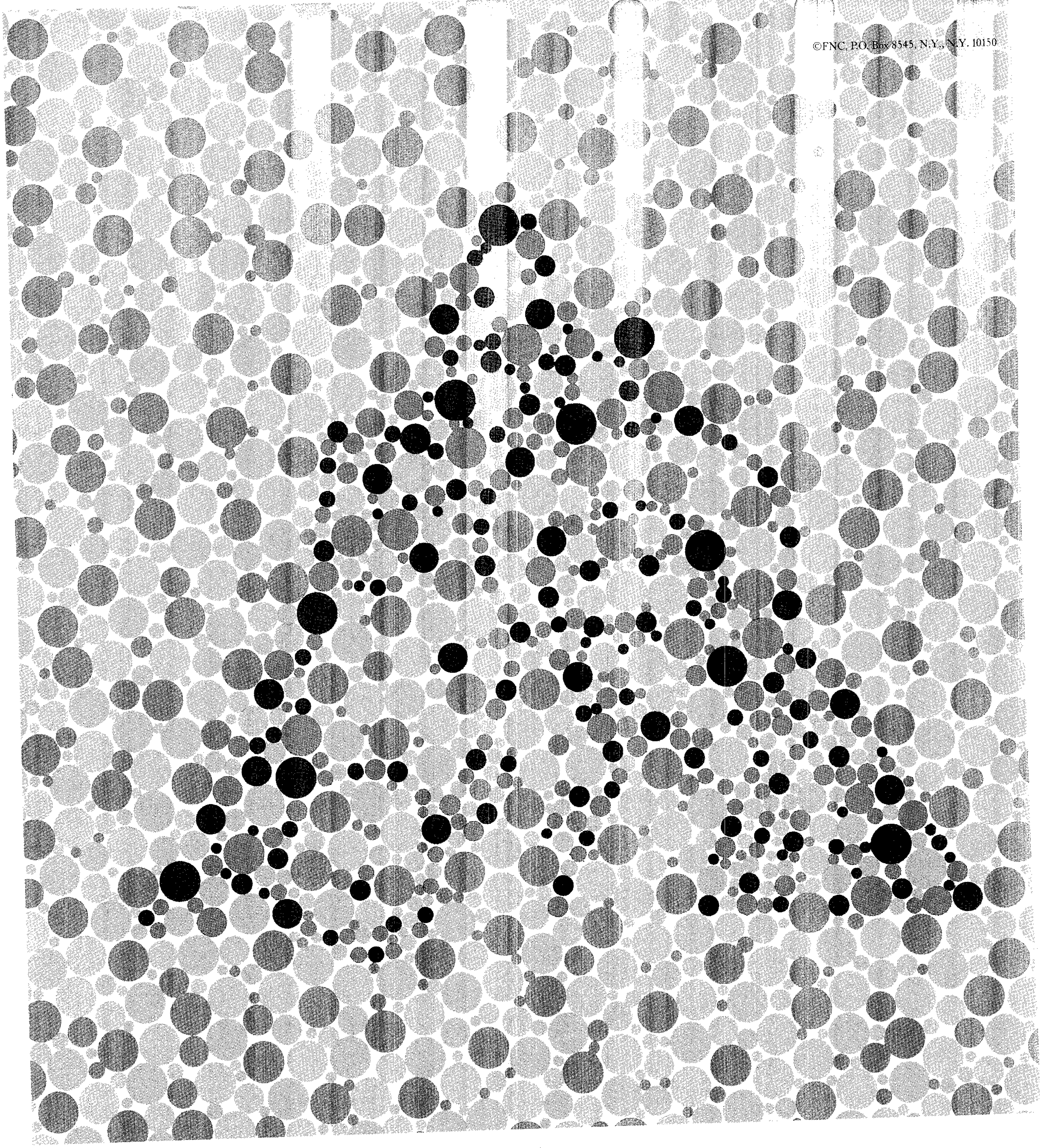

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